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THIRD EDITION

REVISED IN CONFERENCE BY

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VAN DYKE, NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

TWENTY VOLUMES *RICHLY ILLUSTRATED*

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Young Folks' Library in Twenty Volumes
Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Editor-in-Chief

FAMOUS BATTLES BY LAND AND SEA

EDITED BY

JOHN D. LONG

VOLUME XVI

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CONTENTS

PAGE

List of Colored Illustrations xi

History Made by War xiii
By the Honorable John D. Long.

The Battle of Marathon 1
By Sir Edward S. Creasy.

Cæsar's Conquest of Britain 16
By Julius Cæsar.

The Battle of Hastings 30
By Sir Edward S. Creasy.

The Battle of Bannockburn 56
By Sir Walter Scott.

The Battle of Cressy 67
By Sir John Froissart.

The Conquest of Granada 82
By Washington Irving.

The Destruction of the Spanish Armada 94
By Jas. A. Froude.

The Relief of Leyden 129
By J. L. Motley.

The Battle of Nieuport 14
By Clements R. Markham.

The Battle of Liegnitz 147
By Thomas Carlyle.

The Battle of Bunker Hill 159
By James Fenimore Cooper.

The Battle of Charlestown 178
By Lieut.-Gen. Gage.

PAGE

THE BATTLE OF SARATOGA 182
By Sir Edward S. Creasy.

THE FIGHT BETWEEN THE BONHOMME RICHARD AND THE SERAPIS 205
By James Fenimore Cooper.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR 218
By Robert Southey.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO 238
By Sir Walter Scott.

THE STORY OF ANTIETAM 256
By Geo. W. Smalley.

THE THIRD OF JULY AT GETTYSBURG 275
By S. A. Drake.

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN 288
By Émile Zola. Translated by Marie Josephine Welsh.

THE BATTLE OF PLEVNA 305
By J. Drew Gay.

THE BATTLE OF MAJUBA HILL 319
By Hamish Hendry.

THE BATTLE OF MANILA 331
By Lieut. John M. Ellicott, U.S.N.

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO 355
By Prof. E. K. Rawson, U.S.N.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES 391

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING 393

NOTE.

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LIST OF COLORED ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

"The Battleships and Cruisers Forged Their Way Through the Sea." *See Page* 381 . . . . . *Frontispiece*

"William of Normandy Reviewing His Army" *Face Page* 46

"An Incident During the Siege of a Walled City" . . . 70

"Destruction of the Armada" 102

"Battle of Bunker Hill" 166

"Charge of the French Cuirassiers" 246

"Artillery Charging into Position" 278

And One Hundred and Five Black and White Illustrations in the Text.

HISTORY MADE BY WAR

BY

JOHN D. LONG.

To a large extent the history of any country, as it is usually written, is the story of its battles. It is not because war — certainly in modern times — is the normal condition of nations, but because war is accompanied by stirring sights and scenes which appeal to the imagination — the march, the camp, the flag, the serried ranks, the charge, the battle. Its horrors are overlooked; they are never photographed, unless it be now and then by some specialist like Zola in *La Debâcle.* We are apt to think of war as an absorbing panorama of brilliant deeds and stirring achievements. But if it finds any justification, it is not in these, but rather in the fact that all great movements in the civilization of the world are accompanied by convulsion, force, destruction. Before the soil blossoms into harvest it is torn deep by the plough. The lightning stroke, hurling death and ruin in its narrow path, is the presage of a whole heaven of light and purity.

A Young Folks' Library may well, therefore, contain a volume on famous battles, if its readers bear in mind that the battle after all is only an incident in the progress of civilization, and not its end. They should read such a volume with a generous discrimination and open-mindedness. They should remember that as there are two sides in the fight, so there are two sides to the question which is fought out. There are few battles in the following volume in which the opposing forces were not on each side convinced of the justice of their own cause. Nowhere was this truer than in our own Civil War for the preservation of the Union. The North fought for the highest aims of human freedom and national union; the South with equal fervor for independence, just as the ancestors of both fought in the Revolutionary War for independence from Great Britain. My experience is that youth, and sometimes older people, read history as they sometimes act in politics — with the most intense partisanship, blind to everything but one side.

It seems to me that the great value of a boy's reading of famous battles is the inspiration which he gets, more forcibly perhaps in that way than in any other, to be brave, forceful, gallant and manly. It may be that the hero of our boyhood should have been the statesman and the philanthropist. But he was not. He was William Wallace, with his sword which now no two men could lift; not because he slaughtered and killed, but because he was brave and imperilled his life and dared the foe and stood against greater odds. He was Cæsar; not because he governed provinces and was an orator and emperor, but because he marshalled legions, crossed the Alps, and won great battles. He was Washington; not because he was President, but because he crossed the icy Delaware and fought at Princeton and Trenton and Yorktown. The influence of the story of Bunker Hill and of the battles of the Revolution was incalculable in bringing into the ranks of the Union army of our Civil War in the next century the young men of the North. In their school-books, in the local traditions of the neighborhood in which they lived, in the talk of old Revolutionary patriots still surviving, they had been suffused with the soldier's fire. And in the same way the story of our later battles, when volumes like this shall have been read, will influence the children of the present and of coming generations.

It is a two-edged and dangerous tool in the hewing of character, if it tend to brutality. If it wake nothing more than the passion for slaughter or for crushing a foe it is not worth while. But if it cultivate endurance, pluck, courage, and, determination to stand for one's own or one's country's rights, if it rouse the impulse to rush to the succor of the oppressed and the wronged, then it makes for that self-respect which is the surest way to ensure due respect for and from others and which is the prelude of the millennium.

The story of battles is, after all, like the story of the games in which boys themselves take part. A great foot-ball game nowadays is very like a battle in many respects, though fortunately not in all. Its broken limbs and sometimes its loss of life are not what are had in mind. What makes it interesting and worth while is its development of strength and courage. Its culmination is the winning of the victory — that intangible, fleeting sense of winning, of superiority, gone almost as soon as come, and yet striven for with all the force of body and soul.

I think the reader will note in modern battles the increasing consideration of the combatants for each other. There seems to be an absence of anything like personal hostility, and yet no less devotion to a cause. This was especially illustrated in our recent war with Spain. The attitude of our officers and men towards the Spaniards was marked by the utmost humanity, and on their part there seemed to be no lack of it toward us. Shelter, food, medical aid, everything that we supplied to our own we supplied to their enlisted men, prisoners of war at Portsmouth, N.H., and to their officers at Annapolis. It would be hard to find a man toward whom a kindlier sentiment is expressed throughout our country than toward Cervera, the Spanish Commander-in-Chief. There was in the narrations of the time a significant absence of the use of the old-time word "enemy." Let us hope that with all the humanizing and benevolent influences at work, the time will come when there will be no wars, no bloody battles in which always the suffering by killing and wounds is nothing to be compared to the suffering from sickness and exposure. This time will not come soon, but some day it will come.

It must be admitted, however, that the qualities of character which make battles famous are those which always attract interest and emulation. But may not the better time of peace still find room for their full development? In ancient times they found no expression except in war. To-day they find it in the hazardous explorations of undiscovered lands and unexplored seas, in arctic dangers, in the great enterprises of modern adventure, in the conduct of our railways and steamboats, in the development of our mines, and in innumerable perils that try men's souls. It takes more courage to run a locomotive seventy miles an hour than it does to be one of 100,000 men on a battlefield. The miner a thousand feet underground, amid damps and falling walls of rock, the faithful policeman, the supremely heroic fireman, is in more danger than a sailor on an ironclad at Manila or Santiago. More lives are lost in a single steamboat explosion than Arnold lost in his midnight attack on Quebec. Life is full, though war cease, of adventure, of danger, of opportunities for heroic deeds, for the sacrifice of life if need be for country and for humanity. Let the young reader have no fear that there are not always worlds to conquer and glory to win.

The great thing is to put the heroic qualities, which the boy admires in the men of whom he reads in famous battles, into the boy himself when he shall take part in the battles of life. These are not battles of armed ranks against armed ranks; they are not battles where uniforms glitter and bugles ring, and shot and shell carry havoc; but they are battles of honor in daily life, of honesty against temptation to dishonesty, of purity of life against corrupting blight, of faithful endeavor under difficulties, of steady pursuit of good ends, and of high, noble, manly character. In these may we all, fighting famous battles, win famous victories.

John D. Long

A BOOK OF FAMOUS BATTLES BY LAND AND SEA

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

400 B.C.

(From Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.)

By E. S. CREASY.

TWO thousand three hundred and forty years ago, a council of Athenian officers was summoned on the slope of one of the mountains that look over the plain of Marathon, on the eastern coast of Attica. The immediate subject of their meeting was to consider whether they should give battle to an enemy that lay encamped on the shore beneath them; but on the result of their deliberations depended, not merely the fate of two armies, but the whole future progress of human civilization. . . .

The plain of Marathon, which is about twenty-two miles distant from Athens, lies along the bay of the same name on the ortheastern coast of Attica. The plain is nearly in the orm of a crescent, and about six miles in length. It is about two miles broad in the centre, where the space between the mountains and the sea is greatest, but it narrows toward either extremity, the mountains coming close down to the water at the horns of the bay. There is a valley trending inward from the middle of the plain, and a ravine comes down to it to the southward. Elsewhere it is closely girt round on the land side by rugged limestone mountains, which are thickly studded with pines, olive-trees and cedars, and overgrown with the myrtle, arbutus, and the other low odoriferous shrubs that everywhere perfume the Attic air. The level of the ground is now varied by the mound raised over those who fell in the battle, but it was an unbroken plain when the Persians encamped on it. There are marshes at each end, which are dry in spring and summer and then offer no obstruction to the horseman, but are commonly flooded with rain and so rendered impracticable for cavalry in the autumn, the time of year at which the action took place.

The Greeks, lying encamped on the mountains, could watch every movement of the Persians on the plain below, while they were enabled completely to mask their own. Miltiades also had, from his position, the power of giving battle whenever he pleased, or of delaying it at his discretion, unless Datis were to attempt the perilous operation of storming the heights. . . .

With the exception of the Chinese empire, in which, throughout all ages down to the last few years, one-third of the human race has dwelt almost unconnected with the other portions, all the great kingdoms, which we know to have existed in ancient Asia, were, in Darius' time, blended into the Persian. The northern

Indians, the Assyrians, the Syrians, the Babylonians, the Chaldees, the Phœnicians, the nations of Palestine, the Armenians, the Bactrians, the Lydians, the Phrygians, the Parthians, and the Medes, all obeyed the sceptre of the Great King: the Medes standing next to the native Persians in honor, and the empire being frequently spoken of as that of the Medes, or as that of the Medes and Persians. Egypt and Cyrene were Persian provinces; the Greek colonists in Asia Minor and the islands of the Ægæan were Darius' subjects; and their gallant but unsuccessful attempts to throw off the Persian yoke had only served to rivet it more strongly, and to increase the general belief that the Greeks could not stand before the Persians in a field of battle. Darius' Scythian war, though unsuccessful in its immediate object, had brought about the subjugation of Thrace and the submission of Macedonia. From the Indus to the Peneus, all was his.

We may imagine the wrath with which the lord of so many nations must have heard, nine years before the battle of Marathon, that a strange nation toward the setting sun, called the Athenians, had dared to help his rebels in Ionia against him, and that they had plundered and burned the capital of one of his provinces. Before the burning of Sardis, Darius seems never to have heard of the existence of Athens; but his satraps in Asia Minor had for some time seen Athenian refugees at their provincial courts imploring assistance against their fellow-countrymen. When Hippias was driven away from Athens, and the tyrannic dynasty of the Pisistratidæ finally overthrown in 510 B.C., the banished tyrant and his adherents, after vainly seeking to be restored by Spartan intervention, had betaken themselves to Sardis, the capital city of the satrapy of Artaphernes. There Hippias began every kind of agitation, slandering the Athenians before Artaphernes, and doing all he could to induce the satrap to place Athens in subjection to him, as the tributary vassal of King Darius. When the Athenians heard of his practices, they sent envoys to Sardis to remonstrate with the Persians against taking up the quarrel of the Athenian refugees.

But Artaphernes gave them in reply a menacing command to receive Hippias back again if they looked for safety. The Athenians were resolved not to purchase safety at such a price, and after rejecting the satrap's terms, they considered that they and the Persians were declared enemies. At this very crisis the Ionian Greeks implored the assistance of their European brethren, to enable them to recover their independence from Persia. Athens, and the city of Eretria in Eubœa, alone consented. Twenty Athenian galleys, and five Eretrian, crossed the Ægæan Sea, and by a bold and sudden march upon Sardis, the Athenians and their allies succeeded in capturing the capital city of the haughty satrap, who had recently menaced them with servitude or destruction. They were pursued and defeated on their return to the coast, and Athens took no further part in the Ionian war; but the insult that she had put upon the Persian power was speedily made known throughout that empire, and was never to be forgiven or forgotten. In the emphatic simplicity of the narrative of Herodotus, the wrath of the Great King is thus described: "Now when it was told to

King Darius that Sardis had been taken and burned by the Athenians and Ionians, he took small heed of the Ionians, well knowing who they were, and that their revolt would soon be put down; but he asked who, and what manner of men, the Athenians were. And when he had been told, he called for his bow; and, having taken it, and placed an arrow on the string, he let the arrow fly toward heaven; and as he shot it into the air, he said, 'Oh! supreme God, grant me that I may avenge myself on the Athenians.' And when he had said this, he appointed one of his servants to say to him every day as he sat at meat, 'Sire, remember the Athenians.'"

Persian Warrior.

Some years were occupied in the complete reduction of Ionia. But when this was effected, Darius ordered his victorious forces to proceed to punish Athens and Eretria, and to conquer European Greece. The first armament sent for this purpose was shattered by shipwreck, and nearly destroyed off Mount Athos. But the purpose of King Darius was not easily shaken. A larger army was ordered to be collected in Cilicia, and requisitions were sent to all the maritime cities of the Persian empire for ships of war, and for transports of sufficient size for carrying cavalry as well as infantry across the Ægæan. While these preparations were being made, Darius sent heralds round to the Grecian cities demanding their submission to Persia. It was proclaimed in the market-place of each little Hellenic state (some with territories not larger than the Isle of Wight), that King Darius, the lord of all men, from the rising to the setting sun required earth and water to be delivered to his heralds, as a symbolical acknowledgment that he was head and master of the country. Terror-stricken at the power of Persia and at the severe punishment that had recently been inflicted on the refractory Ionians, many of the continental Greeks and nearly all the islanders submitted, and gave the required tokens of vassalage. At Sparta and Athens an indignant refusal was returned — a refusal which was disgraced by outrage and violence against the persons of the Asiatic heralds.

Fresh fuel was thus added to the anger of Darius against Athens, and the Persian preparations went on with renewed vigor. In the summer of 490 B. C., the army destined for the invasion was assembled in the Aleian plain of Cilicia, near the sea. A fleet of six hundred galleys and numerous transports was collected on the coast for the embarkation of troops, horse as well as foot. A Median general named Datis, and Artaphernes, the son of the satrap of Sardis, and who was also nephew of Darius, were placed in titular joint command of the expedition. The real supreme authority was probably given to Datis alone, from the way in which the Greek writers speak of him. We know no details of the previous career of this officer; but there is every reason to believe that his abilities and bravery had been proved by experience, or his Median birth would have prevented his being placed in high command by Darius. He appears to have been the first Mede who was thus trusted by the Persian kings after the overthrow of the conspiracy of the Median magi against the Persians immediately before Darius obtained the throne. Datis received instructions to complete the subjugation of Greece, and especial orders were given him with regard to Eretria and Athens. He was to take these two cities, and he was to lead the inhabitants away captive, and bring them as slaves into the presence of the Great King.

Datis embarked his forces in the fleet that awaited them, and coasting along the shores of Asia Minor till he was off Samos, he thence sailed due westward through the Ægæan Sea for Greece, taking the islands in his way. The Naxians had, ten years before, successfully stood a siege against a Persian armament, but they now were too terrified to offer any resistance, and fled to the mountain tops, while the enemy burned their town and laid waste their lands. Thence Datis, compelling the Greek islanders to join him with their ships and men, sailed onward to the coast of Eubœa. The little town of Carystus essayed resistance, but was quickly overpowered. He next attacked Eretria. The Athenians sent four thousand men to its aid; but treachery was at work among the Eretrians; and the Athenian force received timely warning from one of the leading men of the city to retire to aid in saving their own country, instead of remaining to share in the inevitable destruction of Eretria. Left to themselves, the Eretrians repulsed the assaults of the Persians against their walls for six days; on the seventh they were betrayed by two of their chiefs, and the Persians occupied the city. The temples were burned in revenge for the firing of Sardis, and the inhabitants were bound, and placed as prisoners in the neighboring islet of Ægilia, to wait there till Datis should bring the Athenians to join them in captivity, when both populations were to be led into Upper Asia, there to learn their doom from the lips of King Darius himself.

Flushed with success, and with half his mission thus accomplished, Datis re-embarked his troops, and, crossing the little channel that separates Eubœa from the main land, he encamped his troops on the Attic Coast at Marathon, drawing up his galleys on the shelving beach, as was the custom with the navies of antiquity. The conquered islands behind him served as places of deposit for his provisions and military stores. His position at Marathon seemed to him in every respect advantageous, and the level nature of the ground on which he camped was favorable for the employment of his cavalry, if the Athenians should venture to engage him. Hippias, who accompanied him, and acted as the guide of the invaders, had pointed out Marathon as the best place for a landing, for this very reason. Probably Hippias was also influenced by the recollection that forty-seven years previously, he, with his father Pisistratus, had crossed with an army from Eretria to Marathon, and had won an easy victory over their Athenian enemies on that very plain, which had restored them to tyrannic power. The omen seemed cheering. The place was the same, but Hippias soon learned to his cost how great a change had come over the spirit of the Athenians. . . .

When Miltiades arrayed his men for action, he staked on the arbitrament of one battle not only the fate of

Athens, but that of all Greece; for if Athens had fallen, no other Greek state, except Lacedæmon, would have had the courage to resist; and the Lacedæmonians, though they would probably have died in their ranks to the last man, never could have successfully resisted the victorious Persians and the numerous Greek troops which would have soon marched under the Persian satraps, had they prevailed over Athens. . . .

Miltiades, on the afternoon of a September day, 490 B.C., gave the word for the Athenian army to prepare for battle. There were many local associations connected with those mountain heights which were calculated powerfully to excite the spirits of the men, and of which the commanders well knew how to avail themselves in their exhortations to their troops before the encounter. Marathon itself was a region sacred to Hercules. Close to them was the fountain of Macaria, who had in days of yore devoted herself to death for the liberty of her people. The very plain on which they were to fight was the scene of the exploits of their national hero, Theseus; and there, too, as old legends told, the Athenians and the Heraclidæ had routed the invader, Eurystheus. These traditions were not mere cloudy myths or idle fictions, but matters of implicit earnest faith to the men of that day, and many a fervent prayer arose from the Athenian ranks to the heroic spirits who, while on earth, had striven and suffered on that very spot, and who were believed to be now heavenly powers, looking down with interest on their still beloved country, and capable of interposing with superhuman aid in its behalf.

According to old national custom, the warriors of each tribe were arrayed together; neighbor thus fighting by the side of neighbor, friend by friend, and the spirit of emulation and the consciousness of responsibility excited to the very utmost. The War-ruler, Callimachus, had the leading of the right wing; the Platæans formed the extreme left; and Themistocles and Aristides commanded the centre. The line consisted of the heavy armed spearmen only; for the Greeks (until the time of Iphicrates) took little or no account of light-armed soldiers in a pitched battle, using them only in skirmishes, or for the pursuit of a defeated enemy. The panoply of the regular infantry consisted of a long spear, of a shield, helmet, breast-plate, greaves and short sword. Thus equipped, they usually advanced slowly and steadily into action in a uniform phalanx of about eight spears deep. But the military genius of Miltiades led him to deviate on this occasion from the commonplace tactics of his countrymen. It was essential for him to extend his line so as to cover all the practicable ground, and to secure himself from being outflanked and charged in the rear by the Persian horse. This extension involved the weakening of his line. Instead of a uniform reduction of its strength, he determined on detaching principally from his centre, which, from the nature of the ground, would have the best opportunities for rallying, if broken; and on strengthening his wings so as to insure advantage at those points; and he trusted to his own skill and to his soldiers' discipline for the improvement of that advantage into decisive victory.

In this order, and availing himself probably of the inequalities of the ground, so as to conceal his preparations from the enemy till the last possible moment, Miltiades drew up the eleven thousand infantry whose spears were to decide this crisis in the struggle between the European and the Asiatic worlds. The sacrifices by which the favor of heaven was sought, and its will consulted, were announced to show propitious omens. The trumpet sounded for action, and, chanting the hymn of battle, the little army bore down upon the host of the foe. Then, too, along the mountain slopes of Marathon must have resounded the mutual exhortation, which Æschylus, who fought in both battles, tells us was afterwards heard over the waves of Salamis: "On, sons of the Greeks! Strike for the freedom of your country! strike for the freedom of your children and of your wives — for the shrines of your fathers' gods, and for the sepulchres of your sires. All — all are now staked upon the strife."

Instead of advancing at the usual slow pace of the phalanx, Miltiades brought his men on at a run. They were all trained in the exercise of the palæstra, so that there was no fear of their ending the charge in breathless exhaustion; and it was of the deepest importance for him to traverse as rapidly as possible the mile or so of level ground that lay between the mountain foot and the Persian outposts, and so to get his troops into close action before the Asiatic cavalry could mount, form and manœuvre against him, or their archers keep him long under fire, and before the enemy's generals could fairly deploy their masses.

"When the Persians," says Herodotus, "saw the Athenians running down on them, without horse or bowmen, and scanty in numbers, they thought them a set of madmen rushing upon certain destruction." They began, however, to prepare to receive them, and the Eastern chiefs arrayed, as quickly as time and place allowed, the varied races who served in their motley ranks. Mountaineers from Hyrcania and Afghanistan, wild horsemen from the steppes of Khorassan, the black archers of Ethiopia, swordsmen from the banks of the Indus, the Oxus, the Euphrates and the Nile, made ready against the enemies of the Great King. But no national cause inspired them except the division of native Persians; and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race, or military

The Advance of the Greeks.

system. Still, among them there were many gallant men, under a veteran general; they were familiarized with victory, and in contemptuous confidence, their infantry, which alone had time to form, awaited the Athenian charge. On came the Greeks, with one unwavering line of levelled spears, against which the light targets, the short lances and cimeters of the Orientals, offered weak defence. The front rank of the Asiatics must have gone down to a man at the first shock. Still they recoiled not, but strove by individual gallantry and by the weight of numbers to make up for the disadvantages of weapons and tactics, and to bear back the shallow line of the Europeans. In the centre, where the native Persians and the Sacæ fought, they succeeded in breaking through the weakened part of the Athenian phalanx; and the tribes led by Aristides and Themistocles were, after a brave resistance, driven back over the plain, and chased by the Persians up the valley toward the inner country. There the nature of the ground gave the opportunity of rallying and renewing the struggle. Meanwhile, the Greek wings, where Miltiades had concentrated his chief strength, had routed the Asiatics opposed to them; and the Athenian and Platæan officers, instead of pursuing the fugitives, kept their troops well in hand, and, wheeling round, they formed the two wings together. Miltiades instantly led them against the Persian centre, which had hitherto been triumphant, but which now fell back, and prepared to encounter these new and unexpected assailants. Aristides and Themistocles renewed the fight with their reorganized troops, and the full force of the Greeks was brought into close action with the

Persian and Sacian divisions of the enemy. Datis' veterans strove hard to keep their ground, and evening was approaching before the stern encounter was decided.

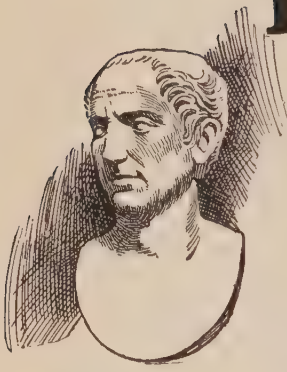
But the Persians, with their slight wicker shields, destitute of body-armor, and never taught by training to keep the even front and act with the regular movement of the Greek infantry, fought at heavy disadvantage with their shorter and feebler weapons against the compact array of well-armed Athenian and Platæan spearmen, all perfectly drilled to perform each necessary evolution in concert, and to preserve a uniform and unwavering line in battle. In personal courage and in bodily activity the Persians were not inferior to their adversaries. Their spirits were not yet cowed by the recollection of former defeats; and they lavished their lives freely, rather than forfeit the fame which they had won by so many victories. While their rear ranks poured an incessant shower of arrows over the heads of their comrades, the foremost Persians kept rushing forward, sometimes singly, sometimes in desperate groups of twelve or ten upon the projecting spears of the Greeks, striving to force a lance into the phalanx, and to bring their cimeters and daggers into play. But the Greeks felt their superiority, and though the fatigue of the long-continued action told heavily on their inferior numbers, the sight of the carnage that they dealt upon their assailants nerved them to fight still more fiercely on.

At last the previously unvanquished lords of Asia turned their backs and fled, and the Greeks followed, striking them down, to the water's edge, where the invaders were now hastily launching their galleys, and seeking to embark and fly. Flushed with success, the Athenians attacked and strove to fire the fleet. But here the Asiatics resisted desperately, and the principal loss sustained by the Greeks was in the assault on the ships. Here fell the brave War-ruler Callimachus, the general Stesilaus, and other Athenians of note. Seven galleys were fired; but the Persians succeeded in saving the rest. They pushed off from the fatal shore; but even here the skill of Datis did not desert him, and he sailed round to the western coast of Attica, in hopes to find the city unprotected, and to gain possession of it from some of the partisans of Hippias. Miltiades, however, saw and counteracted his manœuvre. Leaving Aristides, and the troops of his tribe, to guard the spoil and the slain, the Athenian commander led his conquering army by a rapid night-march back across the country to Athens. And when the Persian fleet had doubled the Cape of Sunium and sailed up to the Athenian harbor in the morning, Datis saw arrayed on the heights above the city the troops before whom his men had fled on the preceding evening. All hope of further conquest in Europe for the time was abandoned, and the baffled armada returned to the Asiatic coasts.

CÆSAR'S CONQUEST OF BRITAIN

66 A.D.

(From Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic Wars.)



DURING the short part of summer which remained, Cæsar, although in these countries, as all Gaul lies toward the north, the winters are early, nevertheless resolved to proceed into Britain, because he discovered that in almost all the wars with the Gauls succors had been furnished to our enemy from that country; and even if the time of year should be insufficient for carrying on the war, yet he thought it would be of great, service to him if he only entered the island, and saw into the character of the people and got knowledge of their localities, harbors, and landing-places, all which were for the most part unknown to the Gauls. For neither does any one except merchants generally go thither, nor even to them was any portion of it known, except the sea-coast and those parts which are opposite to Gaul. Therefore, after having called up to him the merchants from all parts, he could learn neither what was the size of the island, nor what or how numerous were the nations which inhabited it, nor what system of war they followed, nor what customs they used, nor what harbors were convenient for a great number of large ships.

He sends before him Caius Volusenus with a ship of war, to acquire a knowledge of these particulars before he in person should make a descent into the island, as he was convinced that this was a judicious measure. He commissioned him to thoroughly examine into all matters, and then return to him as soon as possible. He himself proceeds to the Morini with all his forces. He orders ships from all parts of the neighboring countries, and the fleet which the preceding summer he had built for the war with the Veneti, to assemble in this place. In the meantime, his purpose having been discovered, and reported to the Britons, by merchants, ambassadors come to him from several states of the Island, to promise that they will give hostages, and submit to the government of the Roman people. Having given them an audience, he after promising liberally, and exhorting them to continue in that purpose, sends them back to their own country, and dispatches with them Commius, whom, upon subduing the Atrebates, he had created king there, a man whose courage and conduct he esteemed, and who he thought would be faithful to him, and whose influence ranked highly in those countries. He orders him to visit as many states as he could and persuade them to embrace the protection of the Roman people, and apprise them that he would shortly come thither. Volusenus, having viewed the localities as far as means could be afforded one who dared not leave his ship and trust himself to barbarians, returns to Cæsar on the fifth day, and reports what he had there observed.

While Cæsar remains in these parts for the purpose of procuring ships, ambassadors come to him from a great portion of the Morini, to plead their excuse respecting their conduct on the late occasion; alleging that it was as men uncivilized, and as those who were unacquainted with our custom, that they had made war upon the Roman people, and promising to perform what he should command. Cæsar, thinking that this had happened fortunately enough for him, because he neither wished to leave an enemy behind him, nor had an opportunity for carrying on a war, by reason of the time of year, nor considered that employment in such trifling matters was to be preferred to his enterprise on Britain, imposes a large number of hostages; and when these were brought, he received them to his protection. Having collected together, and provided about eighty transport ships, as many as he thought necessary for conveying over two legions, he assigned such ships of war as he had besides to the quæstor, his lieutenants, and officers of cavalry. There were in addition to these eighteen ships of burden which were prevented, eight miles from that place, by winds, from being able to reach the same port. These he distributed among the horse; the rest of the army he delivered to Q. Titurius Sabinus and L. Aurunculeius Cotta, his lieutenants, to lead into the territories of Menappi and those cantons of the Morini from which ambassadors had come to him. He ordered P. Sulpicius Rufus, his lieutenant, to hold possession of the harbor, with such a garrison as he thought sufficient.

These matters being arranged, finding the weather favorable for his voyage, he (Cæsar) set sail about the third watch, and ordered the horse to march forward to the further port, and there embark and follow him. As this was performed rather tardily by them, he himself reached Britain with the first squadron of ships, about the fourth hour of the day, and there saw the forces of the enemy drawn up in arms on all the hills. The nature of the place was this: the sea was confined by mountains so close to it that a dart could be thrown from their summit upon the shore. Considering this by no means a fit place for disembarking, he remained at anchor till the ninth hour, for the other ships to arrive there. Having in the meantime assembled the lieutenants and military tribunes, he told them both what he had learned from Volusenus, and what he wished to be done; and enjoined them (as the principle of military matters, and especially as maritime affairs, which have a precipitate and uncertain action, required) that all things should be performed by them at a nod and at the instant. Having dismissed them, meeting both with wind and tide favorable at the same time, the signal being given and the anchor weighed, he advanced about seven miles from that place, and stationed his fleet over against an open and level shore.

But the barbarians, upon perceiving the design of the Romans, sent forward their cavalry and charioteers, a class of warriors of whom it is their practice to make great use in their battles, and following the rest of their forces, endeavored to prevent our men landing. In this was the greatest difficulty, for the following reasons, namely, because our ships, on account of their great size, could be stationed only in deep water; and our soldiers, in places unknown to them, with their hands embarrassed, oppressed with a large and heavy weight of armor, had at the same time to leap from the ships, stand amid the waves, and encounter the enemy; whereas, they, either on dry ground, or advancing a little way into the water, free in all their limbs, in places thoroughly known to them, could confidently throw their weapons and spur on their horses, which were accustomed to this kind of service. Dismayed by these circumstances and altogether untrained in this mode of battle, our men did not all exert the same vigor and eagerness which they had been wont to exert in engagements on dry ground.

Ancient Briton.

When Cæsar observed this, he ordered the ships of war, the appearance of which was somewhat strange to the barbarians and the motion more ready for service, to be withdrawn a little from the transport vessels, and to be propelled by their oars, and to be stationed toward the open flank of the enemy. The enemy who had to be beaten off and driven away with slings, arrows, and engines, that were strange to them, stopped and shortly after retreated a little. And while our men were hesitating (whether they should advance to the shore), chiefly on account of the depth of the sea, he who carried the eagle of the tenth legion, after supplicating the gods that the matter might turn out favorably to the legion, exclaimed, "Leap, fellow soldiers, unless you wish to betray your eagle to the enemy. I, for my part, will perform my duty to the commonwealth and my general." When he had said this with a loud voice, he leaped from the ship and proceeded to bear the eagle toward the enemy. Then our men, exhorting one another so that a disgrace should not be incurred, all leaped from the ship. When those in the nearest vessels saw them, they speedily followed and approached the enemy.

The battle was maintained vigorously on both sides. Our men, however, as they could neither keep their ranks, nor get firm footing, nor follow their standards, and as one from one ship and another from another assembled around whatever standards they met, were thrown into great confusion. But the enemy, who were acquainted with all the shallows, when from the shore they saw any coming from a ship one by one, spurred on their horses and attacked them while embarrassed; many surrounded a few, others threw their weapons upon our collected forces upon their exposed flank. When Cæsar observed this, he ordered the boats of the ships of war and the spy sloops to be filled with soldiers, and sent them up to the succor of those whom he had observed in distress. Our men, as soon as they made good their footing on dry ground, and all their comrades had joined them, made an attack upon the enemy, and put them to flight, but could not pursue them very far, because the horse had not been able to maintain their course at sea and reach the island. This alone was wanting to Cæsar's accustomed success.

The enemy being thus vanquished in battle, as soon as they recovered after their flight, instantly sent ambassadors to Cæsar to negotiate about peace. They promised to give hostages and perform what he should command. Together with these ambassadors came Commius the Atrebatian, who, as I have above said, had been sent by Cæsar into Britain. Him they had seized upon when leaving his ship, although in the character of ambassador he bore the general's commission to them, and thrown into chains; then after the battle was fought, they sent him back, and in suing for peace cast the blame of that act upon the common people, and entreated that it might be pardoned on account of their indiscretion. Cæsar, complaining, that after they had sued for peace, and had voluntarily sent ambassadors into the continent for that purpose, they had made war without a reason, said that he would pardon their indiscretion, and imposed hostages, a part of whom they gave immediately; the rest they said they would give in a few days, since they were sent for from remote

A Roman Soldier.

places. In the meantime they ordered their people to return to the country parts, and the chiefs assembled from all quarters, and proceeded to surrender themselves and their estates to Cæsar.

A peace being established by these proceedings, four days after we had come into Britain, the eighteen ships, to which reference has been made above, and which conveyed the cavalry, set sail from the upper port with a gentle gale; when, however, they were approaching Britain, and were seen from the camp, so great a storm suddenly arose that none of them could maintain their course at sea; and some were taken back to the same port from which they had started;—others, to their great danger, were driven to the lower part of the island, nearer to the west; which, however, after having cast anchor, as they were getting filled with water, put out to sea through necessity in a stormy night, and made for the continent.

It happened that night to be full moon, which usually occasions very high tides in that ocean; and that circumstance was unknown to our men. Thus, at the same time, the tide began to fill the ships of war which Cæsar had provided to convey over his army, and which he had drawn up on the strand; and the storm began to dash the ships of burden which were riding at anchor against each other; nor was any means afforded our men of either managing them or of rendering any service. A great many ships having been wrecked, inasmuch as the rest having lost their cables, anchors and other tackling, were unfit for sailing, a great confusion, as would necessarily happen, arose throughout the army; for there were no other ships in which they could be conveyed back, and all things which are of service in repairing vessels were wanting, and corn for the winter had not been provided in those places, because it was understood by all that they would certainly winter in Gaul.

On discovering these things, the chiefs of Britain, who had come up after the battle was fought to perform those conditions which Cæsar had imposed, held a conference, when they perceived that cavalry, and ships, and corn were wanting to the Romans, and discovered the small number of our soldiers from the small extent of the camp (which, too, was on this account more limited than ordinary, because Cæsar had conveyed over his legions without baggage), and thought that the best plan was to renew the war, and cut off our men from corn and provisions, and protract the affair till winter; because they felt confident, that, if they were vanquished or cut off from a return, no one would afterward pass over into Britain for the purpose of making war. Therefore, again entering into a conspiracy, they began to depart from the camp by degrees and secretly bring up their people from the country parts.

But Cæsar, although he had not as yet discovered their measures, yet, both from what had occurred to his ships, and from the circumstance that they had neglected to give the promised hostages, suspected that the thing would come to pass which really did happen. He therefore provided remedies against all contingencies; for he daily conveyed corn from the country parts into the camp, used the timber and brass of such ships as were most seriously damaged for repairing the rest, and ordered whatever things besides were necessary for this object to be brought to him from the continent. And thus, since that business was executed by the soldiers with the greatest energy, he effected that, after the loss of twelve ships, a voyage could be made well enough in the rest.

While these things are being transacted, one legion had been sent to forage, according to custom, and no suspicion of war had arisen as yet, and some of the people remained in the country parts, others went backward and forward to the camp, they who were on duty at the gates of the camp, reported to Cæsar that a greater dust than was usual was seen in that direction in which the legion had marched. Cæsar, suspecting that which was (really the case), — that some new enterprise was undertaken by the barbarians, ordered the two cohorts which were on duty, to march into that quarter with him, and two other cohorts to relieve them on duty; the rest to be armed and follow him immediately. When he had advanced some little way from the camp, he saw that his men were overpowered by the enemy and scarcely able to stand their ground, and that, the legion being crowded together, weapons were being cast on them from all sides. For as all the corn was reaped in every part with the exception of one, the enemy, suspecting that our men would repair to that, had concealed themselves in the woods during the night. Then attacking them suddenly, scattered as they were, and when they had laid aside their arms, and were engaged in reaping, they killed a small number, threw the rest into confusion, and surrounded them with their cavalry and chariots.

Their mode of fighting with their chariots is this: firstly, they drive about in all directions and throw their weapons, and generally break the ranks of the enemy with the very dread of their horses, and the noise of their wheels; and when they have worked themselves in between the troops of horse, leap from their chariots and engage on foot. The charioteers in the meantime withdraw some little distance from the battle, and so place themselves with the chariots that, if their masters are overpowered by the number of the enemy, they may have a ready retreat to their own troops. Thus they display in battle, the speed of horse, (together with) the firmness of infantry; and by daily practice and exercise attain to such expertness that they are accustomed, even on a declining or steep place, to check their horses at full speed, and manage and turn them in an instant and run along the pole, and stand on the yoke, and thence betake themselves with the greatest celerity to their chariots again.

Under these circumstances, our men being dismayed by the novelty of this mode of battle, Cæsar most seasonably brought assistance; for upon his arrival the enemy paused, and our men recovered from their fear; upon which thinking the time unfavorable for provoking the enemy and coming to an action, he kept himself in his own quarter, and, a short time having intervened, drew back the legions into the camp. While these things are going on, and all our men engaged, the rest of the Britons, who were in the fields, departed. Storms then set in for several successive days, which both confined our men to the camp and hindered the enemy from attacking us. In the meantime the barbarians despatched messengers to all parts, and reported to their people the small number of our soldiers, and how good an opportunity was given for obtaining spoil and for liberating themselves forever, if they should only drive the Romans from their camp. Having by these means speedily got together a large force of infantry and of cavalry, they came up to the camp.

Although Cæsar anticipated that the same thing which had happened on former occasions would then occur — that, if the enemy were routed, they would escape from danger by their speed; still, having got about thirty horse, which Commius the Atrebatian, of whom mention has been made, had brought over with him (from Gaul), he drew up the legions in order of battle before the camp. When the action commenced, the enemy were unable to sustain the attack of our men long, and turned their backs; our men pursued them as far as their speed and strength permitted, and slew a great number of them; then, having destroyed and burned everything far and wide, they retreated to their camp.

The same day, ambassadors sent by the enemy came to Cæsar to negotiate a peace. Cæsar doubled the number of hostages which he had before demanded; and ordered that they should be brought over to the continent, because since the time of the equinox was near, he did not consider that, with his ships out of repair, the voyage ought to be deferred till winter. Having met with favorable weather, he set sail a little after midnight, and all his fleet arrived safe at the continent, except two of the ships of burden which could not make the same port which the other ships did, and were carried a little lower down.

When our soldiers, about three hundred in number, had been drawn out of these two ships, and were marching to the camp, the Morini, whom Cæsar, when setting forth for Britain, had left in a state of peace, excited by the hope of spoil, at first surrounded them with a small number of men, and ordered them to lay down their arms, if they did not wish to be slain; afterward however, when they, forming a circle, stood on their defence, a shout was raised and about six thousand of the enemy soon assembled; which being reported, Cæsar sent all the cavalry in the camp as a relief to his men. In the meantime our soldiers sustained the attack of the enemy, and fought most valiantly for more than four hours; and, receiving but few wounds themselves, slew several of them. But after our cavalry came in sight, the enemy, throwing away their arms, turned their backs, and a great number of them were killed.

The day following Cæsar sent Labienus, his lieutenant, with those legions which he had brought back from Britain, against the Morini, who had revolted; who, as they had no place to which they might retreat, on account of the drying up of their marshes (which they had availed themselves of as a place of refuge the preceding year), almost all fell into the power of Labienus. In the meantime Cæsar's lieutenants, Q. Titurrus and L. Cotta, who had led the legions into the territories of the Menapii, having laid waste all their lands, cut down their corn, and burned their houses, returned to Cæsar because the Menapii had all concealed themselves in their thickest woods. Cæsar fixed the winter quarters of all the legions among the Belgæ. Thither only two British sent hostages; the rest omitted to do so. For these successes, a thanksgiving of twenty days was decreed by the senate, upon receiving Cæsar's letter.

Roman Eagle.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

1066 A.D.

(From Fifteen Decisive Battles.)

By E. S. CREASY.

ON Saturday the 14th of October was fought the great battle. It is not difficult to compose a narrative of its principal incidents from the historical information which we possess, especially if aided by an examination of the ground. But it is far better to adopt the spirit-stirring words of the old chroniclers, who wrote while the recollections of the battle were yet fresh, and while the feelings and prejudices of the combatants yet glowed in the bosoms of living men. Robert Wace, the Norman poet, who presented his "Roman de Rou" to Henry II., is the most picturesque and animated of the old writers, and from him we can obtain a more vivid and full description of the conflict than even the most brilliant romance-writer of the present time can supply. We have also an antique memorial of the battle more to be relied on than either chronicler or poet (and which confirms Wace's narrative remarkably) in the celebrated Bayeux tapestry which represents the principal scenes of Duke William's expedition, and of the circumstances connected with it, in minute, though occasionally grotesque details, and which was undoubtedly the production of the same age in which the battle took place, whether we admit or reject the legend that Queen Matilda and the ladies of her court wrought it with their own hands in honor of the royal conqueror.

Let us therefore suffer the old Norman chronicler to transport our imaginations to the fair Sussex scenery northwest of Hastings, as it appeared on the morning of the fourteenth of October, eight hundred and thirty-six years ago. The Norman host is pouring forth from its tents, and each troop and each company is forming fast under the banner of its leader. The masses have been sung, which were finished betimes in the morning; the barons have all assembled round Duke William; and the duke has ordered that the army shall be formed in three divisions, so as to make the attack upon the Saxon position in three places. The duke stood on a hill where he could best see his men; the barons surrounded him, and he spake to them proudly. He told them how he trusted them, and how all that he gained should be theirs, and how sure he felt of conquest, for in all the world there was not so brave an army, or such good men and true as were then forming around him. Then they cheered him in turn, and cried out, "'You will not see one coward; none here will fear to die for love of you, if need be.' And he answered them, 'I thank you well. For God's sake, spare not; strike hard at the beginning; stay not to take spoil; all the booty shall be in common, and there will be plenty for every one. There will be no safety in asking quarter or in flight; the English will never love or spare a Norman. Felons they were, and felons they are; false they were, and false they will be. Show no weakness toward them, for they will have no pity on you; neither the coward for running well, nor the bold man for smiting well, will be the better liked by the English, nor will any be the more spared on either account. You may fly to the sea, but you can fly no farther; you will find neither ships nor bridge there; there will be no sailors to receive you; and the English will overtake you there, and slay you in your shame. More of you will die in flight than in battle. Then, as flight will not secure you, fight, and you will conquer. I have no doubt of the victory; we are come for glory; the victory is in our hands, and we may make sure of obtaining it if we so please.' As the duke was speaking thus and would yet have spoken more, William Fitz Osber rode up with his horse all coated with iron: 'Sire,' said he, 'we tarry here too long; let us all arm ourselves. *Allons! allons!*'

"Then all went to their tents, and armed themselves as they best might; and the duke was very busy, giving every one his orders; and he was courteous to all the vassals, giving away many arms and horses to them. When he prepared to arm himself, he called first for his hauberk, and a man brought it on his arm, and placed it before him, but in putting his head in, to get it on, he unawares turned it the wrong way, with the back part in front. He soon changed it; but when he saw that those who stood by were sorely alarmed, he said, 'I have seen many a man who, if such a thing had happened to him, would not have borne arms, or entered the field the same day; but I never believed in omens, and I never will. I trust in God, for he does in all things his pleasure, and ordains what is to come to pass according to his will. I have never liked fortune-tellers, nor believed in diviners; but I commend myself to Our Lady. Let not this mischance give you trouble. The hauberk which was turned wrong, and then set right by me, signifies that a change will arise out of the matter which we are now stirring. You shall see the name of duke changed into king. Yea, a king shall I be, who hitherto have been but duke.' Then he crossed himself, and straightway took his hauberk, stooped his head, and put it on aright; and laced his helmet, and girt on his sword, which a varlet brought him. Then the duke called for his good horse — a better could not be found. It had been sent him by a king of Spain, out of very great friendship. Neither arms nor the press of fighting men did it fear, if its lord spurred it on. Walter Giffard brought it. The duke stretched out his hand, took the reins, put foot in stirrup, and mounted; and the good horse pawed, pranced, reared himself up, and curveted. The Viscount of Toarz saw how the duke bore himself in arms, and said to his people that were around him, 'Never have I seen a man so fairly armed, nor one who rode so gallantly, or bore his arms, or became his hauberk so well; neither any one who bore his lance so gracefully, or sat his horse and managed him so nobly. There is no such knight under heaven! a fair count he is, and fair king he will be. Let him fight, and he shall overcome; shame be to the man who shall fail him.'

"Then the duke called for the standard which the pope had sent him, and he who bore it having unfolded it, the duke took it and called to Raol de Conches. 'Bear my standard,' said he, 'for I would not but do you right; by right and by ancestry your line are standard-bearers of Normandy, and very good knights have they all been.' But Raol said that he would serve the duke that day in other guise, and would fight the English with his hand as long as life should last. Then the duke bade Galtier Giffart bear the standard. But he was old and white-headed, and bade the duke give the standard to some younger and stronger man to carry. Then the duke said fiercely, 'By the splendor of God, my lords, I think you mean to betray and fail me in this great need.' 'Sire,' said Giffart, 'not so! we have done no treason, nor do I refuse from any felony toward you; but I have to lead a great chivalry, both hired men and the men of my fief. Never had I such good means of serving you as I now have; and, if God please, I will serve you; if need be, I will die for you, and will give my own heart for yours.'

"'By my faith,' quoth the duke, 'I always loved thee, and now I love thee more; if I survive this day, thou shalt be the better for it all thy days.' Then he called out a knight, whom he had heard much praised, Tosteins Fitz-Rou le Blanc by name, whose abode was at Bec-en-Caux. To him he delivered the standard; and Tosteins took it right cheerfully, and bowed low to him in thanks, and bore it gallantly, and with good heart. His kindred still have quittance of all service for their inheritance on this account, and their heirs are entitled so to hold their inheritance forever.

"William sat on his war-horse, and called out Rogier. whom they call De Montgomeri. 'I rely much on you,' said he; 'lead your men thitherward, and attack them from that side. William, the son of Osber, the seneschal, a right good vassal, shall go with you and help in the attack, and you shall have the men of Boilogne and Poix, and all my soldiers. Alain Fergert and Ameri shall attack on the other side; they shall lead the Poitevins and the Bretons, and all the barons of Maine; and I, with my own great men, my friends and kindred, will fight in the middle throng, where the battle shall be the hottest.'

"The barons, and knights, and men-at-arms were all now armed; the foot-soldiers were well equipped, each bearing bow and sword; on their heads were caps, and to their feet were bound buskins. Some had good hides which they had bound round their bodies; and many were clad in frocks, and had quivers and bows hung to their girdles. The knights had hauberks and swords, boots of steel, and shining helmets; shields at their necks, and in their hands lances. And all had their cognizances, so that each might know his fellow, and Norman might not strike Norman, nor Frenchman kill his countryman by mistake. Those on foot led the way, with serried ranks, bearing their bows. The knights rode next, supporting the archers from behind. Thus both horse and foot kept their course and order of march as they began, in close ranks at a gentle pace, that the one might not pass or separate from the other. All went firmly and compactly, bearing themselves gallantly.

"Harold had summoned his men, earls, barons, and vavasors, from the castles and the cities, from the ports, the villages, and boroughs. The peasants were also called together from the villages, bearing such arms as they found — clubs and great picks, iron forks and stakes. The English had inclosed the place where Harold was with his friends and the barons of the country whom he had summoned and called together.

"Those of London had come at once, and those of Kent, of Hertfort, and of Essesse; those of Surée and Susesse, of St. Edmund and Sufoc; of Norwis and Norfoc; of Cantorbierre and Stanfort; Bedefort and Hundetone. The men of Northanton also came; and those of Eurowic and Bokinkeham, of Bed and Notinkeham, Lindesie and Nichole. There came also from the west all who heard the summons; and very many were to be seen coming from Salebiere and Dorset, from Bat and from Sumerset. Many came, too, from about Glocestre, and many from Wirecestre, from Wincestre, Hontesire and Brichesire; and many more from other countries that we have not named, and cannot indeed, recount. All who could bear arms and had learned the news of the duke's arrival, came to defend the land. But none came from beyond Humbre, for they had other business upon their hands, the Danes and Tosti having much damaged and weakened them

"Harold knew that the Normans would come and attack him hand to hand, so he had early inclosed the field in which he had placed his men. He made them arm early, and range themselves for the battle, he himself having put on arms and equipments that became such a lord. The duke, he said, ought to seek him, as he wanted to conquer England; and it became him to abide the attack who had to defend the land. He commanded the people, and counseled his barons to keep themselves all together, and defend themselves in a body; for if they once separated, they would with difficulty recover themselves. 'The Normans,' said he, 'are good vassals, valiant on foot and on horseback; good knights are they on horseback, and well used to battle; all is lost if they once penetrate our ranks. They have brought long lances and swords, but you have pointed lances and keen-edged bills; and I do not expect that their arms can stand against yours. Cleave wherever you can; it will be ill done if you spare aught.'

"The English had built up a fence before them with their shields, and with ash and other wood, and had well joined and wattled in the whole work, so as not to leave even a crevice; and thus they had a barricade in their front through which any Norman who would attack them must first pass. Being covered in this way by their shields and barricades, their aim was to defend themselves; and if they had remained steady for that purpose, they would not have been conquered that day; for every Norman who made his way in, lost his life in dishonor, either by hatchet or bill, by club or other weapon. They wore short and close hauberks, and helmets that hung over their garments. King Harold issued orders, and made proclamation round, that all should be ranged with their faces toward the enemy, and that no one should move from where he was, so that whoever came might find them ready; and that whatever any one, be he Norman or other, should do, each should do his best to defend his own place. Then he ordered the men of Kent to go where the Normans were likely to make the attack; for they say that the men of Kent are entitled to strike first; and that whenever the king goes to battle, the first blow belongs to them. The right of the men of London is to guard the king's body, to place themselves around him, and to guard his standard; and they were accordingly placed by the standard to watch and defend it.

Norman Knights.

"When Harold had made all ready, and given his orders, he came into the midst of the English and dismounted by the side of the standard; Leofwin and Gurth, his brothers, were with him; and around him he had barons enough, as he stood by his standard, which was, in truth, a noble one, sparkling with gold and precious stones. After the victory William sent it to the pope to prove and commemorate his great conquest and glory. The English stood in close ranks, ready and eager for the fight; and they, moreover, made a fosse, which went across the field, guarding one side of their army.

"Meanwhile the Normans appeared advancing over the ridge of a rising ground, and the first division of their troops moved onward along the hill and across a valley. And presently another division, still larger, came in sight, close following upon the first, and they were led toward another part of the field, forming together as the first body had done. And while Harold saw and examined them, and was pointing them out to Gurth, a fresh company came in sight, covering all the plain; and, in the midst of them was raised the standard that came from Rome! Near it was the duke, and the best men and greatest strength of the army were there. The good knights, the good vassals and brave warriors were there; and there were gathered together the gentle barons, the good archers, and the men-at-arms, whose duty it was to guard the duke, and range themselves around him. The youths and common herd of the camp, whose business was not to join in the battle, but to take care of the harness and stores, moved off toward a rising ground. The priests and the clerks also ascended a hill there to offer up prayers to God, and watch the event of the battle.

"The English stood firm on foot in close ranks, and carried themselves right boldly. Each man had his hauberk on, with his sword girt, and his shield at his neck. Great hatchets were also slung at their necks, with which they expected to strike heavy blows.

"The Normans brought on the three divisions of their army to attack at different places. They set out in three companies, and in three companies did they fight. The first and second had come up, and then advanced the third, which was the greatest; with that came the duke with his own men, and all moved boldly forward.

"As soon as the two armies were in full view of each other, great noise and tumult arose. You might hear the sound of many trumpets, of bugles, and of horns; and then you might see men ranging themselves in line, lifting their shields, raising their lances, bending their bows, handling their arrows, ready for assault and defense.

"The English stood steady to their post, the Normans still moved on; and when they drew near, the English were to be seen stirring to and fro; were going and coming; troops ranging themselves in order; some with their color rising, others turning pale; some making ready their arms, others raising their shields; the brave man rousing himself to fight, the coward trembling at the approach of danger.

"Then Taillefer, who sang right well, rode, mounted on a swift horse, before the duke, singing of Charlemagne and of Roland, of Oliver, and the peers who died in Roncesvalles. And when they drew nigh to the English, 'A boon, sire!' cried Taillefer; 'I have long served you, and you owe me for all such service.

To-day, so please you, you shall repay it. I ask as my guerdon, and beseech you for it earnestly, that you will allow me to strike the first blow in the battle!' And the duke answered, 'I grant it.' Then Taillefer put his horse to a gallop, charging before all the rest, and struck an Englishman dead, driving his lance below the breast into his body, and stretching him upon the ground. Then he drew his sword, and struck another, crying out, 'Come on, come on! What do ye, sirs? lay on, lay on!' At the second blow he struck, the English pushed forward, and surrounded, and slew him. Forthwith arose the noise and cry of war, and on either side the people put themselves in motion.

"The Normans moved on to the assault, and the English defended themselves well. Some were striking, others urging onward; all were bold, and cast aside fear. And now, behold, that battle was gathered whereof the fame is yet mighty.

"Loud and far resounded the bray of horns; and the shocks of the lances, the mighty strokes of maces, and the quick clashing of swords. One while the Englishmen rushed on, another while they fell back; one while the men from over the sea charged onward, and again at other times retreated. The Normans shouted Dex Aie, the English people Out. Then came the cunning manœuvres, the rude shocks and strokes of the lance and blows of the swords, among the sergeants and soldiers, both English and Norman. ✓

"When the English fall the Normans shout. Each side taunts and defies the other, yet neither knoweth what the other saith; and the Normans say the English bark, because they understand not their speech.

"Some wax strong, others weak; the brave exult, but the cowards tremble, as men who are sore dismayed. The Normans press on the assault, and the English defend their post well; they pierce the hauberks, and cleave the shields, receive and return mighty blows. Again, some press forward, others yield; and thus, in various ways, the struggle proceeds. In the plain was a fosse, which the Normans had now behind them, having passed it in the fight without regarding it. But the English charged and drove the Normans before them till they made them fall back upon this fosse, overthrowing into it horses and men. Many were to be seen falling therein, rolling one over the other, with their faces to the earth, and unable to rise. Many of the English, also, whom the Normans drew down along with them, died there. At no time during the day's battle did so many Normans die as perished in that fosse. So those said who saw the dead.

"The varlets who were set to guard the harness began to abandon it as they saw the loss of the Frenchmen, when thrown back upon the fosse without power to recover themselves. Being greatly alarmed at seeing the difficulty in restoring order, they began to quit the harness, and sought around, not knowing where to find shelter. Then Duke William's brother, Odo, the good priest, the Bishop of Bayeux, galloped up, and said to them, 'Stand fast! stand fast! be quiet and move not! fear nothing; for, if God please, we shall conquer yet.' So they took courage, and rested where they were; and Odo returned galloping back to where the battle was most fierce, and was of great service on that day. He had put a hauberk on over a white aube, wide in the body, with the sleeve tight, and sat on a white horse, so that all might recognize him. In his hand he held a mace, and wherever he saw most need he held up and stationed the knights, and often urged them on to assault and strike the enemy.

"From nine o'clock in the morning, when the combat began, till three o'clock came, the battle was up and down, this way and that, and no one knew who would conquer and win the land. Both sides stood so firm and fought so well, that no one could guess which would prevail. The Norman archers with their bows shot thickly upon the English; but they covered themselves with their shields, so that the arrows could not reach their bodies, nor do any mischief, how true soever was their aim, or however well they shot. Then the Normans determined to shoot their arrows upward into the air, so that they might fall on their enemies' heads, and strike their faces. The archers adopted this scheme, and shot up into the air toward the English; and the arrows, in falling, struck their heads and faces, and put out the eyes of many; and all feared to open their eyes, or leave their faces unguarded.

"The arrows now flew thicker than rain before the wind; fast sped the shafts that the English called 'wibetes.' Then it was that an arrow, that had been thus shot upward, struck Harold above his right eye, and put it out. In his agony he drew the arrow and threw it away, breaking it with his hands; and the pain to his head was so great that he leaned upon his shield. So the English were wont to say, and still say to the French, that the arrow was well shot which was so sent up against their king, and that the archer won them great glory who thus put out Harold's eye.

"The Normans saw that the English defended themselves well, and were so strong in their position that they could do little against them. So they consulted together privily and arranged to draw off, and pretend to flee, till the English should pursue and scatter themselves over the field; for they saw that if they could once get their enemies to break their ranks, they might be attacked and discomfited much more easily. As they had said, so they did. The Normans by little and little fled, the English following them. As the one fell back, the other pressed after; and when the Frenchmen retreated, the English thought and cried out that the men of France fled, and would never return. . . .

"The Normans were to be seen following up their stratagem, retreating slowly so as to draw the English farther on. As they still flee, the English pursue; they push out their lances and stretch forth their hatchets, following the Normans as they go, rejoicing in the success of their scheme, and scattering themselves over the plain. And the English meantime jeered and insulted their foes with words. 'Cowards,' they cried, 'you came hither in an evil hour, wanting our lands, and seeking to seize our property, fools that ye were to come! Normandy is too far off, and you will not easily reach it. It is of little use to run back; unless you can cross the sea at a leap, or can drink it dry, your sons and daughters are lost to you.'

"The Normans bore it all; but, in fact, they knew not what the English said: their language seemed like the baying of dogs, which they could not understand.

At length they stopped and turned round, determined to recover their ranks; and the barons might be heard crying DEX AIE! for a halt. Then the Normans resumed their former position, turning their faces toward the enemy; and their men were to be seen facing round and rushing onward to a fresh *mêlée*, the one party assaulting the other; this man striking, another pressing onward. One hits, another misses; one flies, another pursues; one is aiming a stroke, while another discharges his blow. Norman strives with Englishman again, and aims his blows afresh. One flies, another pursues swiftly; the combatants are many, the plain wide, the battle and the *mêlée* fierce. On every hand they fight hard, the blows are heavy, and the struggle becomes fierce.

"The Normans were playing their part well, when an English knight came rushing up, having in his company a hundred men, furnished with various arms. He wielded a northern hatchet, with the blade a full foot long, and was well armed after his manner, being tall, bold, and of noble carriage. In front of the battle, where the Normans thronged most, he came bounding on swifter than the stag, many Normans falling before him and his company. He rushed straight upon a Norman who was armed and riding on a war-horse, and tried with his hatchet of steel to cleave his helmet; but the blow miscarried, and the sharp blade glanced down before the saddle-bow, driving through the horse's neck down to the ground, so that both horse and master fell together to the earth. I know not whether the Englishman struck another blow; but the Normans who saw the stroke were astonished, and about to abandon the assault, when Roger de Montgomeri came galloping up, with his lance set, and heeding not the long-handled axe which the Englishman wielded aloft, struck him down, and left him stretched on the ground. Then Roger cried out, 'Frenchmen, strike! the day is ours!' And again a fierce *mêlée* was to be seen, with many a blow of lance and sword; the English still defending themselves, killing the horses and cleaving the shields.

"There was a French soldier of noble mien, who sat his horse gallantly. He spied two Englishmen who were also carrying themselves boldly. They were both men of great worth, and had become companions in arms and had fought together, the one protecting the other. They bore two long and broad bills, and did great mischief to the Normans, killing both horses and men. The French soldier looked at them and their bills, and was sore alarmed, for he was afraid of losing his good horse, the best that he had, and would willingly have turned to some other quarter, if it would not have looked like cowardice. He soon, however, recovered his courage, and, spurring his horse, gave him the bridle, and galloped swiftly forward. Fearing the two bills, he raised his shield, and struck one of the Englishmen with his lance on the breast, so that the iron passed out at his back. At the moment that he fell, the lance broke, and the Frenchman seized the mace that hung at his right side, and struck the other Englishman a blow that completely fractured his skull.

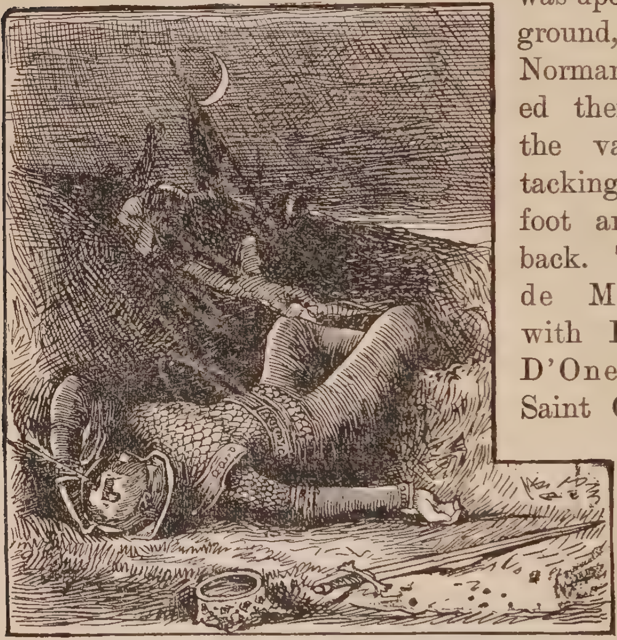
"On the other side was an Englishman who much annoyed the French, continually assaulting them with a keen-edged hatchet. He had a helmet made of wood, which he had fastened down to his coat, and laced round

William of Normandy Reviewing His Army.

his neck, so that no blows could reach his head. The ravage he was making was seen by a gallant Norman knight, who rode a horse that neither fire nor water could stop in its career, when its master urged it on. The knight spurred, and his horse carried him on well till he charged the Englishman, striking him over the helmet, so that it fell down over his eyes; and as he stretched out his hand to raise it and uncover his face, the Norman cut off his right hand, so that his hatchet fell to the ground. Another Norman sprang forward and eagerly seized the prize with both his hands, but he kept it little space, and paid dearly for it, for as he stooped to pick up the hatchet, an Englishman with his long-handled axe struck him over the back, breaking all his bones, so that his entrails and lungs gushed forth. The knight of the good horse meantime returned without injury; but on his way he met another Englishman and bore him down under his horse, wounding him grievously and trampling him altogether under foot.

"And now might be heard the loud clang and cry of battle, and the clashing of lances. The English stood firm in their barricades, and shivered the lances, beating them into pieces with their bills and maces. The Normans drew their swords and hewed down the barricades; and the English, in great trouble, fell back upon their standard, where were collected the maimed and wounded.

"There were many knights of Chauz who jousted and made attacks. The English knew not how to joust, or bear arms on horseback, but fought with hatchets and bills. A man, when he wanted to strike with one of their hatchets, was obliged to hold it with both his hands, and could not at the same time, as it seems to me, both cover himself and strike with any freedom.



"The English fell back toward the standard, which was upon a rising ground, and the Normans followed them across the valley, attacking them on foot and horseback. Then Hue de Mortemer, with D'Auviler, D'Onebac, and Saint Cler, rode up and charged, overthrowing many.

"Robert Fitz Erneis fixed his lance, took his shield, and galloping toward the standard, with his keen-edged sword struck an Englishman who was in front, killed him, and then drawing back his sword, attacked many others, and pushed straight for the standard, trying to beat it down; but the English surrounded it and killed him with their bills. He was found on the spot, when they afterward sought for him, dead and lying at the standard's foot.

"Duke William pressed close upon the English, with his lance striving hard to reach the standard with the great troop he led and seeking earnestly for Harold, on whose account the whole war was. The Normans follow their lord, and press around him, they ply their blows upon the English; and these defend themselves stoutly, striving hard with their enemies, returning blow for blow.

"One of them was a man of great strength, a wrestler, who did great mischief to the Normans with his hatchet; all feared him, for he struck down a great many Normans. The Duke spurred on his horse, and aimed a blow at him, but he stooped, and so escaped the stroke; then jumping on one side, he lifted his hatchet aloft, and as the duke bent to avoid the blow, the Englishman boldly struck him on the head, and beat in his helmet though without doing much injury. He was very near falling, however; but, bearing on his stirrups, he recovered himself immediately; and when he thought to have revenged himself upon the churl by killing him, he had escaped, dreading the duke's blow. He ran back in among the English, but he was not safe even there; for the Normans seeing him, pursued and caught him, and having pierced him through and through with their lances, left him dead on the ground.

"Where the throng of the battle was greatest, the men of Kent and Essex fought wondrously well, and made the Normans again retreat, but without doing them much injury. And when the duke saw his men fall back and the English triumphing over them, his spirit rose high, and he seized his shield and his lance, which a vassal handed to him, and took his post by his standard.

"Then those who kept close guard by him, and rode where he rode, being about a thousand armed men, came and rushed with closed ranks upon the English; and with the weight of their good horses, and the blows the knights gave, broke the press of the enemy, and scattered the crowd before them, the good duke leading them on in front. Many pursued and many fled; many were the Englishmen who fell around, and were trampled under the horses, crawling upon the earth and not able to rise. Many of the richest and noblest men fell in the rout, but still the English rallied in places, smote down those whom they reached, and maintained the combat the best they could, beating down the men and killing the horses. One Englishman watched the duke, and plotted to kill him; he would have struck him with his lance, but he could not, for the duke struck him first, and felled him to the earth.

"Loud was now the clamor, and great the slaughter; many a soul then quitted the body it inhabited. The living marched over the heaps of dead, and each side was weary of striking. He charged on who could, and he who could no longer strike still pushed forward. The strong struggled with the strong; some failed, others triumphed; the cowards fell back, the brave pressed on; and sad was his fate who fell in the midst, for he had little chance of rising again; and many in truth fell who never rose at all, being crushed under the throng.

"And now the Normans had pressed on so far, that at last they had reached the standard. There Harold had remained, defending himself to the utmost; but he was sorely wounded in his eye by the arrow, and suffered grievous pain from the blow. An armed man came in the throng of the battle, and struck him on the ventaille of his helmet, and beat him to the ground; and as he sought to recover himself a knight beat him down again, striking him on the thick of his thigh, down to the bone.

"Gurth saw the English falling around, and that there was no remedy. He saw his race hastening to ruin, and despaired of any aid; he would have fled, but could not, for the throng continually increased. And the duke pushed on till he reached him, and struck him with great force. Whether he died of that blow I know not, but it was said that he fell under it, and rose no more.

"The standard was beaten down, the golden standard was taken, and Harold and the best of his friends were slain; but there was so much eagerness, and throng of so many around, seeking to kill him, that I know not who it was that slew him.

"The English were in great trouble at having lost their king, and at the duke's having conquered and beat down the standard; but they still fought on, and defended themselves long, and in fact till the day drew to a close. Then it clearly appeared to all that the standard was lost, and the news had spread throughout the army that Harold, for certain, was dead; and all saw that there was no longer any hope, so they left the field, and those fled who could.

"William fought well; many an assault did he lead, many a blow did he give, and many receive, and many fell dead under his hand. Two horses were killed under him, and he took a third when necessary, so that he fell not to the ground, and lost not a drop of blood. But whatever any one did, and whoever lived or died, this is certain, that William conquered, and that many of the English fled from the field, and many died on the spot. Then he returned thanks to God, and in his pride ordered his standard to be brought and set up on high, where the English standard had stood; and that was the signal of his having conquered, and beaten down the standard. And he ordered his tent to be raised on the spot among the dead, and had his meat brought thither, and his supper prepared there.

"Then he took off his armor; and the barons and knights, pages and squires came, when he had unstrung his shield; and they took the helmet from his head, and the hauberk from his back, and saw the heavy blows upon his shield, and how his helmet was dinted in. And all greatly wondered, and said 'Such a baron never bestrode war-horse, nor dealt such blows, nor did such feats of arms; neither has there been on earth such a knight since Rollant and Oliver.'

"Thus they lauded and extolled him greatly, and rejoiced in what they saw, but grieving also for their friends who were slain in the battle. And the duke stood meanwhile among them, of noble stature and mien, and rendered thanks to the King of glory, through whom he had the victory; and thanked the knights around him, mourning also frequently for the dead. And he ate and drank among the dead, and made his bed that night upon the field.

"The morrow was Sunday; and those who had slept upon the field of battle, keeping watch around, and suffering great fatigue, bestirred themselves at break of day, and sought out and buried such of the bodies of their dead friends as they might find. The noble ladies of the land also came, some to seek their husbands, and others their fathers, sons, or brothers. They bore the bodies to their villages, and interred them at the churches; and the clerks and priests of the country were ready, and at the request of their friends, took the bodies that were found, and prepared graves and laid them therein.

"King Harold was carried and buried at Varham; but I know not who it was that bore him thither, neither do I know who buried him. Many remained on the field, and many had fled in the night."

Such is a Norman account of the battle of Hastings, which does full justice to the valor of the Saxons as well as to the skill and bravery of the victors. It is indeed evident that the loss of the battle by the English was owing to the wound which Harold received in the afternoon, and which must have incapacitated him from effective command. When we remember that he had himself just won the battle of Stamford Bridge and beaten old Harald Hardrada by the manœuvre of a feigned fight, it is impossible to suppose that he could be deceived by the same stratagem on the part of the Normans at Hastings. But his men, when deprived of his control, would very naturally be led by their inconsiderate ardor into the pursuit that proved so fatal to them. All the narratives of the battle, however much they vary as to the precise time and manner of Harold's fall, eulogize the generalship and the personal prowess which he displayed, until the fatal arrow struck him. The skill with which he had posted his army was proved both by the slaughter which it cost the Normans to force the position, and also by the desperate rally which some of the Saxons made after the battle in the forest in the rear, in which they cut off a large number of the pursuing Normans. This circumstance is particularly mentioned by William of Poictiers, the Conqueror's own chaplain. Indeed, if Harold, or either of his brothers had survived, the remains of the English army might have formed again in the wood, and could at least have effected an orderly retreat, and prolonged the war. But both Gurth and Leofwine, and all the bravest Thanes of Southern England lay dead on Senlac, around their fallen king and the fallen standard of their country. The exact number that perished on the Saxon side is unknown; but we read that on the side of the victors, out of sixty thousand men who had been engaged, no less than a fourth perished. So well had the English billmen "plyed the ghastly blow," and so sternly had the Saxon battle-axe cloven Norman's casque and mail. The old historian Daniel justly as well as forcibly remarks, "Thus was tried, by the great assize of God's judgment in battle, the right of power between the English and Norman nations; a battle the most memorable of all others; and, however miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England."

Many a pathetic legend was told in after years respecting the discovery and the burial of the corpse of the last Saxon king. The main circumstances, though they seem to vary, are perhaps reconcilable. Two of the monks of Waltham Abbey, which Harold had founded a little time before his election to the throne, had accompanied him to the battle. On the morning after the slaughter, they begged and gained permission of the Conqueror to search for the body of their benefactor. The Norman soldiery and camp-followers had stripped and gashed the slain, and the two monks vainly strove to recognize from among the mutilated and gory heaps around them the features of their former king. They sent for Harold's mistress, Edith, surnamed "the Fair," and "the swan-necked," to aid them. The eye of love proved keener than the eye of gratitude, and the Saxon lady even in that Aceldama knew her Harold.

The king's mother now sought the victorious Norman, and begged the dead body of her son. But William at first answered in his wrath and the hardness of his heart, that a man who had been false to his word and his religion should have no other sepulchre than the sand of the shore. He added, with a sneer, "Harold mounted guard on the coast while he was alive, he may continue his guard now he is dead." The taunt was an unintentional eulogy; and a grave washed by the spray of the Sussex waves would have been the noblest burial-place for the martyr of Saxon freedom. But Harold's mother was urgent in her lamentations and her prayers; the Conqueror relented: like Achilles, he gave up the dead body of his fallen foe to a parent's supplications, and the remains of King Harold were deposited with regal honors in Waltham Abbey.

On Christmas day in the same year William the Conqueror was crowned at London, King of England.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

1314 A.D.

(From Tales of a Grandfather.)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

KING EDWARD the Second . . . was not a wise and brave man like his father, but a foolish prince, who was influenced by unworthy favorites, and thought more of pleasure than of governing his kingdom. His father Edward I. would have entered Scotland at the head of a large army, before he had left Bruce time to conquer back so much of the country. But we have seen, that, very fortunately for the Scots, that wise and skilful, though ambitious King, died when he was on the point of marching into Scotland. His son Edward had afterwards neglected the Scottish war, and thus lost the opportunity of defeating Bruce, when his force was small. But now when Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor of Stirling, came to London, to tell the King, that Stirling, the last Scottish town of importance which remained in possession of the English, was to be surrendered if it were not relieved by force of arms before midsummer, then all the English nobles called out, it would be a sin and shame to permit the fair conquest which Edward I. had made, to be forfeited to the Scots for want of fighting. It was, therefore, resolved, that the King should go himself to Scotland, with as great forces as he could possibly muster.

King Edward the Second, therefore, assembled one of the greatest armies which a King of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces which the King of England possessed in France, — many Irish, many Welsh, — and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men.

King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the great preparation which the King of England was making. They were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, his whole army did not very much exceed thirty thousand, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen; but then, Robert, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of the time; and the officers he had under him, were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The King, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. He knew the superiority of the English, both in their heavy-armed cavalry, which were much better mounted and armed than that of the Scots, and in their archers, who were better trained than any others in the world. Both these advantages he resolved to provide against. With this purpose, he led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army must needs pass through a boggy country, broken with watercourses, while the Scots occupied hard, dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of holes, about as deep as a man's knee. They were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was laid on the top, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was all full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also, it is said, caused steel spikes, called caltrops, to be scattered up and down in the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting in that manner to lame and destroy their horses.

When the Scottish army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky, that no troops could attack them there. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of Stirling. Bruce reviewed his troops very carefully; all the useless servants, drivers of carts, and such like, of whom there were very many, he ordered to go behind a height, afterwards, in memory of the event, called the Gillies' Hill, that is, the Servants' Hill. He then spoke to the soldiers, and expressed his determination to gain the victory, or to lose his life on the field of battle. He desired that all those who did not propose to fight to the last should leave the field before the battle began, and that none should remain except those who were determined to take the issue of victory or death, as God should send it.

When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the King posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the church of St. Ninian's, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then despatched James of Douglas, and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen,—that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms on horse and foot,—that the number of standards, banners, and pennons (all flags of different kinds), made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the twenty-third of June (1314) the King of Scotland heard the news, that the English army were approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order he had before resolved on. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry trying to get into Stirling from the eastward. This was the Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been detached to relieve the castle.

"See, Randolph," said the King to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." By this he meant that Randolph had lost some honor, by suffering the enemy to pass where he had been stationed to hinder them. Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive the onset. He seemed to be in so much danger, that Douglas asked leave of the King to go and assist him. The King refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the King, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish, — I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before they had reached the place of combat, they saw the English galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field." Now, that was nobly done, — especially as Douglas and Randolph were always contending which should rise highest in the good opinion of the King and the nation.

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He was not mounted on his great war-horse, because he did not expect to fight that evening. But he rode on a little pony up and down the ranks of his army, putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a sort of battle-axe made of steel. When the King saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might look at them more nearly.

King Robert in Battle.

There was a knight among the English called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. The King being poorly mounted, and having no lance, Bohun galloped on him suddenly and furiously, thinking, with his long spear, and his tall powerful horse, easily to bear him down to the ground. King Robert saw him, and permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his horse. But as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-axe so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nutshell, and hurled him from his saddle. He was dead before he reached the ground. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The King only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-axe."

The next morning, being the twenty-fourth of June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English, as they advanced, saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks barefooted, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to Heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down, — they are asking forgiveness." — "Yes," said a celebrated English baron, called Ingelram de Umphraville, "but they ask it from God, not from us; these men will conquer or die upon the field."

The English King ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk, and other places, have decided the victory; but Bruce, as I told you before, was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms, well-mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers, and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horsemen, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise from the weight of their armor. The Englishmen began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish King, bringing up more of his forces, attacked and pressed them still more closely.

On a sudden, while the battle was obstinately maintained on both sides, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp, had, as I told you, been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' Hill. But when they saw that their masters were likely to gain the day, they rushed from their place of concealment with such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and, losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride. A valiant knight, Sir Giles de Argentine, much renowned in the wars of Palestine, attended the King till he got him out of the press of the combat. But he would retreat no farther. "It is not my custom," he said, "to fly." With that he took leave of the King, set spurs to his horse, and calling out his war-cry of "Argentine! Argentine! " he rushed into the thickest of the Scottish ranks, and was killed.

The young Earl of Gloucester was also slain, fighting valiantly. The Scots would have saved him, but as he had not put on his armorial bearings, they did not know him, and he was cut to pieces.

Edward first fled to Stirling castle, and entreated admittance; but Sir Philip Mowbray, the governor, reminded the fugitive Sovereign, that he was obliged to surrender the castle next day, so Edward was fain to fly through the Torwood, closely pursued by Douglas with a body of cavalry. An odd circumstance happened during the chase, which showed how loosely some of the Scottish barons of that day held their political opinions: As Douglas was riding furiously after Edward, he met a Scottish knight, Sir Laurence Abernethy, with twenty horse. Sir Laurence had hitherto owned the English interest, and was bringing this band of followers to serve King Edward's army. But learning from Douglas that the English King was entirely defeated, he changed sides on the spot and was easily prevailed upon to join Douglas in pursuing the unfortunate Edward, with the very followers whom he had been leading to join his standard.

Douglas and Abernethy continued the chase, not giving King Edward time to alight from horseback, even for an instant, and followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend, in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The Earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a fishing skiff, or small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards, whether in France or Scotland, lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of the same importance. Many of the best and the bravest of the English nobility and gentry, as I have said, lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to overcome it. On the contrary, they became for a time scarce able to defend their own frontiers against King Robert and his soldiers.

There were several battles fought within England itself, in which the English had greatly the worst. One of these took place near Mitton, in Yorkshire. So many priests took part in the fight, that the Scots called it the Chapter of Mitton — a meeting of the clergymen belonging to a cathedral being called a Chapter. There was a great slaughter in and after the action. The Scots laid waste the country of England as far as the gates of York, and enjoyed a considerable superiority over their ancient enemies, who had so lately threatened to make them subjects of England.

Thus did Robert Bruce arise from the condition of an exile, hunted with bloodhounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived. The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the situation of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after the Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English, and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered, not less by his wisdom than by his weapons. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots should be remembered with honor and gratitude.

THE BATTLE OF CRESSY

1345 A.D.

(From The Chronicles of Sir John Froissart.)

English Archer.

THE King of England had heard how certain of his men were sore constrained in the Castle of Aiguillon, where the Duke of Normandy and the Lords of France had laid their siege. Then the King caused a great navy of ships to be ready in the haven of Southampton, and caused all manner of men of war to draw thither about the feast of St. John Baptist in the year of our Lord God MCCCXLV.

Then the King rode to Southampton and there tarried for wind; then he entered into his ship, and the Prince of Wales with him, and the Lord Godfrey Harcourt; and all other lords, earls, barons, and knights with all their companions. . . .

When the King arrived in the Hogue he issued out of his ship, and the first foot that he set on the ground he fell so rudely that the blood burst out of his nose; the knights that were about him took him up, and said, "Sir, for God's sake enter again into your ship, and come not a-land this day; for this is but an evil sign for us."

Then the King answered quickly, and said: "Wherefore? This is a good token for me, for the land desireth to have me." Of the which answer all his men were right joyful. . . .

So that day and night the King lodged on the sands, and in the meantime discharged the ships of their horses and other baggages.

There the King made two marshals of his host; the one the Lord Godfrey Harcourt, and the other the Earl of Warwick; and the Earl of Arundel, Constable. And he ordained that the Earl of Huntingdon should guard the fleet of ships with a hundred men of arms and four hundred archers. And also he ordained three battalions, one to go on his right hand, closing to the seaside, and the other on his left hand, and the King himself in the midst, and every night to lodge all in one camp.

Thus they set forth as they were ordained, and they that went by the sea took all the ships that they found in their ways; and they went forth so long, what by sea and what by land, that they came to a good port and to a good town called Barfleur, the which was won instantly; for they within gave up for fear of death. Howbeit, for all that, the town was robbed, and much gold and silver there found, and rich jewels; there was found so much riches that the boys and servants of the host set no store by good furred gowns.

They made all of the town to issue out and to go into the ships, because they would not suffer them to remain behind them for fear of rebelling again.

After the town of Barfleur was thus taken and robbed, without burning, then they spread abroad in the country, and did what they listed, for there was none to resist them. At last they came to a great and a rich town called Cherbourg; the town they won, and robbed it, and burnt part thereof, but into the castle they could not come, it was so strong and well furnished with men of war; then they passed forth and came to Montebourg, and took it, and robbed and burnt it clean.

In this manner they burnt many other towns in that country and won so much riches that it was marvel to reckon it. It was hard to think the great riches that there was won, in clothes specially; cloth would there have been sold good cheap, if there had been buyers. . . .

On the Friday, the King of England lay in the fields: for the country was plentiful of wines and other victual, and if need had been they had provision following in carts and other carriages.

That night the King made a supper to all his chief lords of his host, and made them good cheer. And when they were all departed to take their rest, then the King entered into his oratory, and kneeled down before the altar, praying God devoutly that if he fought the next day, he might achieve the day's work to his honour.

Then about midnight he laid him down to rest; and in the morning he rose betimes, and heard Mass, and the Prince his son with him; and the most part of his company were confessed and had absolution.

And after the Mass said, he commanded every man to be armed and to draw to the field, to the same place before appointed: then the King caused a park to be made, by the woodside behind his host; and there they set all carts and carriages, and within the park were all their horses, for every man was afoot: and into this park there was but one entry.

Then he ordained the battalions. In the first was the young Prince of Wales; with him the Earls of Warwick and Stafford, the Lord Godfrey Harcourt, Sir Reginald Cobham, Sir Thomas Howland, the Lord Stafford, the Lord Mauley, the Lord Delawarr, Sir John Chandos, Sir Bartholomew Burghersh, Sir Robert Neville, the Lord Thomas Clifford, the Lord Bourchier, the Lord Latimer and divers other knights and squires that I cannot name; they were an eight hundred men of arms, and two thousand archers, and a thousand of others, with the Welshmen. Every lord

THE YOUNG PRINCE.

An Incident During the Siege of a Walled City.

drew to the field appointed, under his own banner and pennon.

In the second battalion were the Earl of Northampton, the Earl of Arundel, the Lord Roos, the Lord Lygo, the Lord Willoughby, the Lord Basset, the Lord St. Armand, Sir Louis Tufton, the Lord Malton, the Lord Lascelles, and divers others, about eight hundred men of arms and twelve hundred archers.

The King had the third battalion: he had seven hundred men of arms and two thousand archers.

Then the King leapt on a horse, with a white rod in his hand, one of his marshals on the one hand and the other on the other hand; he rode from rank to rank, desiring every man to take heed that day to his right and honor. He spake it so sweetly, and with so good countenance and merry cheer, that all such as were discomfited took courage in the saying and hearing of him.

And when he had thus visited all his battalions, it was nine of the day; then he caused every man to eat and drink a little; and so they did at their leisure. And afterward they again set in order their battalions; then every man lay down on the earth, and by him his steel cap and bow, to be the more fresher when their enemies should come.

This Saturday the French King rose betimes, and heard Mass in Abbeville in his lodging in the Abbey of St. Peter; and he departed after the sun-rising.

When he was out of the town two leagues, approaching towards his enemies, some of his lords said to him, "Sir, it were good that ye set in order your battalions, and let all your footmen pass somewhat on before, that they be not troubled with the horsemen."

Then the King sent four knights, the Lord Moyne of Bastleberg, the Lord of Noyers, the Lord of Beaujeu, and the Lord d'Aubigny, to ride to view the English host; and so they rode so near that they might well see part of their dealing. The Englishmen saw them well, and knew well how they were come thither to view them; they let them alone, and made no countenance toward them, and let them return as they came.

And when the French King saw these four knights return again, he tarried till they came to him, and said, "Sirs, what tidings?"

These four knights each of them looked on other, for there was none would speak before his companion; finally the King said to Moyne, who pertained to the King of Bohemia, and had done in his days so much that he was reputed for one of the valiantest knights of the world, "Sir, speak you."

Then he said, "Sir, I shall speak since it pleaseth you, under the correction of my fellows. Sir, we have ridden and seen the behaving of your enemies; know ye for truth they are halted in three battalions, abiding for you. Sir, I will counsel you, as for my part, saving your displeasure, that you and all your company rest here and lodge for this night; for before they of your company that be behind be come hither, and before your battalions be set in good order, it will be very late, and your people be weary and out of array; and ye shall find your enemies fresh and ready to receive you. Early in the morning ye may order your battalions at more leisure, and advise concerning your enemies at more deliberation, and regard well what way ye will assail them; for, Sir, surely they will abide you."

Then the King commanded that it should be done. Then his two marshals rode one before, and other behind, saying to every banner, "Tarry and abide here, in the name of God and St. Denis."

They that were foremost tarried, but they that were behind would not tarry, but rode forth, and said how they would in no wise abide till they were so far forward as the foremost. And when those before saw them come on behind, then they rode forward again, so that the King nor his marshals could not rule them.

So they rode without order or good array till they came in sight of their enemies. And as soon as the foremost saw them they recoiled aback without good array; whereof those behind had marvel, and were abashed, and thought that the foremost company had been fighting. Then they might have had leisure and room to have gone forward, if they had listed. Some went forward and some abode still; the common soldiers, of whom all the roads between Abbeville and Cressy were full, when they saw that they were near to their enemies, they took their swords and cried, "Down with them! let us slay them all!"

There was no man, though he were present at that day's work, that could imagine or show the truth of the evil order that was among the French party; and yet they were a marvellous great number. That which I write in this book I learned it specially of the Englishmen, who well beheld their dealing; and also certain knights of Sir John of Hainault's, who was always about King Philip, showed me all they knew.

The Englishmen, who were in three battalions, lying on the ground to rest them, as soon as they saw the

Frenchmen approach, they rose upon their feet fair and easily, without any haste, and arranged their battalions.

The first were the Prince's battalion; the archers there stood in manner of a harrow, and the men of arms at the rear of the battalion. The Earl of Northampton and the Earl of Arundel were on a wing in good order, ready to support the Prince's battalion, if need were.

The Lords and Knights Came Not in Good Order.

The lords and knights of France came not to the assembly together in good order, for some came before and some came after, in such haste and evil order that one of them did trouble another.

When the French King saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and he said to his marshals, "Make the

Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis."

There were of the Genoese crossbows about fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going a six leagues a-foot that day, armed with their crossbows, that they said to their constables, "We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the condition to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest."

These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, "A man is well off to be burdened with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need!"

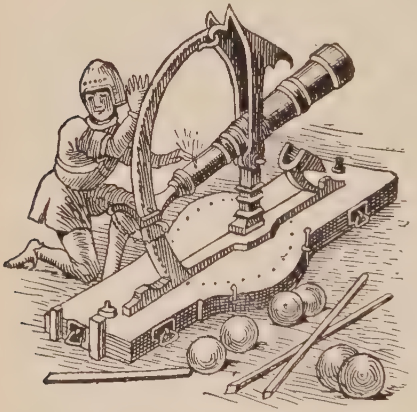
Also at the same time there fell a great rain, and an eclipse of the sun, with a terrible thunder, and before the rain there came flying over both armies a great number of crows, for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright; the which was right in the Frenchmen's eyes and on the Englishmen's backs.

When the Genoese were assembled together and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry, to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leap and a fell cry and stepped forward a little; and the Englishmen removed not one foot; thirdly again they leapt and cried and went forward till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their crossbows.

Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly together and so thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads, arms, and breasts, many of them cast down their crossbows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited.

When the French King saw them fly away, he said, "Slay these rascals, for they will let and trouble us without reason." Then ye should have seen the men of arms dash in among them, and kill a great number of them.

And ever still the Englishmen shot where they saw thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men of arms and into their horses, and many fell, horse and man, among the Genoese; and when they were down they could not rise again, the press was so thick that one overthrew another.



Cannon Used at Battle of Cressy.

And also among the Englishmen there were certain rascals that went afoot, with great knives; and they went in among the men of arms, and slew and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires; whereof the King of England was afterwards displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

The valiant King of Bohemia, called Charles of Luxembourg, son to the noble Emperor Henry of Luxembourg, for all that he was nigh blind, when he understood the order of the battle, he said to them about him, "Where is the Lord Charles my son?"

His men said, "Sir, we cannot tell; we think he be fighting."

Then he said: "Sirs, ye are my men, my companions and friends in this day's work. I require you, bring me so far forward that I may strike one stroke with my sword."

They said they would do his commandment; and to the intent that they should not lose him in the press, they tied all the reins of their bridles to each other, and set the King in front to accomplish his desire, and so they went on their enemies.

The Lord Charles of Bohemia his son, who wrote himself King of Bohemia and bore the arms, came in good order to the battle; but when he saw that the matter went awry on their side, he departed, I cannot tell you which way.

The King, his father, was so far forward, that he struck a stroke with his sword, yea, and more than four, and fought valiantly. And so did his company; and they adventured themselves so forward that they were there all slain; and the next day they were found in the place, about the King, and all their horses tied each to other.

The Earl of Alençon came to the battle in right good order, and fought with the Englishmen; and the Earl of Flanders also on his part: these two lords with their companies coasted past the English archers, and came to the Prince's battalion and there fought valiantly for a long time. The French King would fain have come thither, when he saw their banners, but there was a great hedge of archers before him.

The same day the French King had given a great black courser to Sir John of Hainault, and Sir John of Hainault made the Lord John de Fusselles to ride on him, and to bear his banner. The same horse took the bridle in the teeth, and brought him through all the outposts of the Englishmen: and as he would have returned again he fell into a great ditch, and was sore hurt, and had there been dead if his page had not been there, who followed him through all the battalions and saw where his master lay in the ditch: he had none other hindrance but for his horse, for the Englishmen would not issue out of their battalion for taking of any prisoner. Then the page alighted and raised up his master; then went not back again the same way that they came; there was too many in his way.

This battle, fought between la Broyes and Cressy this Saturday, was right cruel and fell, and many a feat of arms was done that came not to my knowledge. In the night divers knights and squires lost their masters, and sometimes came on the Englishmen, who received them in such wise that they were ever nigh slain, for there was none taken to mercy nor to ransom, for so the Englishmen were determined.

In the morning, the day of the battle, certain Frenchmen and Germans perforce broke through the archers of the Prince's battalion, and came and fought with the men of arms hand to hand. Then the second battalion of the Englishmen came to succor the Prince's battalion, the which was time, for they had then much ado: and those with the Prince sent a messenger to the King, who was on a little windmill hill.

Then the knight said to the King, "Sir, the Earl of Warwick and the Earl of Stafford, Sir Reginald Cobham, and other such as be about the Prince your son, are fiercely fought withal, and are sore handled:

wherefore they desire you that you and your battalion will come and aid them, for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado."

Then the King said, "Is my son dead, or hurt, or on the earth felled?"

"No, Sir," said the knight, "but he is hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid."

"Well," said the King, "return to him, and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me, whatever adventure befalleth, as long as my son is alive: and also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs, for if God be pleased, I will that this day's work be his, and the honor thereof, and to them that be about him."

Then the knight returned again to them, and showed the King's words, the which greatly encouraged them: and they repented in that they had sent to the King as they did.

Sir Godfrey Harcourt would gladly that the Earl of Harcourt, his brother, might have been saved; for he heard say, by them that saw his banner, how that he was there in the field on the French side: but Sir Godfrey could not come to him betimes, for he was slain before he could come at him, and so was also the Earl of Aumale, his nephew.

In another place the Earl of Alençon and the Earl of Flanders fought valiantly, every lord under his own banner: but finally they could not resist against the puissance of the Englishmen, and so there they were also slain, and divers other knights and squires.

Also the Earl Louis of Blois, nephew to the French

King, and the Duke of Lorraine, fought under their own banners: but at last they were closed in among a company of Englishmen and Welshmen, and there were slain for all their prowess. Also there was slain the Earl of Auxerre, the Earl of St. Pol, and many others. In the evening the French King had left about him no more than a threescore persons, one and other, whereof one was Sir John of Hainault, who had remounted the King once, for his horse was slain with an arrow.

Then he said to the King, "Sir, depart hence, for it is time; lose not yourself wilfully: if we have loss at this time, ye shall recover it again another season." And so he took the King's horse by the bridle, and led him away, in a manner perforce.

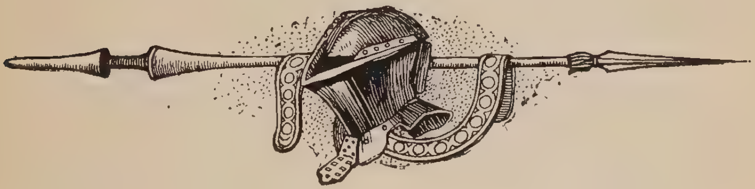
Then the King rode till he came to the Castle of la Broyes; the gate was closed because it was by that time dark.

Then the King called the captain, who came to the walls, and said, "Who is it that calleth there this time of night?"

Then the King said, "Open your gates quickly, for this is the fortune of France."

The captain knew then that it was the King, and opened the gate and let down the bridge. Then the King entered: and he had with him but five barons, Sir John of Hainault, Sir Charles of Montmorency, the Lord of Beaujeu, the Lord d'Aubigny, and the Lord of Mountfort. The King would not tarry there, but drank, and departed thence about midnight, and so rode by such guides as knew the country till he came in the morning to Amiens, and there he rested.

This Saturday the Englishmen never departed from their battalions for chasing of any man, but still kept their field, and ever defended themselves against all such as came to assail them. This battle ended about evensong time.



THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA

1492 A.D.

(From The Conquest of Granada, From MSS. of Fray Antonio Agapida.)

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

THE Christian army approached close to the city, and were laying waste the gardens and orchards, when Boabdil sallied forth, surrounded by all that was left of the flower and chivalry of Granada. There is one place where even the coward becomes brave — that sacred spot called home. What then must have been the valor of the Moors, a people always of chivalrous spirit, when the war was thus brought to their thresholds! They fought among the scenes of their loves and pleasures, the scenes of their infancy, and the haunts of their domestic life. They fought under the eyes of their wives and children, their old men and their maidens, of all that was helpless and all that was dear to them; for all Granada, crowded on tower and battlement, watched with trembling heart the fate of this eventful day.

There was not so much one battle, as a variety of battles; every garden and orchard became a scene of deadly contest; every inch of ground was disputed, with an agony of grief and valor, by the Moors; every inch of ground that the Christians advanced, they valiantly maintained; but never did they advance with severer fighting, or greater loss of blood.

The cavalry of Muza was in every part of the field; wherever it came, it gave fresh ardor to the fight. The Moorish soldier, fainting with heat, fatigue, and wounds, was roused to new life at the approach of Muza; and even he who lay gasping in the agonies of death, turned his face towards him, and faintly uttered cheers and blessings as he passed.

The Christians had by this time gained possession of various towers near the city, whence they had been annoyed by cross-bows and arquebuses. The Moors, scattered in various actions, were severely pressed. Boabdil, at the head of the cavaliers of his guard, mingling in the fight in various parts of the field, endeavored to inspirit the foot-soldiers to the combat. But the Moorish infantry was never to be depended upon. In the heat of the action, a panic seized upon them; they fled, leaving their sovereign exposed with his handful of cavaliers to an overwhelming force. Boabdil was on the point of falling into the hands of the Christians, when, wheeling round, he and his followers threw the reins on the necks of their steeds, and took refuge by dint of hoof within the walls of the city.

Muza endeavored to retrieve the fortune of the field. He threw himself before the retreating infantry, calling upon them to turn and fight for their homes, their families, for everything sacred and dear to them. All in vain: totally broken and dismayed, they fled tumultuously for the gates. Muza would fain have kept the field with his cavalry; but this devoted band, having stood the brunt of war throughout this desperate campaign, was fearfully reduced in numbers, and many of the survivors were crippled and enfeebled by their wounds. Slowly and reluctantly, therefore, he retreated to the city, his bosom swelling with indignation and despair. Entering the gates, he ordered them to be closed, and secured with bolts and bars: for he refused to place any further confidence in the archers and arquebusiers stationed to defend them, and vowed never more to sally with foot-soldiers to the field.

In the meantime the artillery thundered from the walls, and checked all further advance of the Christians. King Ferdinand, therefore, called off his troops, and returned in triumph to the ruins of his camp, leaving the beautiful city of Granada wrapped in the smoke of her fields and gardens, and surrounded by the bodies of her slaughtered children.

Such was the last sally of the Moors, in defence of their favorite city. The French ambassador, who witnessed it, was filled with wonder, at the prowess, the dexterity, and daring of the Moslems.

In truth, this whole war was an instance, memorable in history, of the most persevering resolution. For nearly ten years had the war endured—an almost uninterrupted series of disasters to the Moorish arms. Their towns had been taken, one after another, and their brethren slain or led into captivity. Yet they disputed every city and town, and fortress and castle, nay every rock itself, as if they had been inspirited by victories. Wherever they could plant foot to fight, or find wall or cliff whence to launch an arrow, they disputed their beloved country; and now, when their capital was cut off from all relief, and a whole nation thundered at its gates, they still maintained its defence, as if they hoped some miracle to interpose in their behalf. Their obstinate resistance (says an ancient chronicler) shows the grief with which they yielded up the vega, which was to them a paradise and heaven. Exerting all the strength of their arms, they embraced, as it were, that most beloved soil, from which neither wounds, nor defeats, nor death itself, could part them. They stood firm, battling for it with the united force of

Moors.

love and grief, never drawing back the foot while they had hands to fight, or fortune to befriend them.

The Moors now shut themselves up gloomily within their walls; there were no longer any daring sallies from their gates; and even the martial clangor of the drum and trumpet, which had continually resounded within that warrior city, was now seldom heard from its battlements. In the midst of this deep despondency, a signal disaster in the Christian camp, for a moment lit up a ray of hope in the bosom of the Moors.

The setting sun of a hot summer's day, on the 10th of July, shone splendidly upon the Christian camp, which was in a bustle of preparation for the next day's service, when an attack was meditated on the city. The camp made a glorious appearance. The various tents of the royal family and the attendant nobles were adorned with rich hangings, and sumptuous devices, and costly furniture; forming as it were, a little city of silk and brocade, where the pinnacles of pavilions of various gay colors, surmounted with waving standards and fluttering pennons, might vie with the domes and minarets of the capital they were besieging.

In the midst of this little gaudy metropolis, the lofty tent of the queen domineered over the rest like a stately palace. The marquis of Cadiz had courteously surrendered his own tent to the queen. It was the most complete and sumptuous in Christendom, and had been carried about with him throughout the war. In the centre rose a stately alfaneque or pavilion, in oriental taste, the rich hangings being supported by columns of lances, and ornamented with martial devices. This central pavilion, or silken tower, was surrounded by other compartments, some of painted linen lined with silk, and all separated from each other by curtains. It was one of those camp palaces which are raised and demolished in an instant, like the city of canvas which surrounds them.

As the evening advanced, the bustle in the camp subsided. Every one sought repose, preparatory to the next day's trial. The king retired early, that he might be up with the crowing of the cock, to head the destroying army in person. All stir of military preparation was hushed in the royal quarters; the very sound of minstrelsy was mute, and not the tinkling of a guitar was to be heard from the tents of the fair ladies of the court.

The queen had retired to the innermost part of her pavilion, where she was performing her orisons before a private altar; perhaps the peril to which the king might be exposed in the next day's foray, inspired her with more than usual devotion. While thus at her prayers, she was suddenly aroused by a glare of light, and wreaths of suffocating smoke. In an instant the whole tent was in a blaze; there was a high gusty wind, which whirled the light flames from tent to tent, and wrapped the whole in one conflagration.

Isabella had barely time to save herself by instant flight. Her first thought, on being extricated from her tent, was for the safety of the king. She rushed to his tent, but the vigilant Ferdinand was already at the entrance of it. Starting from bed on the first alarm, and fancying it an assault of the enemy, he had seized his sword and buckler, and sallied forth undressed, with his cuirass upon his arm.

The late gorgeous camp was now a scene of wild confusion. The flames kept spreading from one pavilion to another, glaring upon the rich armor, and golden and silver vessels, which seemed melting in the fervent heat. Many of the soldiers had erected booths and bowers of branches, which, being dry, crackled and blazed, and added to the rapid conflagration. The ladies of the court fled, shrieking and half-dressed, from their tents. There was an alarm of drum and trumpet, and a distracted hurry about the camp of men half armed. The prince Juan had been snatched out of bed by an attendant, and conveyed to the quarters of the Count de Cabra, which were at the entrance of the camp. The loyal count immediately summoned his people, and those of his cousin Don Alonzo de Montemayor, and formed a guard round the tent in which the prince was sheltered.

The idea that this was a stratagem of the Moors, soon subsided; but it was feared they might take advantage of it, to assault the camp. The marquis of Cadiz, therefore, sallied forth with three thousand horse, to check any advance from the city. As they passed along, the whole camp was a scene of hurry and consternation — some hastening to their posts, at the call of drum and trumpet; some attempting to save rich effects and glittering armor from the tents, others dragging along terrified and restive horses.

When they emerged from the camp, they found the whole firmament illuminated. The flames whirled up in long light spires, and the air was filled with sparks and cinders. A bright glare was thrown upon the city, revealing every battlement and tower. Turbaned heads were seen gazing from every roof, and armor gleamed along the walls; yet not a single warrior sallied from the gates: the Moors suspected some stratagem on the part of the Christians, and kept quietly within their walls. By degrees, the flames expired; the city faded from sight; all again became dark and quiet, and the marquis of Cadiz returned with his cavalry to the camp.

When the day dawned on the Christian camp, nothing remained of that beautiful assemblage of stately pavilions but heaps of smouldering rubbish, with helms and corselets and other furniture of war, and masses of melted gold and silver glittering among the ashes. The wardrobe of the queen was entirely destroyed, and there was an immense loss in plate, jewels, costly stuffs, and sumptuous armor of the luxurious nobles. The fire at first had been attributed to treachery, but on investigation it proved to be entirely accidental. The queen, on retiring to her prayers, had ordered her lady in attendance to remove a light burning near her couch, lest it should prevent her sleeping. Through heedlessness, the taper was placed in another part of the tent, near the hangings, which being blown against it by a gust of wind, immediately took fire.

The wary Ferdinand knew the sanguine temperament of the Moors, and hastened to prevent their deriving confidence from the night's disaster. At break of day, the drums and trumpets sounded to arms, and the Christian army issued forth from among the smoking ruins of their camp, in shining squadrons, with flaunting banners and bursts of martial melody, as though the preceding night had been a time of high festivity, instead of terror.

The Moors had beheld the conflagration with wonder and perplexity. When the day broke, and they looked towards the Christian camp, they saw nothing but a dark, smoking mass. Their scouts came in with the joyful intelligence that the whole camp was a scene of ruin. In the exultation of the moment, they flattered themselves with hopes that the catastrophe would discourage the besiegers; that as in former years, their invasion would end with the summer and they would withdraw before the autumnal rains.

The measures of Ferdinand and Isabella soon crushed these hopes. They gave orders to build a regular city upon the site of their camp, to convince the Moors that the siege was to endure until the surrender of Granada. Nine of the principal cities of Spain were charged with this stupendous undertaking, and they emulated each other, with a zeal worthy of the cause. "It verily seems," says Fray Antonio Agapida, "as though some miracle operated to aid this pious work, so rapidly did arise a formidable city, with solid edifices, and powerful walls, and mighty towers, where lately had been seen nothing but tents and light pavilions." The city was traversed by two principal streets in form of a cross, terminating in four gates facing the four winds; and in the centre was a vast square, where the whole army might be assembled. To this city it was proposed to give the name of Isabella, so dear to the army and the nation; "but that pious princess," added Antonio Agapida, "calling to mind the holy cause in which it was erected, gave it the name of Santa Fé (or the City of the Holy Faith); and it remains to this day, a monument of the piety and glory of the Catholic sovereigns."

Hither the merchants soon resorted, from all points. Long trains of mules were seen every day entering and departing from its gates; the streets were crowded with magazines, filled with all kinds of costly and luxurious merchandise; a scene of bustling commerce and prosperity took place, while unhappy Granada remained shut up and desolate.

The besieged city now began to suffer the distress of famine. Its supplies were all cut off; a cavalgada of flocks and herds, and mules laden with money, coming to the relief of the city from the mountains of the Alpuxarras, was taken by the marquis of Cadiz, and led in triumph to the camp, in sight of the suffering Moors. Autumn arrived; but the harvests had been swept from the face of the country; a rigorous winter was approaching, and the city was almost destitute of provisions. The people sank into deep despondency. They called to mind all that had been predicted by astrologers at the birth of their ill-starred sovereign, and all that had been foretold of the fate of Granada at the time of the capture of Zahara.

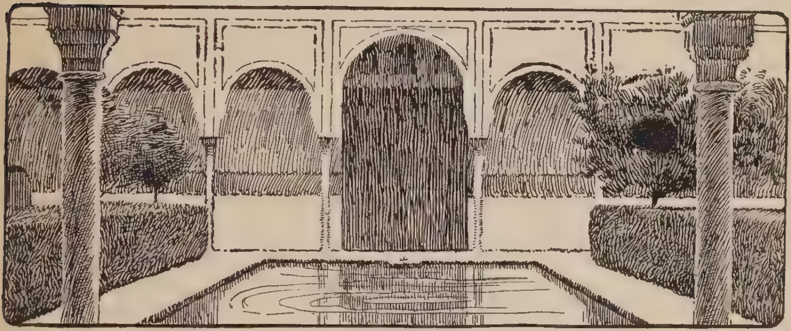
Boabdil was alarmed by the gathering dangers from without, and by the clamors of his starving people. He summoned a council, composed of the principal officers of the army, the alcaydes of the fortresses, the xequis or sages of the city, and the alfaquis or doctors of the faith. They assembled in the great hall of audience of the Alhambra, and despair was painted in their countenances. Boabdil demanded of them, what was to be done in the present extremity; and their answer was, "Surrender." The venerable Abul Cazim, governor of the city, represented its unhappy state: "Our granaries are nearly exhausted, and no further supplies are to be expected. The provender for the war-horses is required as sustenance for the soldiery; the very horses themselves are killed for food; of seven thousand steeds which once could be sent into the field, three hundred only remain. Our city contains two hundred thousand inhabitants, old and young, with each a mouth that calls piteously for bread."

The xequis and principal citizens declared that the people could no longer sustain the labors and sufferings of a defence: "And of what avail is our defence," said they, "when the enemy is determined to persist in the siege? — what alternative remains, but to surrender or to die?"

The heart of Boabdil was touched by this appeal, and he maintained a gloomy silence. He had cherished some faint hope of relief from the soldan of Egypt or the Barbary powers; but it was now at an end; even if such assistance were to be sent, he had no longer a seaport where it might debark. The counsellors saw that the resolution of the king was shaken, and they united their voices in urging him to capitulate.

Muza alone rose in opposition: "It is yet too early," said he, "to talk of a surrender. Our means are not exhausted; we have yet one source of strength remaining, terrible in its effects, and which often has achieved the most signal victories — it is our despair. Let us rouse the mass of the people; let us put weapons in their hands; let us fight the enemy to the very utmost, until we rush upon the points of their lances. I am ready to lead the way into the thickest of their squadrons; and much rather would I be numbered among those who fell in the defence of Granada, than of those who survived to capitulate for her surrender!"

The words of Muza were without effect, for they were addressed to broken-spirited and heartless men, or men, perhaps, to whom sad experience had taught discretion. They were arrived at that state of public depression, when heroes and heroism are no longer regarded, and when old men and their counsels rise into importance. Boabdil el Chico yielded to the general voice; it was determined to capitulate with the Christian sovereigns; and the venerable Abul Cazim was sent forth to the camp, empowered to treat for terms.



Court in The Alhambra.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

1588 A.D.

(From A History of England.)

By JAMES A. FROUDE.

ON the evening of the 19th–20th, the beacons along the coast had told England that the hour of its trial had come.

To the ships at Plymouth the news was as a message of salvation. By thrift and short rations, by good management, contented care, and lavish use of private means, there was still one week's provisions in the magazines, with powder and shot for one day's sharp fighting, according to English notions of what fighting ought to be. They had to meet the enemy, as it were, with one arm bandaged by their own Sovereign; but all wants, all difficulties, were forgotten in the knowledge that he was come, and that they could grapple with him, before they were dissolved by starvation.

The warning light flew on to London, swift messengers galloping behind it. There was saddling and arming in village and town, and musters flocking to their posts. Loyal England forgot its difference of creeds, and knew nothing but that the invader was at the door. One thing was wanting, a soldier to take the supreme command; but the Queen found what she needed, found it in the person in whom in her eyes, notwithstanding his offences in the Low Countries, all excellencies were still combined — her own Leicester. Worse appointment could not possibly have been made; but even Leicester was lifted into a kind of hero by the excitement of the moment. He was not a coward, and not entirely a fool. Tilbury had been chosen as the place where the force was to assemble which was intended to cover London. It was the lowest spot where the Thames could be easily crossed, and it was impossible to say on which side of the river the enemy might choose to approach. Leicester flew at once to his post there, and so far he had fulfilled his duty that he had sixteen thousand men with him at Tilbury, with thirty thousand forming rapidly in his rear out of the musters of the midland counties, before Parma could have advanced, under the most favorable circumstances, within a day's march of London.

Meanwhile on the night of the 19th–20th, while the Armada was still some leagues to the south of the Lizard, the wind blowing fresh into Plymouth Sound, the Queen's ships and a few of the privateers were warped out behind the shelter of Mount Edgecombe. All hands went merrily to work; vessel after vessel was brought to moorings behind Ram Head, so placed that they could fetch clear to the sea; and by Saturday morning, when the Spaniards were first sighting the coast at Cornwall, forty sail were lying ready for action under the headland.

The day wore on; noon passed and nothing had been seen. At length, towards three in the afternoon, the lookout men on the hill reported a line of sails on the western horizon, the two wings being first visible, which were gradually seen to unite as the centre rose over the rim of the sea. On they swept in a broad crescent, slowly, for the air was light; and as the hulls showed clear, it was seen that report had not exaggerated the numbers said to be coming. A hundred and fifty, large and small, were counted and reported to Lord Howard; a few stray tenders bound for Flanders having sought the company and protection of the mighty escort.

The English ships at once weighed, but showed themselves as little as they could. The evening was cloudy, with the wind hanging to the land. It was growing dusk when the Armada opened Plymouth, and then for the first time Medina Sidonia perceived that Howard was prepared for him, and that if he wished it he could not enter the sound without an action. There was not light enough for him to measure his enemy's strength. He saw sails passing continually between his fleet and the land, and vessels tacking and manœuvring; but confident in his own overpowering force, he sent up signals to lie-to for the night, and to prepare for a general action at daybreak.

About two o'clock the moon rose with a clear sky — a gibbous moon, no more than half a circle, but by the light of it the Spaniards perceived that sixty or seventy ships had glided out behind them, and were hovering at their rear just out of cannon shot.

The dawn was still, but towards eight o'clock the breeze freshened from the west. The Armada made sail, and attempted to close. To Medina Sidonia's extreme astonishment, it seemed at the pleasure of the English to leave or allow him to approach them as they chose. The high-towered, broad-bowed galleons moved like Thames barges piled with hay; while the sharp low English sailed at once two feet to the Spaniards one, and shot away as if by magic in the eye of the wind. It was as if a modern steam fleet was engaged with a squadron of the old-fashioned three-deckers, choosing their own distance and fighting or not fighting as suited their convenience.

The action opened with the Ark Raleigh, carrying Howard's flag, and three other English ships, whose names the Spaniards did not know, running along their entire rear line, firing successively into each galleon as they passed, then wearing round and returning over the same course. The San Matteo luffed into the wind as far as she could, inviting them to board, but they gave her their broadsides a second time and passed on.

Astonished and confounded as well by the manœuvring as by the rapidity of the fire, the Spanish officers could not refuse their admiration. They knew that they were inferior at sea, but how inferior they had not realized. The English were firing four shots to one, and with a fresh breeze even the galleasses could not touch them. Such artillery practice and ships so handled had never been seen. Alonzo da Leyva in the huge Rata attempted to cross the Ark Raleigh. Howard kept away as if to meet him, but ran by, again fired into the San Matteo, which was lying head to wind unable to move, and swept on upon his way.

The rest of the English ships were now engaged on the same conditions. The action continued through the whole forenoon, the Spaniards making efforts to close and always failing. Conscious of their disadvantage, they still fought bravely. "So far as we see," wrote Drake, "they mean to sell their lives with blows." But they had been flurried and surprised. Being to leeward, and leaning over to the wind, their shots had flown high, and had scarcely touched the English ships at all, while they had themselves suffered considerably.

The Biscayan flag-ship, the San Juan, had her mizzen-mast shot through in two places, many spars carried away, the captain wounded, and fifteen men killed. Oquendo had specially distinguished himself, being present wherever the danger was greatest, driving back into action vessels which were inclined to flinch; but as the wind held neither he nor any one could change the fortunes of the day, or enable the Spaniards to hurt an enemy whom they could not touch; and the rest of the English fleet coming out of the harbor, Medina Sidonia signalled to make sail up channel, Martinez de Recalde covering the rear with the squadron of Biscay.

The wind was now rising, and promised a squally evening. A fast boat was sent on with letters to Lord Henry Seymour reporting progress so far, and bidding him prepare in the Downs. An express went to London, begging for an instant supply of ammunition; and while Drake went in pursuit of a detachment which appeared to be parted from the main Spanish fleet, and proved only to be the Flemish traders, Howard hung upon Recalde, sparing his powder but firing an occasional shot to prevent the enemy from recovering from their confusion.

MARTIN FROBISHER.

The misfortunes of the first day were not yet over.

Afraid to spread lest any of them should be cut off, the different squadrons huddled together. A rolling sea came up from the west, and as evening fell, the Capitana, of the Andalusian division, a galleon of twelve hundred tons, carrying the flag of Pedro de Valdez, fouled the Santa Catalina, and broke her bowsprit. The forestays parted and the foremast fell overboard, and the ship, hampered by the wreck, dropped behind. Dom Pedro fired a distress gun, and two of the galleasses came to his assistance, and tried to take him in tow, but the waves were running so high that the cable broke.

Dom Pedro was the only high officer in the fleet who was well acquainted with the Channel. He was himself of more importance than his ship, and the Duke despatched boats to bring him off with his crew. But he would not leave his charge, and he was left to his fate. It was almost dark. Howard believing the wreck to be deserted, did not stay for her, and went on in pursuit. A London privateer hung behind at her side till midnight, exchanging occasional shots with her, and sometimes hearing voices calling, but the wind and sea being "very great," the words could not be distinguished. Drake returning from his chase, came up with her in the morning. She struck her flag, and he took her with him to Torbay, where he left her to the care of the Brixham fishermen, and himself hastened after the Admiral, carrying on with him De Valdez and the other officers. The prize proved of unexpected value. Many casks of *reals* were found in her, and infinitely more important, some tons of gunpowder, with which the Roebuck, the swiftest trawler in the harbor, flew in pursuit of the fleet.

Two hours after the accident to the Andalusian Capitana, another disaster overtook the galleon of Oquendo. He was himself apparently not on board at the time. The officers, impatient and irritated at the results of the action, were quarrelling with themselves and one another. The captain struck the master gunner with a stick. The master gunner, who was a German, went below in a rage, thrust a burning linstock into a powder-barrel, and sprung through a port-hole into the sea. The deck was blown off from stem to stern. Two hundred seamen and soldiers were sent into the air;

some fell into the water and were drowned; some scorched or mutilated dropped back into the wreck. The ship, which was also one of the largest in the fleet, was built so strongly that she survived the shock and floated, and her masts still stood. The flash was seen. The Duke sent boats to learn what had happened and to save the men. The officers and the few who were unhurt were taken off; but there were no means of removing the wounded. They, too, were abandoned therefore, to be picked up at daylight by the English and sent on shore, where the disabled were kindly treated. The hull was still worth rifling. It contained money like all the rest of the ships, and at the bottom

"THE DECK WAS BLOWN OFF FROM STEM TO STERN."

of the hold there were powder-barrels which had escaped the explosion.

Lord Howard was supplying his worst deficiencies out of the enemy's own resources, and wringing from themselves the means of completing their destruction. After a wild night, the morning broke fine and still. The wind had shifted with the dawn, and a light air was now coming up from the east. The Armada was off Portland; the English three or four miles to the west; both fleets lying motionless in the calm, and rising and falling to the swell. Howard being now to leeward, had lost his advantage of the day before. Sidonia, had he wished it, might have forced another engagement with fairer chances in his favor, but he preferred to rest his shaken crews, and give them breathing-time to recover their confidence. He despatched a second letter to the Prince of Parma, describing his position and relating his adventures. He made the best of what had befallen him, and concluded, on the whole, that the English were afraid of him, because they had declined to close; but he was evidently extremely anxious. He knew nothing of the coast. He begged Parma most earnestly to send him pilots; and he confessed himself at an entire loss what to do or where to go if he was overtaken by a storm.

In the Channel during fine summer weather, the wind, as the fishermen say, goes round with the sun. It blows sometimes freshly from the north-east in the morning; it drops to the south at noon; to south-west in the afternoon; and so, falling calm at sunset, rises again at night from the north. Sidonia knew nothing of these local peculiarities; the next

Destruction of the Armada.

morning the relative position of the fleets remaining unchanged, and finding himself to windward, he bore down upon Howard, with a steady easterly breeze, to offer battle. The English headed out towards the sea. He supposed that they were flying, and though he could not overtake them, was tempted to give chase. The galleons, though bad sailers all, were of unequal slowness. The San Marcos outsailed the rest, and was led far beyond her consorts in the pursuit. When the breeze headed round as usual, Lord Howard was now to windward of her, while she was herself several miles to windward of her consorts, and beyond reach of help from them.

The object of the English was to avoid a general engagement, and especially to avoid coming to close quarters, where the enemy would be on more equal terms with them; outnumbered as they were, and short of powder, their plan was to make the best of their superiority as sailors, and wound and injure as many of the galleons as possible, with the least damage to themselves. The San Marcos was instantly set upon. She defended herself with extreme courage, and, as the Spaniards thought, with no less skill. She fought single-handed for an hour and a half, firing what they considered the unexampled number of eighty shots, and receiving five hundred. Oquendo came at last to the rescue, and the action off Plymouth having almost exhausted his stock of powder, and the Brixham sloop not having yet overtaken him, Howard was obliged to draw off till he could be relieved from the shore. Sidonia, ignorant of the cause of his retreat, believed that he had been worsted by the San Marcos alone, and that if the galleons had gone into the action, as they might and ought to have done, they would have won a signal victory.

A stray Venetian had been meanwhile taken by the privateers, with one or two other small vessels, and carried into Weymouth. The news that the Spaniards were in the Channel had by this time penetrated into every corner of the country, and the patriotic heart of England was on fire. The Oxford High Church students who were training for the College at Rheims; the young ladies and gentlemen who had given their consciences in charge to the Jesuit missionaries, who, if they admitted that they were English, yet called themselves in preference Catholic — first Catholic and only English afterwards — these, it might be, were like Lord Arundel in the Tower, beseeching heaven for their country's fall; but the robust heart of the nation laid aside its quarrels of opinion in the presence of danger to England's independence. Had Mary Stuart lived, had James of Scotland been a Catholic, and had the Spaniards come with no other purpose but to place him on the throne of Elizabeth, the admonition of Allen might have found some, though not even then perhaps a general, response. But Philip had chosen to present himself as meaning, under the mask of religion, to make England a dependency of Spain; and, in the face of so hateful a possibility, Cliffords, and Veres, and Percys took their places beside the Raleighs and the Cecils of the new era; and from Lyme, and Weymouth, and Poole, and the Isle of Wight, young lords and gentlemen came streaming out in every smack or sloop that they could lay hold of, to snatch their share of danger and glory at Howard's side. The strength which they were able to add was little or nothing; but they brought enthusiasm; they brought to the half-starved and neglected crews the sense that the heart of England was with them, and transformed every common seaman into a hero. On the Tuesday evening after the fight, Medina Sidonia counted a hundred sail behind him, and observed, with some uneasiness, that the numbers were continually increasing.

Wednesday was again calm. Neither shot nor powder had yet arrived, though express after express had been sent for it. No risk might be ventured, and the English now lay six miles from the Armada, waiting till their magazines were refilled. The Duke, supposing them to be afraid, sent Don Hugo de Moncada with the galleasses to engage. On that day there was not a breath of wind of any kind, and the galleasses had them at some advantage. There was no serious loss however; that night ammunition came sufficient for one more day's fighting, and Sir George Carey, who had run out from behind the Isle of Wight in a pinnace, to see what was going on, found himself, at five in the morning, "in the midst of round shot, flying as thick as musket-balls in a skirmish on land." The night had been still and dark. With the first light, the Spaniards saw two of their store-vessels, loaded with provisions, being towed away by some English launches. The wind rising, Alonzo da Leyva in the Rata, with two galleasses, which had taken Recalde's place in the rear, at once started in pursuit. The main body of the Armada lying open, and the San Martin with Sidonia's own flag being clearly distinguishable, Howard for the first time determined to try a close engagement.

It was a day of special distinction for the Howard family. He took his cousin Lord Thomas with him in the Lion, his two sons-in-law, Lord Sheffield and Sir R. Southwell, in the Bear and the Elizabeth Jonas, and with his own and one other ship, the Victory, under Captain Barker, he went straight into the centre of the Armada, steering direct for the San Martin herself, and exchanging broadsides with every galleon that he passed. Oquendo, sure to be found where hardest blows were going, threw himself across the Ark Raleigh's course before she could reach the San Martin. The Ark ran into him, and two soldiers on his forecastle were killed by the shock; but the Ark's rudder was unshipped; she cleared herself of her enemy, but dropped away for the moment unmanageable to leeward, and was immediately surrounded by a number of galleons, which attempted to close with her. In an instant her own boats had her in tow; her sails filled as they pulled her head round, and when the galleons had assured themselves of their prize, she slipped away between them so fast, that a Spanish spectator says, "though the swiftest ships in the whole Armada pursued her, they seemed in comparison to be at anchor."

The action continued afterwards for several hours. The English had not suffered at all. Hardly a man had been wounded. But neither had they any captures to boast of. Calderon leaves it uncertain whether Da Leyva recovered the store-ships; the English writers do not mention having taken them. The only visible result had been the expenditure of powder. But the invisible result to the Armada had been far more serious. The four feet of timber had been no defence against the English shot. The soldiers had been sent below for security, and the balls ripping through the oak, had sent the splinters flying among them like shell. Many had been killed, many more had been wounded; masts, yards, rigging, all had suffered. They had expected that one engagement would annihilate the power of their enemies, and battle followed upon battle, and there was as yet no sign of an end. They began to be afraid of the English. There was something devilish in the rapid manœuvres of their ships and the torrents of shot which plunged into their tall sides, while their own flew wild and harmless. Their ammunition, too, slowly as they had fired, was giving out as well as that of the English, and it was less easy for them to supply themselves. The Duke resolved to fight no more if he could help it, and to make the best of his way to the Prince of Parma, to whom he again wrote, without attempting to conceal his perplexities.

"The enemy pursue me," he said. "They fire upon me most days from morning till nightfall; but they will not close and grapple. I have given them every opportunity. I have purposely left ships exposed to tempt them to board; but they decline to do it, and there is no remedy, for they are swift and we are slow. They have men and ammunition in abundance, while these actions have almost consumed ours; and if these calms last, and they continue the same tactics, as they assuredly will, I must request your Excellency to send me two ship-loads of shot and powder immediately. I am in urgent need of it. I trust to find you ready on my arrival to come out and join me. If the wind is fair we shall soon be with you; but, any way, whether we are detained or not, we cannot do without ammunition. You must send me as much as you can spare."

The following Friday, the Duke was allowed a respite. The fine weather continued, and the Spaniards inclined away towards the coast of France, while Howard bore up for Dover, for the supplies of all kinds which he so frightfully needed. The Earl of Sussex, who was in command at the castle, gave him all the powder that he had. The stores came in, which had been taken from the prizes: every barrel of powder, every shot, whether of stone or iron, having been first carefully registered for the severe account which it was known that the Queen would demand. The victuallers had not arrived, but were supposed to be at the mouth of the Thames; and having obtained as much as he could get, if less than he wanted, Howard returned in the evening to his place in the rear of the Armada.

A Spanish Captain.

On Saturday the weather broke. After less than a week of calm and sunshine, squalls and driving showers again came up from the westward. The Armada was then off Boulogne, the English fleet a league behind it. The Duke, with the prospect of a rising sea, without pilots who knew the coast, afraid of the Downs for fear of the Goodwin Sands, and of Margate, on account of the banks and shoals in the mouth of the river, determined to bring up in Calais Roads, and wait there till Parma was ready. The wind was to the west of south, and as long as it held in that quarter the roadstead was tolerably secure. Coming up with a rising tide, he let fall his anchors suddenly, hoping that his pursuers would be unprepared, and would be swept past him; but his movements had been watched by eyes which were skilful to interpret them. The English anchors fell simultaneously with his own two miles astern, and the two fleets lay watching each other, almost within cannon shot of the shore.

There were still some hours of daylight remaining, and M. Gourdain, the governor of Calais, drove down with his wife to the parade, in hope of seeing a battle. The Duke sent an officer on shore, to intimate his arrival, and request the hospitalities of the port, while a boat went on to Dunkirk with another despatch to the Prince.

It was brief, uneasy, and impatient: Sidonia was irritated at finding no answer to his former letters. He again confessed himself helpless against the repeated assaults of the enemy. He trusted Parma was ready to cross. If not, and if there was to be more delay, he begged him to send immediately thirty or forty fly-boats or gunboats, which could move quickly, and keep the English at bay. He was uncomfortable at the position of the fleet, and painfully anxious to remove to some more secure anchorage.

It is needless to say that the Prince had not been idle. His expenses were so enormous that he had been once more in extremity for money — his army had been in as bad case as the English fleet at Plymouth, and at the point of breaking up through famine. He had kept his men together only by the expectation of the supplies which were coming with the fleet. Medina Sidonia's letters had reached him one after the other, and the troops were in perfect readiness to go on board the transports. The officer who came from Calais expressed impatience that they were not already embarked. The Duke, it seems, had expected Parma would meet him on the sea, and that they could fight the English with their united force. He explained that this was totally impossible. To come out while the enemy's fleet was undispersed would be certain destruction. His transports could not protect themselves. The Armada must clear the Channel, and weather permitting, he was then prepared to fulfil his Majesty's commands. As to sending gunboats to protect Medina Sidonia, he could not do it, for he had none belonging to him. Medina Sidonia must protect him. Ammunition he would provide, "so far as his penury would allow."

That the majestic fleet which was to overwhelm opposition should arrive at the scene of action so helpless as itself to require assistance, was not particularly encouraging. Parma, however, promised that his army should go on board immediately. He would be ready, he said, by the middle of the following week. He admitted that the Armada must not remain a day longer than necessary in Calais Roads, and was as anxious as the Duke could be to see it in some better shelter. Only he reiterated — and as the Duke was evidently unconvinced, he sent a special messenger to Philip to insist upon it — that to risk his barges in a naval engagement would be simple madness. They could not encounter even the slightest roll of the sea, and if there was no enemy to fear, could only pass safely in a calm.

Parma's answer did not diminish Medina Sidonia's uneasiness. More than half of his shot was expended; and with the enemy's fleet so near, the promised supply from Dunkirk could not easily reach him. On the night of his arrival, too, the few Flemish pilots that he had slipped overboard in the darkness, stole the cockboats, set their shirts for sails and made for Flushing, leaving him dependent on the imperfect knowledge of the Spanish shipmasters and their still more imperfect charts.

Grave, however, as may have been the anxiety of the Spanish commander, Lord Howard and the English officers had cause for deeper disquiet. Their spirits were unshaken, their resolution firm as ever; but they could not conceal from themselves that they had severe and dangerous work before them, and that on their conduct only it depended to save their country, if not from conquest, yet from being the scene of a bloody and desperate struggle. Notwithstanding all that they could do, the enemy's fleet had arrived at its destination, how much injured they could not tell, but to all appearance with its strength not materially impaired, and in communication with the Prince of Parma's army. Lord Henry Seymour joined them with the squadron of the Straits an hour after they anchored, and forty London privateers were reported to be in the mouth of the Thames. But ships and men were of no use without food and ammunition.

Seymour "was victualled but for one day's full meal." Howard and Drake, after sharing all they had in their respective divisions, eked out as it had been by short rations, fish, and voluntary fastings, could provide their crews but with five scanty dinners and one breakfast more. The provisions said to be on the way had not arrived; and of powder after all that Sussex had been able to furnish out of Dover Castle, they had only sufficient for one day's fighting. Burghley had labored in vain with the Queen. He had tried to borrow money in the city, but his credit in the city had sunk with the appearance of the Spaniards; and the prudent merchants had drawn their purse strings till the cloud over the future should be raised. The treasury was not empty. There is no record that the half million of reserve had been touched. The Burgundian diamonds had been neither restored nor disposed of; but to the money and the jewels, which as Howard said, would never save her, Elizabeth clung with the maddened grasp of passionate avarice. It was known that there was powder in the Tower. A messenger had galloped up from Dover stating the condition of the fleet, and pressing for an instant supply. The most tapebound constitutional Government could not have sent a more helpless answer than Walsingham was obliged to return. The Admiral was lying with empty magazines, with an enemy twice his strength almost within gunshot, and he was required to specify exactly "the portion of shot and powder that he wanted."

Deserters may perhaps have comforted him with the knowledge that the Spaniards were no better provided; but Parma's magazines were at hand, and delay at all events was ruin. Starvation, if nothing else, would drive every English ship from the seas in another week, and the Channel would be in the enemy's possession. Sunday was fine, with the wind still from the south-west. The boats of the Armada passed backwards and forwards between the galleons and Calais, bringing fresh vegetables, medicines, and other conveniences. In the afternoon, as the breeze freshened, five large English ships drove their anchors and fouled each other; but they were separated without serious hurt and securely moored again, and at five in the evening a council of war was held in Howard's cabin. Howard himself, with Sheffield, Seymour, Southwell, Palmer, Drake, Hawkins, Winter, Fenner, and Frobisher assembled, with the fate of England in their hands, to decide what to do. If we are to believe Camden, "the foresight of Queen Elizabeth" prescribed the course which was resolved upon.

The Spanish fleet was anchored close to the edge of the shoal water, and to attack it where it lay was impossible. It was determined to drive them out into the Channel with fire-ships, of which they were known to be afraid. Sir Henry Palmer proposed to cross to Dover and fetch over some worthless hulks; but time would be lost, and there was not a day nor an hour to spare. Among the volunteer vessels which attached themselves to the fleet there were many that would be useless in action, and as fit as the best for the service for which they were now needed. Eight were taken; the rigging smeared rapidly with pitch, the hulls filled with any useless material which could be extemporized that would contribute to the blaze. The sky was cloudy. The moon was late in its last quarter, and did not rise till morning; and the tide, towards midnight, set directly down from the English position to where the ships of the Armada, seeking shelter from the bend of the coast, lay huddled dangerously close. Long, low, sighing gusts from the westward promised the rising of a gale. The crews of the condemned vessels undertook to pilot them to their destination, and then belay the sheets, lash the helm, fire, and leave them.

Thus, when the Spanish bells were about striking twelve, and, save the watch on deck, soldiers and seamen lay stretched in sleep, certain dark objects which had been seen dimly drifting on the tide near where the galleons lay thickest, shot suddenly into pyramids of light, flames leaping from ruddy sail to sail, flickering on the ropes, and forecastles, foremasts and bowsprits a lurid blaze of conflagration. A cool commander might have ordered out his boats and towed the fire-ships clear; but Medina Sidonia, with a strain already upon him beyond the strength of his capacity, saw coming upon him some terrible engines of destruction, like the floating mine which had shattered Parma's bridge at Antwerp. Panic spread through the entire Armada; the enemy they most dreaded was upon them. The galleons were each riding with two anchors; for their misfortune few of them were provided with a third. A shot was fired from the San Martin as a signal to cut or slip their cables and make to sea. Amidst cries and confusion, and lighted to their work by the blaze, they set sail and cleared away, congratulating themselves when they had reached open water and found that all or most of them were safe, on the skill with which they had defeated the machinations of the enemy. They lay-to six miles from shore, intending to return with the daylight, and recover their anchors and resume their old position.

The English, meanwhile, having accomplished at least part of the purpose in starting the Armada out of its berth, weighed at leisure, and stood off after it from the shore, Drake, with half the fleet, hanging on the skirts of the Spaniards; Howard, with the rest, hovering nearer to Calais, endeavoring to drive in upon the sands on the fire-ships the last loiterers of the Armada — which had been slower than the rest in getting out. The first object which the Admiral saw at daybreak was the largest of the four galleasses, with De Moncada himself on board, aground on Calais Bar. Her helm had become entangled in a cable, she had become ungovernable, and the tide had forced her ashore within shot of the French batteries at back of the sand-bank which forms the harbor. The tide had ebbed, the water was still round her, but she had fallen over towards the bank, and Howard, whose notion was to "pluck the feathers of the Spaniards one by one," sent his own launch with

Francis Drake.

some other boats to take her. She was powerfully manned; between soldiers, sailors, and slaves, she carried seven hundred men. In the position in which she was lying, however, her large guns were useless, and the galley slaves, with the prospect of liberty before them, did not make the defence more easy. The Spaniards fought gallantly; several of the English were killed, but at least two musket-balls struck Moncada at the same moment. He fell dead on the deck. The slaves sprung overboard, and half in panic and half in pursuit, the crew and the troops followed. "Some swam, some waded on the shore, many were drowned." The English swarmed up over the bulwarks, took possession of the galleass, and intended to wait for the tide to carry her off.

The French meanwhile were watching the scene in crowds from the top of the Rysbank. M. Gourdain, as the ship was on the French shore, might have disputed if he had pleased the lawfulness of the capture. He contented himself with sending off a boat with a messenger that the English deserved the spoil for their courage, and might have it; but the ship itself he required them to leave where it lay. The language was perfectly friendly, and Gourdain having been appointed by the King, was better disposed to England than to Spain. National antipathy, however, proved too strong to be controlled. "Our rude men," says an English officer who was present, "knowing no difference between friend and foe, began to ill use the French who had come on board, 'spoiling them,' and probably pitching them into the sea. Their friends on shore took up their quarrel. The Rysbank battery opened upon the galleass in return, and the English had to scramble into their boats in haste, carrying with them what plunder they could seize."

It was well that no more time was wasted over so small a matter. Lord Howard had delayed already too long for his fame. It was no time for the Admiral of the fleet to be loitering over a stray plume which had dropped from the enemy's wing, when every ship was imperiously needed for a far more important service. Medina Sidonia intended to return to his position at Calais. Drake, whose larger mind comprehended the position in its broader bearings, was determined not only that he should never see his anchors again, but that he should be driven through the Narrow Seas. The wind was still rising and threatened a storm. He had seen enough of the sailing powers of the galleons to be assured that until it shifted they could make no way against it; and once in the North Sea, they would be in unknown waters without a harbor into which they could venture to run, and at all events for a time cut off from their communication with Dunkirk. They had drifted in the night further than they intended, and when the sun rose they were scattered over a large surface off Gravelines. Signals were sent up for them to collect and make back for Calais; but Drake with his own squadron, and Henry Seymour, with the squadron of the Straits, having the advantage of wind, speed, and skill, came on them while they were still dispersed. Seymour opened the action at eight in the morning with a cluster of galleons on the Spaniards' extreme right. Reserving their fire till within a hundred and twenty yards, and wasting no cartridges at any longer distance, the English ships continued through the entire forenoon to pour into them one continuous rain of shot. They were driven in upon their own centre, where they became entangled in a confused and helpless mass, a mere target to the English guns, Sir William Winter alone delivering five hundred shot into them, " never out of harquebuz range, and often within speaking distance."

Drake himself meanwhile had fallen on Medina Sidonia and Oquendo, who, with a score of galleons better handled than the rest, were endeavoring to keep sea room, and retain some command of themselves. But their wretched sailing powers put them at a disadvantage for which skill and courage could not compensate. The English were always to windward of them, and hemmed in at every turn, they too, were forced back upon their consorts, hunted together as a shepherd hunts sheep upon a common, and the whole mass of them forced slowly towards the shoals and banks on the Flanders coast.

Howard came up at noon to join in the work of destruction. The English accounts tell a simple story. The Spaniards' gun practice, which had been always bad, was helpless beyond past experience. Their want of ammunition was not suspected, for they continued to fire throughout the day after their slow awkward fashion; but their guns, worked on rolling platforms by soldiers unused to the sea, sent their shot into the air or into the water; while the English, themselves almost untouched, fired into them without intermission from eight in the morning till sunset, " when almost the last cartridge was spent, and every man was weary with labor." They took no prizes and attempted to take none. Their orders were to sink or destroy. They saw three large galleons go down. Three others, as the wind fell westerly, they saw reeling helplessly towards Ostend; and the fate of these they heard of afterwards; but of the general effect of the fire, neither

THEY SAW THREE LARGE GALLEONS GO DOWN.

at the time nor afterwards did they know anything beyond its practical and broad results. Some details, however, of that terrible day can be gathered from the narratives of the few Spaniards who fought through it and survived to tell the tale.

Being always to leeward and the wind blowing hard, the hulls of the galleons as they heeled over were exposed below the water line. The massive timbers which were to have furnished so secure a shelter added only to the effect of the shot. The middle decks were turned into slaughter houses, and in one ship blood was seen streaming from the lee scuppers. Their guns were most of them dismounted or knocked in pieces, and their chief work was to save themselves from sinking by nailing sheets of lead over the shot-holes. The action was on so large a scale, and there was so much smoke and confusion, that individuals could only see what was immediately near them. Don Pedro Coco Calderon, purser of the fleet, lay most of the day at the side of Medina Sidonia himself exposed to the tempest of balls. Alonzo da Leyva with the Rata was next to him, and close by were the San Matteo and the San Felipe, commanded by Don Diego de Pimentel and Don Francisco de Toledo. They were opposed to Drake in person, and frightful as was their disadvantage, they fought with conspicuous courage. With men falling in all directions, and heads and arms flying in the smoke, they still manned their main-tops, keeping up a fire of musket balls. Don Francisco finding, as he supposed, that the San Felipe was sinking, attempted to grapple with the English ship that was nearest to him. He had fought so well, that one of the English officers seeing her apparently desperate condition, sprung upon his forecastle and called to him in Spanish complimenting his valor, and bidding him save the lives of his brave crew by an honorable surrender. One of the Spaniards replied with a shot from a musket. The officer fell: the English ship filled her sails and backed away, leaving the San Felipe to her fate, the Spanish crew shouting after them that they were cowards and Lutheran hens, and daring them to come on once more.

It was an idle bravado: soon after the San Felipe sent up signals of distress. A barque called the Doncella went to her assistance, but was herself shot through and through while the crew of the San Felipe was going on board her; and she filled so rapidly that they returned into their own galleon, made for the shore, and contrived to keep afloat till they touched the sands between Nieuport and Ostend. The Nieuport boatmen carried them into a friendly harbor, from whence they made their way to the Prince of Parma. The San Antonio of Padua, another of the three which the English observed to fall away, crawled into Ostend, where she was taken possession of by the English garrison. The San Matteo had a sadder fortune. She, too, finding that she was filling, sent to Medina Sidonia for assistance. Medina Sidonia had work enough to save himself, and could not help her. She was put before the wind and followed the San Felipe, but falling more to leeward grounded between Ostend and the Sluys. She was seen by a Dutch lugger, and Lord Willoughby, who was in Flushing, sent three vessels to take possession of her. She again made a gallant fight, and for two hours kept at bay her new assailants, but she was carried by boarding at last. Don Diego and two or three noblemen were reserved alive for their ransom; all the rest, the survivors of five hundred who went into action in the morning, were either killed or flung into the sea. Among the bodies were found those of two English refugees, one of them a brother of Lord Montague.

Outside, meanwhile, the battle, if battle it could be called, which was but the rending and tearing of a scarce resisting enemy, continued till evening. Towards sunset the wind shifted to the north-west with an increasing sea. The wounded ships were driving in a mass towards the banks, and, had the English powder held out for a few hours more, the entire Armada must have been either sunk or driven ashore. Gun after gun, however, fell gradually silent. A few provision ships came off from the Thames with a day or two's rations. The men were exhausted with toil and hunger combined, and the fleet hauled off to take on board the supplies so sorely needed.

Sidonia left to himself, extricated his miserable vessels, and made sail for the North Sea, the Santa Maria going down with all hands as the sun went under the horizon. When the ships' companies were called over, it was found that four thousand men had been killed or drowned. The wounded men were not mentioned, but were, perhaps, at least as many more. The galleons, pierced and shattered, were leaking in all directions; the rigging cut up, the masts splintered, the sails torn, rudders and bowsprits shot away, and still more unfortunately, most of the water-butts destroyed. The men had been kept hard at work the day before, cleaning and polishing up the guns. Through some accident they had missed their evening meal. The fire-ships had spoilt their night's rest, and through the long day's desperate engagement, there had been no leisure to serve out food. Nature could endure no more. To remain where they were was certain wreck; to attempt to recover Calais was to invite a fresh attack, and they fled into the German Ocean, as close to the wind as their crippled state would bear, "generally frighted and dismayed."

The condition to which they were reduced was imperfectly conjectured by the English. Had the fairest weather come to their relief that English August ever knew, their crews could not have been induced to face Drake again, while they could scarcely have round shot left to load each gun in the fleet for a single discharge. Howard, who had been present at but half the action, imagined that they "were still wonderful great and strong." Drake saw more clearly that "the day's service had much appalled them," and that some days at least would have to pass before "Parma and Sidonia would shake hands." Still it was thought certain that they would come back if they were not pursued, and though both Drake's and Howard's magazines were almost empty, and they believed those of the Spaniards to be full, they determined "to put on a brag," and give "chase as though they had wanted nothing."

Thus, when morning once more dawned on the miserable Armada, they again saw on their weather beam, almost within cannon shot, and clinging to them like their shadow, the dreaded English fleet. It was the eve of St. Lawrence's day, Philip's patron saint, whose precious shoulder bone he had added to the treasures of the Escurial. But St. Lawrence, though he might save his worshippers' souls in the other world, seemed to want either power or will to aid them in the present. To windward was the enemy, to leeward and clear within sight, the seas were breaking on the endless shoals which fringe the low coast of Holland. The lead gave but seven fathoms, and for each mile they sailed the depth grew less and less, as the north-west wind edged nearer to the line of muddy foam. Crippled as they were, their masts could not bear a weight of sail sufficient to draw them off. To tack was impossible; there was still room to wear round, but only to fall into the enemy's hands, or venture another engagement. Pilots they had none. Their most experienced officers were gone; De Valdez and Francisco of Toledo were prisoners; Pimentel had been flung on the coast of Flanders; Moncada lay dead at Calais; Diego Florez, the Castilian Admiral, had lost heart and nerve. The men generally were sick with despondency, and a seaman, taken afterwards to Ireland, said if the English had that day offered to board them, they would all have struck. Sidonia in his extremity summoned the young Miguel de Oquendo to advise him.

"Señor Oquendo," he exclaimed, "what are we to do? We are lost — what are we to do?"

Oquendo gave a brave man's answer.

"Let Diego Florez talk of being lost," he said. "Let your excellency bid me order up the cartridges."

An opportune shift of wind came to the Duke's relief, sent, as was fondly imagined, by "the Lord." Swinging suddenly to the east, it smoothed the sea, and lifted him away from the banks to the open water. The English, being no longer to windward, fell back; and the Spaniards, with scanty sail, and refitting as they could their shattered spars and stays, crawled out of danger. They had now a fair wind to return to Calais. The sea having gone down, Parma could come out of Dunkirk, and seeing the enemy retiring, Sidonia partially rallied his spirits and called a council of war. Martinez de Recalde, Diego Florez, Alonzo da Leyva, with the best of the sailing masters, and among them Coco Calderon, who tells the story, came on board the San Martin; and Diego Florez asked for the opinions of all of them, what it would be best to do? His own he probably indicated in the tone in which he put the question. There was the alternative of a return into the Channel, or a return to Spain by the Orkneys and Ireland. The first was the way of courage, the second imagined safety, and they chose the last. The proud Castilian spirit which had presumed to match the world in arms was broken. A da Leyva or an Oquendo might prefer death to what they might deem dishonor. The common men would not face a repetition of the scene of the preceding day.

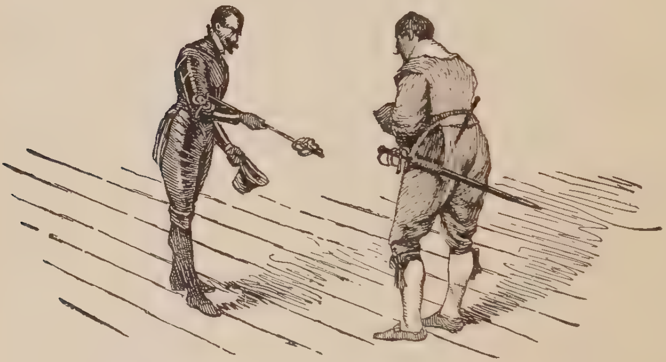
Calderon, who was an experienced navigator, said that the west of Ireland was dangerous; but terror of the English fleet was more real than the unsubstantial perils of an unknown sea. He was overruled. The supply of water in the fleet was examined into, and a sufficient quantity to support life allotted to each person; and all that day and all the next day the Armada pursued its tedious way into the North Sea.

Howard, too, with the change of wind called his officers about him. The Prince of Parma depended for what he called "the sinews of the enterprise" on the Spanish troops which Sidonia was bringing; and he had made up his mind distinctly that cross he would not unless the Armada returned to support him. But the English only knew that Dunkirk was unguarded, the water smooth, and the defence of the country left to the incapacity of Leicester. It was decided that Lord Henry Seymour's squadron must return to its post in "the narrow seas." They waited till dark that their departure might not be seen by the Spaniards; and bitterly against their will, for another action was confidently looked for, though "in a manner famished for want of victuals," thirty vessels turned round outside Brill, and made the best of their way back to the Straits. In a few hours the uncertain weather had again changed. They were met by a returning south-wester, and were driven into Harwich. The Channel was once more made impassable; and the alarm on the score of Parma was at an end.

Meantime Drake and the Lord Admiral, with ninety sail and five days' provisions, clung to the rear of the enemy. "We have the army of Spain before us," wrote Drake to Walsingham, "and mean, by the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with it. There was never anything pleased me better than seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards. God grant ye have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not ere it be long so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia as he shall wish himself at St. Mary's Port among his orange trees."

The Spaniards, finding that they were not attacked, and observing that the number of their pursuers was reduced, flattered themselves that the English too must have suffered severely in the action of Monday, and that if they were afraid themselves they were also an object of fear. The ignominy of returning to Spain, having accomplished nothing, became more obvious the more it was considered; and Sidonia once more began to gather up his courage, and to think again of trying to recover Calais. But the black south-wester scattered his reviving spirits. Without pilots, in a strange sea, with the autumn storms prematurely upon him, and with no friendly port for which to run, he became utterly unmanned. The very elements had turned against him, — the special prerogative of the Almighty, — and he could think of nothing now but of hastening home by the ocean road, where, let the dangers be what they might, there were no English enemies in his path.

On, therefore, the Armada sped before the rising breeze, the English still following in expectation every moment that they would bear up and engage, and unable to believe that Castilians would yield so easily, and go back to their own country with dishonor and shame. Harder and harder blew the wind; and as the sea rose their distressed condition became more apparent. The pursuing fleet began now to pass drowned and drowning bodies of mules and horses flung over to save the scanty water-casks. More than one poor, crippled ship dropped behind as her spars snapped, or the water made its way through her wounded seams in the straining seas. The Spaniards, "stricken," it was now plain, "with a wonderful fear," made no attempt to succor their consorts, but passed on leaving them to founder. . . .



SURRENDER OF SPANISH ADMIRAL TO DRAKE.

THE RELIEF OF LEYDEN

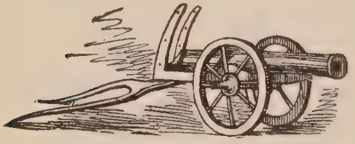
1574 A.D.

(From The Rise of the Dutch Republic.)

By J. L. MOTLEY, D.C.L., LLD.

ON the 1st of September Admiral Boisot arrived out of Zeeland with a small number of vessels and with eight hundred veteran sailors. A wild and ferocious crew were those eight hundred Zeelanders. Scarred, hacked, and even maimed, in the unceasing conflicts in which their lives had passed; wearing crescents in their caps with the inscription, "Rather Turkish than Popish"; renowned far and wide, as much for their ferocity as for their nautical skill; the appearance of these wildest of the "sea-beggars" was both eccentric and terrific. They were known never to give nor to take quarter, for they went to *mortal* combat only, and had sworn not to spare noble or simple, king, kaiser, or pope, should they fall into their power.

More than two hundred vessels had been now assembled, carrying generally ten pieces of cannon, with from ten to eighteen oars, and manned with twenty-five hundred veterans, experienced both on land and water. The work was now undertaken in earnest. The distance from Leyden to the outer dike, over whose ruins the ocean had already been admitted, was nearly fifteen miles. This reclaimed territory, however, was not maintained against the sea by these external barriers alone. The flotilla made its way with ease to the Land-scheiding, a strong dike within five miles of Leyden, but here its progress was arrested. The approach to the city was surrounded by many strong ramparts, one within the other, by which it was defended against its ancient enemy, the ocean, precisely like the circumvallations by means of which it was now assailed by its more recent enemy, the Spaniard. To enable the fleet, however, to sail over the land, it was necessary to break through this twofold series of defences. Between the Land-scheiding and Leyden were several dikes which kept out the water; upon the level territory thus encircled were many villages, together with a chain of sixty-two forts, which completely occupied the land. All these villages and fortresses were held by the veteran troops of the King — the besieging force being about four times as strong as that which was coming to the rescue.



Cannon of this Time.

The Prince had given orders that the Land-scheiding, which was still one and a half feet above water, should be taken possession of at every hazard. On the night of the 10th and 11th of September this was accomplished by surprise and in a masterly manner. Then followed nearly a fortnight of fighting on dike and deck, the forcing of barriers, the driving of the ships over the water through the gaps, alternate victory and defeat, the rise and fall of hopes with the ebb and swell of the borrowed ocean flood, the burning of villages, and the contraction of the Spaniards into an ever-narrowing circle of land and forts.

The rescuing fleet was delayed at North Aa by a barrier, called the "Kirk-way." The waters, too, spreading once more over a wider space, and diminishing under an east wind, which had again arisen, no longer permitted their progress, so that very soon the whole Armada was stranded anew. The waters fell to the depth of nine inches, while the vessels required eighteen and twenty. Day after day the fleet lay motionless upon the shallow sea. Orange, rising from his sick-bed as soon as he could stand, now came on board the fleet. His presence diffused universal joy; his words inspired his desponding army with fresh hope. He rebuked the impatient spirits who, weary of their compulsory idleness, had shown symptoms of ill-timed ferocity, and those eight hundred mad Zeelanders, so frantic in their hatred to the foreigners, who had so long profaned their land, were as docile as children to the Prince. He reconnoitred the whole ground, and issued orders for the immediate destruction of the Kirk-way, the last important barrier which separated the fleet from Leyden. Then, after a long conference with Admiral Boisot, he returned to Delft.

Meantime the besieged city was at its last gasp. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful — infants starved to death on the maternal breasts, which famine had parched and withered; mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses — father, mother, and children — side by side; for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone; yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging one another to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in their ignorance, had gradually abandoned all hope of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian Van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the church of St. Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leafed felt-hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved: "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards?—a fate more terrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me; not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved, but starvation is preferable to the dishonored death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging their vows of fidelity with their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy.

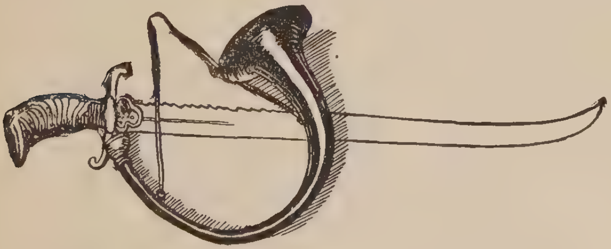
On the 28th of September a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this despatch the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that, in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince that if the spring tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favorable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night between the 1st and 2d of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours fully eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dikes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirk-way, which had been broken through, according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle: a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney-stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighboring village of Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zeelanders' cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path — the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts, both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla, but the panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards The Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zeelanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dike and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to The Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong. In conjunction with Leyderdorp, the headquarters of Valdez, a mile and a half distant on the right, and within a mile of the city, it seemed so insuperable an impediment that Boisot wrote in despondent tone to the Prince of Orange. He announced his intention of carrying the fort, if it were possible, on the following morning, but if obliged to retreat, he observed, with something like despair, that there would be nothing for it but to wait for another gale of wind. If the waters should rise sufficiently to enable them to make a wide détour, it might be possible, if, in the meantime, Leyden did not starve or surrender, to enter its gates from the opposite side.

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been despatched by Boisot informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, towards the tower of Hengist. "Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen —"yonder, behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch-dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall between the Cow Gate and the Tower of Burgundy fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned at length after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labor and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time a solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy, Gisbert Cornellisen, now waving his cap from the battlements, had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, himself flying from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen and entered the city on the morning of the 3d of October. Leyden was relieved.



THE BATTLE OF NIEUPORT

1600 A.D.

(From The Fighting Veres.)

By CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM.

THE battle of Nieuport began at about half-past two in the afternoon of the 2d of July, 1600. Vere's plan was to hold the advanced positions as long as possible with his forlorn hope of the vanguard, bringing up the 700 men on the north ridge, and the 650 English reserves gradually as required, and fighting with bull-dog tenacity. He thus intended to wear out the Spaniards, who were already tired by the long march from Leffinghe. Then, at the last moment, and when overborne by numbers, he intended to send for fresh reinforcements to fall upon the exhausted enemy.

After exchanging fire from the hills on either side of the bottom, 500 of the flower of the Spanish infantry rushed into the hollow and charged the East Hill, on which Vere was posted. The 250 Englishmen and 50 of Maurice's guard received them on its sandy slope at push of pike, and a desperate struggle ensued, which was obstinately continued for half an hour; the Spaniards being at last obliged to fall back behind some low ridges in the bottom. At nearly the same time the enemy's cavalry advanced down the "Greenway." But the two demi-culverins on the West Hill, and the 500 Frisian musketeers on the south ridge, so galled them, that, at the first appearance of a charge by the horse under Count Louis, they fell back to their infantry supports, followed for some distance by the young Count. At the same instant, and while the Spanish forlorn hope was falling back from the assault on the East Hill, Vere ordered 100 Englishmen from the north ridge to advance as covertly as possible and attack the Spaniards in the bottom on their right flank, while 60 men charged down the hill and engaged them in front. The Spaniards broke and fled to the main body of their vanguard, where they rallied, were reinforced, and seized a round sandy hill in the bottom, near the West Hill, which Vere considered to be an important post. He therefore brought up more men from the north ridge, and strove to dislodge them. Vere describes the struggle as a "bloody morsel." The position was an isolated eminence, and the men came to hand-blows upon the whole circle of the hill, with much slaughter on both sides; but in the end the enemy was forced to retire.

At this juncture the Archduke advanced his centre in line with his vanguard, and strove to drive the English from their points of vantage in the bottom, sometimes gaining and sometimes losing ground. Vere continued to draw from his 700 men on the north ridge, and persisted in the desperate struggle, his design being to draw down the bulk of the enemy on his handful of men, and so spend and waste them as that they should be unable to withstand the reserves. The ensigns of the van, centre, and rear of the Spaniards were now brought up in line on the hills to the east of the bottom, but rather to the right of Vere's hill, and directly fronting the more distant centre and rear of Maurice's army. In this order the Spaniards advanced until they received a check from the fire of the Frisian musketeers on the south ridge, and their leading columns took shelter in the hollows, sending out skirmishers.

Then the Spaniards turned their main force upon Vere, the fight continuing hotter and hotter, without intermission, in the bottom, until the whole of the 1600 English were engaged. They were overborne by the overwhelming numbers of the Archduke's soldiers. Vere now saw that the time had arrived for the reserves to come to the front, and that a charge of cavalry could alone settle the day; for even if driven back by infantry, the enemy would have time to rally. He therefore sent orders for his 2000 Frisians, posted near the seaside battery, to advance; and he also sent to ask Maurice for part of the cavalry of the centre. He sent messenger after messenger, but no aid arrived. At last he himself rode down into the bottom amongst his men to cheer them on, doing the work of a common soldier as well as of a general. Thus, with extreme difficulty, the little band and its heroic leader continued to hold the enemy in check. Still no help came.

Vere received a musket-shot in the thigh, and soon afterwards another in the leg. He concealed his wounds from the men and fought on, hoping for succor, but none came. At last his men were overwhelmed by numbers, and fell back slowly and in good order towards the battery on the seaside. The Spaniards followed at a respectful distance, though a few of the enemy's skirmishing cavalry came close up, and killed some men by thrusting rapiers under their armor. During the retreat Sir Francis Vere's horse fell dead under him and upon him, so that, sorely wounded as he was, he could not move. His Lieutenant-colonel, Sir John Ogle, Sir Robert Drury, and a gentleman named Thomas Higham, came to his assistance. They extricated their chief and put him up behind Sir Robert. Ogle's clothes were stained by the blood from his general's wounds. The fact that there should have been time for this shows how

Sir Francis Vere Rallies His Men.

cautious was the Spanish pursuit, though Ogle says that there was only just time, and that they ran considerable danger of being captured.

On reaching the battery on the sands, Vere found the 1000 Frisians, who might have turned the scale, still there. They had received no orders to advance. There were also 300 foot under Sir Horace Vere, and some cavalry under Captain Ball. Sir Francis ordered the cavalry, supported by Horace, to charge the Spaniards, who were now streaming out on to the beach. The enemy's troops were routed on the sands, and fled back into the dunes. Then, at length, the worn-out hero, who was suffering from severe illness as well as from two bleeding wounds, put himself into the hands of his surgeon.

The Spaniards now carried the East Hill and advanced into the valley beyond, where 2000 of their number formed in *tercios*. Others drove back the Frisian musketeers from the south ridge, and the Archduke's own arquebusiers advanced along the Greenway. This was the most critical moment in the battle. The fate of the army of the States was hanging on a thread. Maurice now took his stand on the West Hill, where the two demi-culverins were planted, whence he had a better view of the field. The Spaniards, though momentarily victorious, were tired and worn out with fighting. There was still hope.

The English officers began to rally their men in the sheltered hollows between the West Hill and the beach, almost overlooking the valley where the 2000 Spaniards had formed. Hither Sir John Ogle brought 30 men. He was soon joined by brave Charles Fairfax. Then came young Gilbert, slain immediately afterwards, with more men. Seeing this force gradually increasing, the Spaniards sent out 150 men against them from the main body of 2000. At that moment Sir Horace Vere rode up from his victorious charge on the beach, bringing further reinforcements, including the companies of Captains Lowell, Sutton, and Morgan. Seeing this, the 150 Spaniards fell back again to the main body. Prince Maurice also saw it, and joyfully exclaimed: "Voyez, voyez, les Anglais qui tournent à la charge!"[1] He gave orders to Dubois, the commissary-general of cavalry, to bring the remaining horse forward, under Sir Edward Cecil, to be ready to charge in any direction that might be required. All these movements took place more rapidly than they can be related, and amidst shouting and uproar.

Prince Maurice.

Then Sir Horace Vere, Ogle, and Fairfax, with their rallied men, charged furiously down the slope and across the valley, just as the main body of Spaniards was thrown into slight confusion by the retreat of the 150 skirmishers. The renewed fight was short and decisive. The Spaniards were tired and worn out. They broke and began a retreat which ended in flight. Maurice, "whose vigilant and judicious eye was upon our actions and motions all this while," as Ogle tells us, ordered Sir Edward Cecil to charge with his cavalry. The regiments of Marcellus Bacx and of Ball also charged. The Frisian musketeers rallied; Maurice advanced the centre division under Solms, and plied the enemy with shot from the demi-culverins. By a second charge Cecil scattered the Archduke's arquebusiers on the Greenway. "These charges," says Ogle, "by the hand and favor of God, gave us the day." The Spaniards broke and fled in all directions. The Archduke never drew rein until he reached Bruges. Zapena and the Admiral of Aragon were taken prisoners, and about a third of the Spanish army was killed or wounded. Of the 1600 English no less than 800 were killed or wounded; eight captains were slain, and all the rest but two were wounded. But the victory was complete.

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[1] "Look, look, the English return to the charge!"

The terrible slaughter of the English proves, as Vere expresses it, that "on our side in a manner the whole loss fell on the English"; that is to say, that they bore the brunt of the fight, and that the heaviest share of the loss was theirs. He adds: "I dare not take the whole honor of the victory to the poor English troop of 1600 men, but leave it to be judged by those that may give their censure with less suspicion of partiality.

THE BATTLE OF LIEGNITZ

1760 A.D.

(From Frederick the Great.)

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

FREDERICK'S camp extends from the village of Schimmelwitz, fronting the Katzback for about two miles, north-eastward, to his headquarters in Liegnitz Suburb; Daun is on his right and rearward, now come within four or five miles; Loudon to his left and frontward, four or five; the Katzbach separating Frederick and him; Lacy lies from Goldberg north-eastward, to within perhaps a like distance rearward: that is the position on Thursday 14th. Provisions being all but run-out; and three Armies, 90,000 (not to count Czernichef and his 24,000 as a fourth), watching round our 30,000, within a few miles; there is no staying here beyond this day. If even this day be allowed us! This day, Frederick had to draw-out and stand to arms for some hours while the Austrians appeared extensively on the Heights about, apparently intending an attack till it proved to be nothing only an elaborate reconnoitering by Daun; and we returned to our tents again.

Frederick understands well enough that Daun, with the facts now before him, will gradually form his plan, and also, from the lie of matters, what his plan will be: many are the times Daun has elaborately reconnoitered, elaborately laid his plan; but found, on coming to execute, that his Frederick was off in the interim, and the plan gone to air. Frederick has about 2,000 wagons to drag with him in these swift marches; Glogau Magazine, his one resource, should Breslau and Schweidnitz prove unattainable, is forty-five miles long north-westward. "Let us lean upon Glogau withal," thinks Frederick; "and let us be out of this straightway! March to-night; toward Parchwitz, which is towards Glogau too. Army rest till daybreak on the heights of Pfaffendorf yonder, to examine, to wait its luck; let the empty meal-wagons jingle on to Glogau; load themselves there, and jingle back to us in Parchwitz neighborhood, should Parchwitz not have proved impossible to our manœuvrings, let us hope it may not!" — Daun and the Austrians having ceased reconnoitering, and gone home, Frederick rides with his Generals through Liegnitz, across the Schwartzwasser, to the Pfaffendorf Heights. "Here, Messieurs, is our first halting-place to be; here we shall halt till daybreak, while the meal-wagons jingle on!" And explains to them orally where each is to take post, and how to behave. Which done, he too returns home, no doubt a wearied individual; and at 4 of the afternoon lies down to try for an hour or two of sleep, while all hands are busy packing, according to the Orders given.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.

From about 8 in the evening, Frederick's people got on march in their several columns, and fared punctually on; one column through the streets of Liegnitz, others to left and to right of that; to left mainly, as remoter from the Austrians and their listening outposts from beyond the Katzbach River, where the camp-fires are burning extremely distinct to-night. The Prussian camp-fires, they too are all burning uncommonly vivid; country people employed to feed them, and a few hussar sentries and drummers to make the customary sounds for Daun's instruction, till a certain hour. Frederick's people are clearing the North Suburb of Liegnitz, crossing the Schwartzwasser, artillery and heavy wagons all go by the Stone bridge at Topferberg (Potter hill) there, the lighter people by a few pontoons farther down that stream, in the Pfaffendorf vicinity. About one in the morning, all, even the right wing from Schimmelwitz, are safely across.

Schwartzwasser, a river of many tails (boggy most of them, Schnelle or *Swift* Deichsel hardly an exception), gathering itself from the southward for twenty or more miles, attains its maximum of north at a place called Waldau, not far north-west of Topferberg. Towards this Waldau Lacy is aiming all night; thence to pounce on our "left wing," which he will find to consist of those empty watch-fires merely. Down from Waldau, past Topferberg and Pfaffendorf (*Priest* town, or as we should call it, "Preston.") which are all on its northern or left bank, Schwartzwasser's course is in the form of an irregular horse-shoe; high ground to its northern side, Liegnitz and hollows to its southern, till in an angular way it do join Katzbach, and go with that northward for Oder the rest of its course. On the brow of these horse-shoe heights, Frederick plants himself, in order of battle, slightly altering some points of the afternoon's programme, and correcting his generals, "Front rather so and so; see where their fires are, yonder!" Daun's fires, Loudon's fires, vividly visible both; and, singular to say, there is nothing yonder either but a few sentries and deceptive drums! All empty yonder, too, even as our own camp is; all gone forth, even as we are; we are resting here, and our meal-wagons jingling on Glogau way. Frederick's line, we observed, is in the horse-shoe shape, fronting the waters. Ziethen commands in that smaller Schwartzwasser part of the line. Frederick in the Katzbach part, which is more in risk. And now, things moderately in order, Frederick has himself sat down, — I think, towards the middle or convex part of his lines, — by a watch-fire he has found there; and, wrapt in his cloak, his many thoughts melting into haze, has sunk into a kind of sleep. Seated on a drum, some say, half asleep by the watch-fire, time half-past two, when a Hussar Major, who has been out by the Bienowitz, the Pohlschildren way, northward, reconnoitering, comes dashing up at full speed: "The King? where is the King?" "What is it, then?" answers the King for himself. "Your Majesty, the enemy in force, from Bienowitz, from Pohlschildren, coming on our left wing yonder has flung back all my vedettes: is within five hundred yards by this time!"

Frederick the Great in Battle.

Frederick springs to horse; has already an Order speeding forth "General Schenkendorf and his Battalion, their cannon, to the crown of the Wolfsberg, on our left yonder, swift!" How excellent that every battalion (as by Order that we read) "has its own share of the heavy cannon always at hand," ejaculate the military critics. Schenkendorf, being nimble, was able to astonish the enemy with volumes of case-shot from the Wolfsberg, which were very deadly at that close distance. Other arrangements, too minute for recital here, are rapidly done; and our left wing is in condition to receive its early visitors, — Loudon or whoever they may be. It is still dubious to the History-Book whether Frederick was in clear expectation of Loudon here; though of course he would now guess it was Loudon. But there is no doubt Loudon had not the least expectation of Frederick; and his surprise must have been intense, when, instead of vacant darkness (and some chance of Prussian baggage, which he had heard of), Prussian musketries and case-shot opened on him.

Loudon had, as per order, quitted his camp at Jeschkendorf, about the time Frederick did his at Schimmelwitz, and, leaving the lights all burning, had set forward on his errand, which was (also identical with Frederick's), to seize the Heights of Pfaffendorf, and be ready there when day broke. Scouts having informed him that the Prussian baggage was certainly gone through to Topferberg, — more his scouts did not know, nor could Loudon guess, — "We will snatch that Baggage!" thought Loudon; and with such view has been speeding all he could; no vanguard ahead, lest he alarm the Baggage escort; Loudon in person, with the Infantry of the Reserve striding on ahead, to devour any Baggage-escort there may be. Frederick's reconnoitering Hussar parties had confirmed this belief: "Yes, yes!" thought Loudon. And now suddenly, instead of Baggage to capture here, out of the vacant darkness, is Frederick in person, on the brow of the heights where we intended to form!

Loudon's behavior, on being hurled back with his Reserve in this manner, everybody says, was magnificent. Judging at once what the business was, and that retreat would be impossible without ruin, he hastened instantly to form himself, on such ground as he had, — highly unfavorable ground, uphill in part, and room in it only for five Battalions (5,000) of front, — and came on again, with a great deal of impetuosity and good skill; again and ever again, three times in all. Had partial successes; edged always to the right to get the flank of Frederick; but could not, Frederick edging comformably. From his right-hand, or north-east part, Loudon poured in, once and again, very furious charges of Cavalry; on every repulse, drew out new Battalions from his left and centre, and again stormed forward, but found it always impossible. Had his subordinates all been Loudons, it is said, there was once a fine chance for him. By this edging always to the north-eastward on his part and Frederick's, there had at last a considerable gap in Frederick's Line established itself, — not only Ziethen's Line and Frederick's Line now fairly fallen asunder, but at the Village of Panten, in Frederick's own Line, a gap where anybody might get in. One of the Austrian Columns was just entering Panten when the Fight began; in Panten that Column has stood cogitative ever since, well to the left of Loudon and his struggles; but does not, till the eleventh hour, resolve to push through. At the eleventh hour; — and lo, in the nick of time, Mollendorff (our Leuthen-and-Hochkirch friend) got his eye on it, rushed up with infantry and cavalry, set Panten on fire, and blocked out that possibility and the too cogitative Column.

Loudon had no other real chance; his furious horse-charges and attempts were met everywhere by corresponding counter-fury. Bernburg, poor regiment Bernburg, see what a figure it is making! Left almost alone, at one time, among those horse-charges, spending its blood like water, bayonet-charging, platooning as never before; and on the whole, stemming invincibly that horse-torrent, — not unseen by Majesty, it may be hoped; who is here where the hottest pinch is. On the third repulse, which was worse than any before, Loudon found he had enough, and tried it no farther. Rolled over the Katzbach, better or worse; Prussians catching 6,000 of him, but not following farther; threw up a fine battery at Bienowitz, which sheltered his retreat from horse, and went his ways, sorely but not dishonorably beaten, after an hour and half of uncommonly stiff fighting, which had been very murderous to Loudon. Loss of 10,000 to him, 4,000 killed and wounded; prisoners 6,000, 82 cannon, 28 flags, and other items; the Prussian loss being 1,800 in whole. By 5 o'clock the Battle, this Loudon part of it, was quite over; Loudon (35,000) wrecking himself against Frederick's left wing (say half of his army, some 15,000) in such conclusive manner. Frederick's Left Wing alone has been engaged hitherto. And now it will be Ziethen's turn, if Daun and Lacy still come on.

By eleven last night, Daun's Pandours, creeping stealthily on across the Katzbach about Schimmelwitz, had discerned with amazement that Frederick's Camp appeared to consist only of watch-fires; and had shot off their speediest rider to Daun, accordingly; but it was one in the morning before Daun, busy marching and marshalling, to be ready at the Katzbach by daylight, heard of this strange news, which probably he could not entirely believe till seen with his own eyes. What a spectacle! One's beautiful plan exploded into mere imbroglio of distraction; become one knows not what! Daun's watch-fires too had all been left burning, universal stratagem on both sides going on; producing,—tragically for some of us,—"A Tragedy of Errors, or the Mistakes of a Night!" Daun sallied out again in his collapsed, upset condition, as soon as possible, pushed on in the track of Frederick, warning Lacy to push on. Daun, though within five miles all the while, had heard nothing of the furious fight and cannonade; "southwest wind having risen," so Daun said, and is believed by candid persons,—not by the angry Vienna people, who counted it impossible. "Nonsense, you were not deaf; but you loitered and haggled, in your usual way, perhaps not sorry that the brilliant Loudon should get a rebuff!"

Emerging out of Liegnitz Daun did see, to northeastward, a vast pillar or mass of smoke, silently mounting, but could do nothing with it. "Cannon-smoke, no doubt; but fallen entirely silent, and not wending hitherward at all. Poor Loudon, alas, must have got beaten!" Upon which Daun really did try, at least upon Ziethen, but could do nothing. Poured cavalry across the stone bridge at the Topferberg; who drove in Ziethen's picket there, but were torn to pieces by Ziethen's cannon. Ziethen across the Schwartzwasser is alert enough. How form in order of battle here, with Ziethen's batteries shearing your columns longitudinally, as they march up? Daun recognizes the impossibility, wends back through Liegnitz to his Camp again, the way he had come. Tide hour missed again, ebb going uncommonly rapid! Lacy had been about Waldau, to try farther up the

Schwartzwasser on Ziethen's right; but the Schwartzwasser proved amazingly boggy, not accessible on any point to heavy people, — "owing to bogs on the bank," with perhaps poor prospect on the other side too!

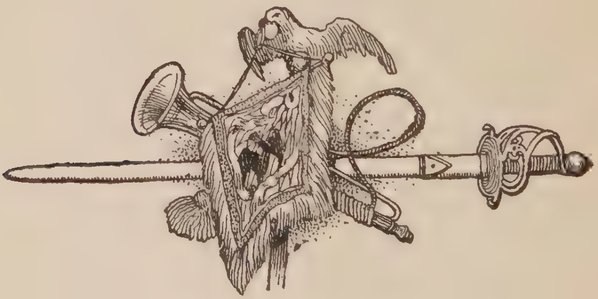
And, in fact, nothing of Lacy, more than of Daun, could manage to get across, nothing except two poor Hussar regiments, who, winding up far to the left, attempted a snatch on the Baggage about Hummeln, — Hummeln, or Kuchel of the Scrubs.

Never did such a luck befall Frederick before or after. He was clinging on the edge of slippery abysses, his path hardly a foot's-breadth, more enemies and avalanches hanging round on every side; ruin likelier at no moment of his life; — and here is precisely the quasi-miracle which was needed to save him. Partly by accident too; the best of management crowned by the luckiest of accidents.

Frederick rested four hours on the Battlefield — if that could be called rest, which was a new kind of diligence highly wonderful. Diligence of gathering up accurately the results of the Battle, packing them into portable shape, and marching off with them in one's pocket, so to speak. Major-General Saldern had charge of this, a man of many talents, and did it consummately. The wounded, Austrian as well as Prussian, are placed in the empty meal-wagons; the more slightly wounded are set on horseback, double in possible cases; only the dead are left lying: 100 or more meal-wagons are left, their teams needed for drawing our 82 new cannon; — the wagons we split up, no Austrians to have them; useable only as firewood for the poor Country-folk. The 4 or 5,000 good muskets lying on the field, shall not we take them also? Each cavalry soldier slings one of them across his back, each baggage-driver one: and the muskets too, are taken care of. About 9 A.M., Frederick, with his 6,000 prisoners, new cannon-teams, sick-wagon teams, trophies, properties, is afoot again. One of the succinctest of Kings.

I should have mentioned the joy of poor Regiment Bernburg, which rather affected me. Loudon gone, the miracle of Battle done, and this miraculous packing going on, — Frederick riding about among his people, passed along the front of Bernburg, the eye of him perhaps intimating, "I saw you, *Bursche*," but no word coming from him. The Bernburg Officers, tragically tressless in their hats, stand also silent, grim as blackened stones (all Bernburg black with gunpowder): "In us also is no word; unless our actions perhaps speak?" But a certain Sergeant, Fugleman, or chief Corporal, stept out, saluting reverentially: "Regiment Bernburg, *Ihre Majestät?*" — "Hm; well, you did handsomely. Yes, you shall have your side-arms back; all shall be forgotten and washed out!" — "And you are again our Gracious King then?" says the Sergeant, with tears in his eyes. — "*Gewiss*, yea, surely!" Upon which, fancy what a peal of sound from the ecstatic throat and heart of this poor Regiment. Which I have often thought of; hearing mutinous blockheads, "Glorious Sons of Freedom" to their own thinking, ask their natural commanding officer, "Are not we as good as thou? Are not all men equal?" Not a whit of it, you mutinous blockheads; very far from it indeed!

This was the breaking of Frederick's imprisonment in the deadly rock-labyrinths; this success at Liegnitz delivered him into free field once more. For twenty-four hours more, indeed, the chance was still full of anxiety to him; for twenty-four hours Daun, could he have been rapid, still had the possibilities in hand; — but only Daun's antagonist was usually rapid. About nine in the morning all road-ready, this latter gentleman "gave three Salvoes, as Joy-fire, on the field of Liegnitz;" and, in the above succinct shape, — leaving Ziethen to come on, "with the prisoners, the sick-wagons and captured cannon," in the afternoon, marched rapidly away. For Parchwitz, with our best speed. Parchwitz is the road to Breslau, also to Glogau, — to Breslau, if it be humanly possible! Frederick has but two days' bread left. On the Breslau road, at Auras, there is Czernichef with 24,000; there are, or there may be, the Loudon Remnants rallied again, the Lacy Corps untouched, all Daun's force, had Daun made any dispatch at all. Which Daun seldom did. A man slow to resolve, and seeking his luck in leisure.

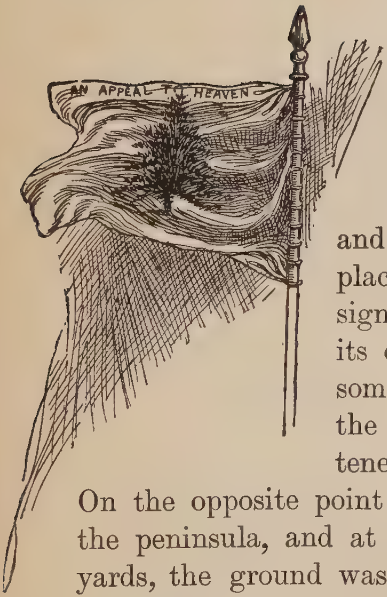


THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL

1775 A.D.

(From Lionel Lincoln.)

By J. FENIMORE COOPER.



THE whole scene now lay before them. Nearly in their front was the village of Charlestown, with its deserted streets, and silent roofs, looking like a place of the dead; or, if the signs of life were visible within its open avenues, 'twas merely some figure moving swiftly in the solitude, like one who hastened to quit the devoted spot. On the opposite point of the south-eastern face of the peninsula, and at the distance of a thousand yards, the ground was already covered by masses of human beings in scarlet, with their arms glittering in a noonday sun. Between the two, though in the more immediate vicinity of the silent town, the rounded ridge already described rose abruptly from a flat that was bounded by the water, until, having attained an elevation of some fifty or sixty feet, it swelled gradually to the little crest, where was planted the humble object that had occasioned all this commotion. The meadows on the right were still peaceful and smiling, as in the most quiet days of the province, though the excited fancy of Lionel imagined that a sullen stillness lingered about the neglected kilns in their front, and over the whole landscape, that was in gloomy consonance with the approaching scene. Far on the left, across the waters of the Charles, the American camp had poured forth its thousands to the hills; and the whole population of the country, for many miles inland, had gathered to a point, to witness a struggle charged with the fate of their nation. Beacon Hill rose from out the appalling silence of the town of Boston, like a pyramid of living faces, with every eye fixed on the fatal point; and men hung along the yards of the shipping, or were suspended on cornices, cupolas, and steeples, in thoughtless security, while every other sense was lost in the absorbing interest of the sight. The vessels of war had hauled deep into the rivers, or, more properly, those narrow arms of the sea which formed the peninsula, and sent their iron missiles with unwearied industry across the low passage which alone opened the means of communication between the self-devoted yeomen on the hill, and their distant countrymen. While battalion landed after battalion on the point, cannon-balls from the battery of Copp's and the vessels of war were glancing up the natural glacis that surrounded the redoubt, burying themselves in its earthen parapet, or plunging with violence into the deserted sides of the loftier height which lay a few hundred yards in its rear; and the black and smoking bombs appeared to hover above the spot, as if pausing to select the places in which to plant their deadly combustibles.

GEN. JOSEPH WARREN.

Notwithstanding these appalling preparations and ceaseless annoyances, throughout that long and anxious morning, the stout husbandmen on the hill had never ceased their steady efforts to maintain, to the uttermost extremity, the post they had so daringly assumed. In vain the English exhausted every means to disturb their stubborn foes; the pick, the shovel, and the spade continued to perform their offices; and mound rose after mound, amidst the din and danger of the cannonade, steadily, and as well as if the fanciful conceits of Job Pray embraced their real objects, and the laborers were employed in the peaceful pursuits of their ordinary lives. This firmness, however, was not like the proud front which high training can impart to the most common mind; for, ignorant of the glare of military show; in the simple and rude vestments of their calling; armed with such weapons as they had seized from the hooks above their own mantels; and without even a banner to wave its cheering folds above their heads — they stood, sustained only by the righteousness of their cause, and those deep moral principles which they had received from their fathers, and which they intended this day should show were to be transmitted untarnished to their children. It was afterwards known that they endured their labors and their dangers even in want of that sustenance which is so essential to support animal spirits in moments of calmness and ease; while their enemies, on the point, awaiting the arrival of their latest bands, were securely devouring a meal, which to hundreds amongst them proved to be their last. The fatal instant now seemed approaching. A general movement was seen among the battalions of the British, who began to spread along the shore, under cover of the brow of the hill — the lingering boats having arrived with the rear of their detachments — and officers hurried from regiment to regiment with the final mandates of their chief. At this moment a body of Americans appeared on the crown of Bunker Hill, and descending swiftly by the road, disappeared in the meadows to the left of their own redoubt. This band was followed by others, who, like themselves, had broken through the dangers of the narrow pass, by braving the fire of the shipping, and who also hurried to join their comrades on the lowland. The British general determined at once to anticipate the arrival of further re-enforcements, and gave forth the long-expected order to prepare for the attack.

The Americans had made a show, in the course of that fearful morning, of returning the fire of their enemies, by throwing a few shot from their light field-pieces, as if in mockery of the tremendous cannonade which they sustained. But as the moment of severest trial approached, the same awful stillness which had settled upon the deserted streets of Charlestown hovered around the redoubt. On the meadows, to its left, the recently arrived bands hastily threw the rails of two fences into one, and, covering the whole with the mown grass that surrounded them, they posted themselves along the frail defence, which answered no better purpose than to conceal their weakness from their adversaries. Behind this characteristic rampart, several bodies of husbandmen, from the neighboring provinces of New Hampshire and Connecticut, lay on their arms, in sullen expectation. Their line extended from the shore to the base of the ridge, where it terminated several hundred feet behind the works; leaving a wide opening, in a diagonal direction, between the fence and an earthen breastwork, which ran a short distance down the declivity of the hill, from the north-eastern angle of the redoubt. A few hundred yards in the rear of this rude disposition, the naked crest of Bunker Hill rose, unoccupied and undefended; and the streams of the Charles and Mystic, sweeping around its base, approached so near each other as to blend the sounds of their rippling. It was across this low and narrow isthmus that the royal frigates poured a stream of fire that never ceased, while around it hovered the numerous parties of the undisciplined Americans, hesitating to attempt the dangerous passage.

In this manner Gage had, in a great degree, surrounded the devoted peninsula with his power; and the bold men, who had so daringly planted themselves under the muzzles of his cannon, were left, as already stated, unsupported, without nourishment, and with weapons from their own gun-hooks, singly to maintain the honor of their nation. Including men of all ages and conditions, there might have been two thousand of them; but as the day advanced, small bodies of their countrymen, taking counsel of their feelings, and animated by the example of the old partisan of the woods, who crossed and recrossed the neck, loudly scoffing at the danger, broke through the fire of the shipping in time to join in the closing and bloody business of the hour.

On the other hand, Howe led more than an equal number of the chosen troops of his prince; and as boats continued to ply between the two peninsulas throughout the afternoon, the relative disparity continued undiminished to the end of the struggle. It was at this point in our narrative that, deeming himself sufficiently strong to force the defences of his despised foes, the arrangements immediately preparatory to such an undertaking were made in full view of the excited spectators. Notwithstanding the security with which the English general marshalled his warriors, he felt that the approaching contest would be a battle of no common incidents. The eyes of tens of thousands were fastened on his movements, and the occasion demanded the richest display of the pageantry of war.

The troops formed with beautiful accuracy, and the columns moved steadily along the shore, and took their assigned stations under cover of the brow of the eminence. Their force was in some measure divided; one moiety attempting the toilsome ascent of the hill, and the other moving along the beach, or in the orchards of the more level ground, towards the husbandmen on the meadows. The latter soon disappeared behind some fruit-trees and the brick-kilns just mentioned. The advance of the royal columns up the ascent was slow and measured, giving time to their field-guns to add their efforts to the uproar of the cannonade, which broke out with new fury as the battalions prepared to march. When each column arrived at the allotted point, it spread the gallant array of its glittering warriors under a bright sun.

The advance of the British line, so beautiful and slow, resembled rather the ordered steadiness of a drill, than an approach to a deadly struggle. Their standards fluttered proudly above them; and there were moments when the wild music of their bands was heard rising on the air, and tempering the ruder sounds of the artillery. The young and thoughtless in their ranks turned their faces backward, and smiled exultingly, as they beheld steeples, roofs, masts, and heights, teeming with their thousands of eyes, bent on the show of their bright array. As the British lines moved in open view of the little redoubt, and began slowly to gather around its different faces, gun after gun became silent, and the curious artillerist, or tired seaman, lay extended by his heated piece, gazing in mute wonder at the spectacle. There was just then a minute when the roar of the cannonade seemed passing away like the rumbling of distant thunder. . . .

Platoon after platoon, among the British, delivered its fire, the blaze of musketry flashing swiftly around the brow of the hill, and was immediately followed by heavy volleys that ascended from the orchard. Still no answering sound was heard from the Americans, and the royal troops were soon lost to the eye, as they slowly marched into the white cloud which their own fire had alone created. . . .

At that instant a sheet of flame glanced through the smoke, like lightning playing in a cloud, while at one report a thousand muskets were added to the uproar. It was not altogether fancy which led Lionel to imagine that he saw the smoky canopy of the hill to wave, as if the trained warriors it enveloped faltered before this close and appalling discharge; but, in another instant, the stimulating war-cry, and the loud shouts of the combatants, were borne across the strait to his ears, even amid the horrid din of the combat. . . .

The smoky veil, which clung around the brow of the eminence, was lifted by the air, and sailed heavily away to the south-west, leaving the scene of the bloody struggle again open to the view. Lionel witnessed the grave and meaning glances which the two lieutenants of the king exchanged as they simultaneously turned their glasses from the fatal spot, and, taking the one proffered by Burgoyne, he read their explanation in the numbers of the dead that lay profusely scattered in front of the redoubt. At this instant, an officer from the field held an earnest communication with the two leaders; when, having delivered his orders, he hastened back to his boat, like one who felt himself employed in matters of life and death.

"It shall be done, sir," repeated Clinton, as the other departed, his own honest brow sternly knit under high

Battle of Bunker Hill.

martial excitement. "The artillery have their orders, and the work will be accomplished without delay."

"This, Major Lincoln," cried his more sophisticated companion, "this is one of the trying duties of the soldier! To fight, to bleed, or even to die, for his prince, is his happy privilege; but it is sometimes his unfortunate lot to become the instrument of vengeance."

Lionel waited but a moment for an explanation; the flaming balls were soon seen taking their wide circuit in the air, and carrying their desolation among the close and inflammable roofs of the opposite town. In a very few minutes, a dense, black smoke arose from the deserted buildings, and forked flames played actively along the heated shingles, as though rioting in their unmolested possession of the place. He regarded the gathering destruction in painful silence; and, on bending his looks towards his companion, he fancied, notwithstanding the language of the other, that he read the deepest regret in the averted eye of him who had so unhesitatingly uttered the fatal mandate to destroy.

In scenes like these we are attempting to describe, hours appear to be minutes, and time flies as imperceptibly as life slides from beneath the feet of age. The disordered ranks of the British had been arrested at the base of the hill, and were again forming under the eyes of their leaders, with admirable discipline and extraordinary care. Fresh battalions, from Boston, marched with high military pride into the line, and everything betokened that a second assault was at hand. When the moment of stupid amazement which succeeded the retreat of the royal troops had passed, the troops and batteries poured out their wrath with tenfold fury on their enemies. Shot were incessantly glancing up the gentle acclivity, madly ploughing across its grassy surface, while black and threatening shells appeared to hover above the work, like the monsters of air, about to swoop upon their prey.

Still all lay quiet and immovable within the low mounds of earth, as if none there had a stake in the issue of the bloody day. For a few moments only, the tall figure of an aged man was seen slowly moving along the summit of the rampart, calmly regarding the dispositions of the English general in the more distant part of his line, and after exchanging a few words with a gentleman, who joined him in his dangerous lookout, they disappeared together behind the grassy banks. Lionel soon detected the name of Prescott of Pepperel, passing through the crowd in low murmurs, and his glass did not deceive him when he thought, in the smaller of the two, he had himself descried the graceful person of the unknown leader of the "caucus."

All eyes were now watching the advance of the battalions, which once more drew nigh the point of contest. The heads of the columns were already in view of their enemies, when a man was seen swiftly ascending the hill from the burning town; he paused amid the peril, on the natural glacis, and swung his hat triumphantly, and Lionel even fancied he heard the exulting cry, as he recognized the ungainly form of the simpleton, before it plunged into the work.

The right of the British once more disappeared in the orchard, and the columns in front of the redoubt again opened with all the imposing exactness of their

ADVANCE OF THE BRITISH.

high discipline. Their arms were already glittering in a line with the green faces of the mound, and Lionel heard the experienced warrior at his side murmuring to himself, —

"Let him hold his fire, and he will go in at the point of the bayonet!"

But the trial was too great for even the practised courage of the royal troops. Volley succeeded volley, and in a few moments they had again curtained their ranks behind the misty screen produced by their own fire. Then came the terrible flash from the redoubt, and the eddying volume from the adverse hosts rolled into one cloud, enveloping the combatants in its folds, as if to conceal their bloody work from the spectators. Twenty times, in the short space of as many minutes, Major Lincoln fancied he heard the incessant roll of the American musketry die away before the heavy and regular volley of the troops; and then he thought the sounds of the latter grew more faint, and were given at longer intervals.

The result, however, was soon known. The heavy bank of smoke, which now even clung along the ground, was broken in fifty places; and the disordered masses of the British were seen driven before their deliberate foes in wild confusion. The flashing swords of the officers in vain attempted to arrest the torrent, nor did the fight cease, with many of the regiments, until they had even reached their boats. At this moment a hum was heard in Boston, like the sudden rush of wind, and men gazed in each other's faces with undisguised amazement. Here and there a low sound of exultation escaped some unguarded lip, and many an eye gleamed with a triumph that could no longer be suppressed. Until this moment the feelings of Lionel had vacillated between the pride of country and his military spirit; but, losing all other feelings in the latter sensation, he now looked fiercely about him, as if he would seek the man who dare exult in the repulse of his comrades. The poetic chieftain was still at his side, biting his nether lip in vexation; but his more tried companion had suddenly disappeared. Another quick glance fell upon his missing form in the act of entering a boat at the foot of the hill. Quicker than thought Lionel was on the shore, crying, as he flew to the water's edge, —

"Hold! for God's sake, hold! Remember the 47th is in the field, and that I am its major!"

"Receive him," said Clinton, with that grim satisfaction with which men acknowledge a valued friend in moments of great trial; "and then row for your lives, or, what is of more value, for the honor of the British name."

The brain of Lionel whirled as the boat shot along its watery bed, but before it had gained the middle of the stream he had time to consider the whole of the appalling scene. The fire had spread from house to house, and the whole village of Charlestown, with its four hundred buildings, was just bursting into flames. The air seemed filled with whistling balls, as they hurtled above his head, and the black sides of the vessels of war were vomiting their sheets of flame with unwearied industry. Amid this tumult, the English general and his companions sprung to land. The former rushed into the disordered ranks, and by his presence and voice recalled the men of one regiment to their duty. But long and loud appeals to their spirit and their ancient fame were necessary to restore a moiety of their former confidence to men who had been thus rudely repulsed, and who now looked along their thinned and exhausted ranks, missing, in many instances, more than half the well-known countenances of their fellows. In the midst of the faltering troops stood their stern and unbending chief; but of all those gay and gallant youths, who followed in his train as he had departed from Province House that morning, not one remained, but in his blood. He alone seemed undisturbed in that disordered crowd; and his mandates went forth as usual, calm and determined. At length the panic, in some degree, subsided, and order was once more restored as the high-spirited and mortified gentlemen of the detachment regained their lost authority.

The leaders consulted together, apart, and the dispositions were immediately renewed for the assault. Military show was no longer affected, but the soldiers laid down all the useless implements of their trade, and many even cast aside their outer garments, under the warmth of a broiling sun, added to the heat of the conflagration, which began to diffuse itself along the extremity of the peninsula. Fresh companies were placed in the columns, and most of the troops were withdrawn from the meadows, leaving merely a few skirmishers to amuse the Americans who lay behind the fence. When each disposition was completed, the final signal was given to advance.

Lionel had taken post in his regiment, but marching on the skirt of the column, he commanded a view of most of the scene of battle. In his front moved a battalion, reduced to a handful of men in the previous assaults. Behind these came a party of the marine guards, from the shipping, led by their own veteran major; and next followed the dejected Nesbitt and his corps, amongst whom Lionel looked in vain for the features of the good-natured Polwarth. Similar columns marched on their right and left, encircling three sides of the redoubt by their battalions.

A few minutes brought him in full view of that humble and unfinished mound of earth, for the possession of which so much blood had that day been spilt in vain. It lay, as before, still as if none breathed within its bosom, though a terrific row of dark tubes were arrayed along its top, following the movements of the approaching columns, as the eyes of the imaginary charmers of our own wilderness are said to watch their victims. As the uproar of the artillery again grew fainter, the crash of falling streets, and the appalling sounds of the conflagration on their left, became more audible. Immense volumes of black smoke issued from the smouldering ruins, and, bellying outward, fold beyond fold, it overhung the work in a hideous cloud, casting its gloomy shadow across the place of blood.

A strong column was now seen ascending, as if from out the burning town, and the advance of the whole became quick and spirited. A low call ran through the platoons, to note the naked weapons of their adversaries, and it was followed by the cry of "To the bayonet! to the bayonet!"

"Hurrah! for the Royal Irish!" shouted M'Fuse at the head of the dark column from the conflagration.

"Hurrah!" echoed a well-known voice from the silent mound; "let them come on to Breed's; the people will teach 'em the law!"

Men think at such moments with the rapidity of lightning, and Lionel had even fancied his comrades in possession of the work, when the terrible stream of fire flashed in the faces of the men in front.

"Push on with the ——th," cried the veteran major of marines, — "push on, or the 18th will get the honor of the day!"

"We cannot," murmured the soldiers of the ——th; "their fire is too heavy!"

"Then break, and let the marines pass through you!"

The feeble battalion melted away, and the warriors of the deep, trained to conflicts of hand to hand, sprang forward, with a loud shout in their places. The Americans, exhausted of their ammunition, now sunk sullenly back, a few hurling stones at their foes in desperate indignation. The cannon of the British had been brought to enfilade their short breastwork, which was no longer tenable; and as the columns approached closer to the low rampart, it became a mutual protection to the adverse parties.

"Hurrah! for the Royal Irish!" again shouted M'Fuse, rushing up the trifling ascent, which was but of little more than his own height.

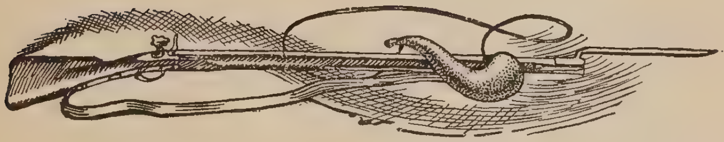
"Hurrah!" repeated Pitcairn, waving his sword on another angle of the work, "the day's our own!"

One more sheet of flame issued out of the bosom of the work, and all those brave men, who had emulated the examples of their officers, were swept away, as though a whirlwind had passed along. The grenadier gave his war-cry once more, before he pitched headlong among his enemies; while Pitcairn fell back into the arms of his own child. The cry of "Forward, 47th!" rung through their ranks, and in their turn this veteran battalion gallantly mounted the ramparts. In the shallow ditch Lionel passed the expiring marine, and caught the dying and despairing look from his eyes, and in another instant he found himself in the presence of his foes. As company followed company into the defenceless redoubt, the Americans sullenly retired by its rear, keeping the bayonets of the soldiers at bay with clubbed muskets and sinewy arms. When the whole issued upon the open ground, the husbandmen received a close and fatal fire from the battalions, which were now gathering around them on three sides. A scene of wild and savage confusion then succeeded to the order of the fight, and many fatal blows were given and taken, the *mêlée* rendering the use of fire-arms nearly impossible for several minutes.

Lionel continued in advance, pressing on the footsteps of the retiring foe, stepping over many a lifeless body in his difficult progress. Notwithstanding the hurry, and vast disorder of the fray, his eye fell on the form of the graceful stranger, stretched lifeless on the parched grass, which had greedily drank his blood. Amid the ferocious cries and fiercer passions of the moment, the young man paused, and glanced his eyes around him with an expression that said he thought the work of death should cease. At this instant the trappings of his attire caught the glaring eyeballs of a dying yeoman, who exerted his wasting strength to sacrifice one more worthy victim to the *manes* of his countrymen. The whole of the tumultuous scene vanished from the senses of Lionel at the flash of the musket of this man, and he sank beneath the feet of the combatants, insensible of further triumph, and of every danger.

The fall of a single officer, in such a contest, was a circumstance not to be regarded; and regiments passed over him, without a single man stooping to inquire into his fate. When the Americans had disengaged themselves from the troops, they descended into the little hollow between the two hills, swiftly, and like a disordered crowd, bearing off most of their wounded, and leaving but few prisoners in the hands of their foes. The formation of the ground favored their retreat, as hundreds of bullets whistled harmlessly above their heads; and by the time they gained the acclivity of Bunker, distance was added to their security. Finding the field lost, the men at the fence broke away in a body from their position, and abandoned the meadows; the whole moving in confused masses behind the crest of the adjacent height. The shouting soldiery followed in their footsteps, pouring in fruitless and distant volleys; but on the summit of Bunker their tired platoons were halted, and they beheld the throng move fearlessly through the tremendous fire that enfiladed the low pass, as little injured as though most of them bore charmed lives.

The day was now drawing to a close. With the disappearance of their enemies, the ships and batteries ceased their cannonade; and presently not a musket was heard in that place where so fierce a contest had so long raged. The troops commenced fortifying the outward eminence, on which they rested, in order to maintain their barren conquest; and nothing further remained for the achievement of the royal lieutenants but to go and mourn over their victory.



BATTLE OF CHARLES-TOWN, OR BUNKER–HILL

(Copy of a Letter from the Honourable Lieutenant General Gage, to the Earl of Dartmouth, Dated Boston, June 25, 1775.)

MY LORD, — I Am to acquaint your lordship of an action that happened on the 17th instant, between his Majesty's troops and a large body of the rebel forces.

An alarm was given at break of day on the 17th instant, by a firing from the Lively ship of war; and advice was soon afterward received that the rebels had broke ground, and were raising a battery, on the heights of the peninsula of Charlestown, against the town of Boston. They were plainly seen at work, and in a few hours a battery of six guns played upon their works. Preparations were instantly made for landing a body of men to drive them off, and ten companies of the grenadiers, ten of light infantry, with the 5th, 38th, and 52nd battalions, with a proportion of field artillery, under the command of Major General Howe and Brigadier General Pigot, were embarked with great expedition, and landed on the peninsula without opposition, under the protection of some ships of war, armed vessels, and boats, by whose fire the rebels were kept within their works.

The troops formed as soon as landed; the light infantry posted on the right and the grenadiers upon their left. The 5th and 38th battalions drew up in the rear of those corps, and the 43rd and 52nd battalions made a third line. The rebels, upon the heights were perceived to be in great force, and strongly posted. A redoubt, thrown up on the 16th at night, with other works, full of men, defended with cannon, and a large body posted in the houses in Charles-town, covered their right flank; and their center and left were covered with a breastwork, part of it cannon proof, which reached from the left of the redoubt to the Mystick or Medford River.

This appearance of the rebels' strength, and the large columns seen pouring in to their assistance, occasioned an application for the troops to be reinforced with some companies of light infantry and grenadiers, the 47th battalion and the 1st battalion of marines; the whole, when in conjunction, making a body of something above two thousand men. These troops advanced, formed in two lines, and the attack began by a sharp cannonade from our field pieces and howitzers, the lines advancing slowly, and frequently halting to give time for the artillery to fire. The light infantry were directed to force the left point of the breast work, to take the rebel line in flank, and the grenadiers to attack in front, supported by the 5th and 52nd battalions. These orders were executed with perseverance, under a heavy fire from the vast numbers of the rebels; and notwithstanding various impediments before the troops could reach the works, and though the left, under Brigadier General Pigot, was engaged also with the rebels at Charlestown, which at a critical moment was set on fire, the Brigadier pursued his point, and carried the redoubt.

The rebels were then forced from other strongholds, and pursued till they were drove clear off the peninsula, leaving the five pieces of cannon behind them.

The loss the rebels sustained must have been considerable from the great numbers they carried off during the time of action, and buried in holes, since discovered, exclusive of what they had suffered by the shipping and boats; near one hundred were buried the day after, and thirty found wounded in the field, three of which are since dead.

I enclose your Lordship a return of the killed and wounded of his Majesty's troops.

This action has shewn the superiority of the King's troops, who, under every disadvantage, attacked and defeated above three times their number, strongly posted and covered by breastworks.

The conduct of Major General Howe was conspicuous on this occasion, and his example spirited the troops, in which Major General Clinton assisted, who followed the reenforcement. And in justice to Brigadier General Pigot, I am to add that the success of the day must in great measure be attributed to his firmness and gallantry.

Lieutenant Colonels Nesbit, Abercrombie, and Clarke; Majors Butler, Williams, Bruce, Spendlove, Smelt, Mitchell, Pitcairne, and Short exerted themselves remarkably, and the valor of the British officers and soldiers in general was at no time more conspicuous than in this action.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

THO. GAGE.

SARATOGA

1777 A.D.

(From Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.)

By E. S. CREASY, M. A.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
  The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
  Time's Noblest offspring in its last.

Bishop Berkeley.

AN Englishman may look, and ought to look, on the growing grandeur of the Americans with no small degree of generous sympathy and satisfaction. They, like ourselves, are members of the great Anglo-Saxon nation, "whose race and language are now overrunning the world from one end of it to the other." And whatever differences of form of government may exist between us and them — whatever reminiscences of the days when, though brethren, we strove together, may rankle in the minds of us, the defeated party, we should cherish the bonds of common nationality that still exist between us. We should remember, as the

Athenians remembered of the Spartans at a season of jealousy and temptation, that our race is one, being of the same blood, speaking the same language, having an essential resemblance in our institutions and usages, and worshipping in the temples of the same God. All this may and should be borne in mind. And yet an Englishman can hardly watch the progress of America without the regretful thought that America once was English, and that, but for the folly of our rulers, she might be English still. It is true that the commerce between the two countries has largely and beneficially increased, but this is no proof that the increase would not have been still greater had the states remained integral portions of the same great empire. By giving a fair and just participation in political rights, these, "the fairest possessions" of the British crown, might have been preserved to it. "This ancient and most noble monarchy" would not have been dismembered; nor should we see that which ought to be the right arm of our strength, now menacing us in every political crisis as the most formidable rival of our commercial and maritime ascendency.

The war which rent away the North American colonies from England is, of all subjects in history, the most painful for an Englishman to dwell on. It was commenced and carried on by the British ministry in iniquity and folly, and it was concluded in disaster and shame. But the contemplation of it cannot be evaded by the historian, however much it may be abhorred. Nor can any military event be said to have exercised more important influence on the future fortunes of mankind than the complete defeat of Burgoyne's expedition in 1777; a defeat which rescued the revolted colonists from certain subjection, and which, by inducing the courts of France and Spain to attack England in their behalf, insured the independence of the United States, and the formation of that transatlantic power which not only America, but both Europe and Asia now see and feel.

Still, in proceeding to describe this "decisive battle of the world," a very brief recapitulation of the earlier events of the war may be sufficient; nor shall I linger unnecessarily on a painful theme.

Gen. Burgoyne.

The five northern colonies of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, and Vermont, usually classed together as the New England colonies, were the strongholds of the insurrection against the mother country. The feeling of resistance was less vehement and general in the central settlement of New York, and still less so in Pennsylvania, Maryland, and the other colonies of the South, although everywhere it was formidably strong. But it was in the descendants of the stern Puritans that the spirit of Cromwell and Vane breathed in all its fervor; it was from the New Englanders that the first armed opposition to the British crown had been offered; and it was by them that the most stubborn determination to fight to the last, rather than waive a single right or privilege, had been displayed. In 1775 they had succeeded in forcing the British troops to evacuate Boston; and the events of 1776 had made New York (which the royalists had captured in that year) the principal basis of operations for the armies of the mother country.

A glance at the map will show that the Hudson River, which falls into the Atlantic at New York, runs down from the north at the back of the New England States, forming an angle of about forty-five degrees with the line of the coast of the Atlantic, along which the New England States are situate. Northward of the Hudson we see a small chain of lakes communicating with the Canadian frontier. It is necessary to attend closely to these geographical points, in order to understand the plan of the operations which the English attempted in 1777, and which the battle of Saratoga defeated.

The English had a considerable force in Canada, and in 1776 had completely repulsed an attack which the Americans had made upon that province. The British ministry resolved to avail themselves, in the next year, of the advantage which the occupation of Canada gave them, not merely for the purpose of defence, but for the purpose of striking a vigorous and crushing blow against the revolted colonies. With this view the army in Canada was largely re-enforced. Seven thousand veteran troops were sent out from England, with a corps of artillery abundantly supplied and led by select and experienced officers. Large quantities of military stores were also furnished for the equipment of the Canadian volunteers, who were expected to join the expedition. It was intended that the force thus collected should march southward by the line of the lakes, and thence along the banks of the Hudson River. The British army from New York (or a large detachment of it) was to make a simultaneous movement northward, up the line of the Hudson, and the two expeditions were to unite at Albany, a town on that river. By these operations, all communication between the northern colonies and those of the centre and south would be cut off. An irresistible force would be concentrated, so as to crush all further opposition in New England; and when this was done, it was believed that the other colonies would speedily submit. The Americans had no troops in the field that seemed able to baffle these movements. Their principal army, under Washington, was occupied in watching over Pennsylvania and the South. At any rate, it was believed that, in order to oppose the plan intended for the new campaign, the insurgents must risk a pitched battle, in which the superiority of the Royalists, in numbers, in discipline, and in equipment, seemed to promise to the latter a crowning victory. Without question, the plan was ably formed; and had the success of the execution been equal to the ingenuity of the design, the reconquest or submission of the thirteen United States must in all human probability have followed, and the independence which they proclaimed in 1776 would have been extinguished before it existed a second year. No European power had as yet come forward to aid America. It is true that England was generally regarded with jealousy and ill-will, and was thought to have acquired, at the treaty of Paris, a preponderance of dominion which was perilous to the balance of power; but, though many were willing to wound, none had yet ventured to strike; and America, if defeated in 1777, would have been suffered to fall unaided.

Burgoyne had gained celebrity by some bold and dashing exploits in Portugal during the last war; he was personally as brave an officer as ever headed British troops; he had considerable skill as a tactician; and his general intellectual abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He had several very able and experienced officers under him, among whom were Major-General Philips and Brigadier-General Frazer. His regular troops amounted, exclusively of the corps of artillery, to about 7,200 men, rank and file. Nearly half of these were Germans. He had also an auxiliary force of from two to three thousand Canadians. He summoned the warriors of several tribes of the red Indians near the Western lakes to join his army. Much eloquence was poured forth both in America and in England in denouncing the use of these savage auxiliaries. Yet Burgoyne seems to have done no more than Montcalm, Wolfe, and other French, American, and English generals had done before him. But, in truth, the lawless ferocity of the Indians, their unskilfulness in regular action, and the utter impossibility of bringing them under any discipline, made their services of little or no value in times of difficulty; while the indignation which their outrages inspired went far to rouse the whole population of the invaded districts into active hostilities against Burgoyne's force.

Burgoyne assembled his troops and confederates near the River Bouquet, on the west side of Lake Champlain. He then, on the 21st of June, 1777, gave his red allies a war feast, and harangued them on the necessity of abstaining from their usual cruel practices against unarmed people and prisoners. At the same time, he published a pompous manifesto to the Americans, in which he threatened the refractory with all the horrors of war, Indian as well as European. The army proceeded by water to Crown Point, a fortification which the Americans held at the northern extremity of the inlet, by which the water from Lake George is conveyed to Lake Champlain. He landed here without opposition; but the reduction of Ticonderoga, a fortification about twelve miles to the south of Crown Point, was a more serious matter, and was supposed to be the critical part of the expedition. Ticonderoga commanded the passage along the lakes, and was considered to be the key to the route which Burgoyne wished to follow. The English had been repulsed in an attack on it in the war with the French in 1758 with severe loss. But Burgoyne now invested it with great skill; and the American general, St. Clair, who had only an ill-equipped army of about 3000 men, evacuated it on the

American Rifleman.

5th of July. It seems evident that a different course would have caused the destruction or capture of his whole army, which, weak as it was, was the chief force then in the field for the protection of the New England States. When censured by some of his countrymen for abandoning Ticonderoga, St. Clair truly replied "that he had lost a post, but saved a province." Burgoyne's troops pursued the retiring Americans, gained several advantages over them, and took a large part of their artillery and military stores.

The loss of the British in these engagements was trifling. The army moved southward along Lake George to Skenesborough, and thence, slowly and with great difficulty, across a broken country, full of creeks and marshes, and clogged by the enemy with felled trees and other obstacles, to Fort Edward, on the Hudson River, the American troops continuing to retire before them.

Burgoyne reached the left bank of the Hudson River on the 30th of July. Hitherto he had overcome every difficulty which the enemy and the nature of the country had placed in his way. His army was in excellent order and in the highest spirits, and the peril of the expedition seemed over when they were once on the bank of the river which was to be the channel of communication between them and the British army in the South. But their feelings, and those of the English nation in general when their successes were announced, may best be learned from a contemporary writer. Burke, in the *Annual Register* for 1777, describes them thus:

"Such was the rapid torrent of success, which swept everything away before the Northern army in its onset.

It is not to be wondered at if both officers and private men were highly elated with their good fortune, and deemed that and their prowess to be irresistible; if they regarded their enemy with the greatest contempt; considered their own toils to be nearly at an end; Albany to be already in their hands; and the reduction of the northern provinces to be rather a matter of some time than an arduous task full of difficulty and danger.

"At home, the joy and exultation was extreme; not only at court, but with all those who hoped or wished the unqualified subjugation and unconditional submission of the colonies. The loss in reputation was greater to the Americans, and capable of more fatal consequences, than even that of ground, of posts, of artillery, or of men. All the contemptuous and most degrading charges which had been made by their enemies, of their wanting the resolution and abilities of men, even in their defence of whatever was dear to them, were now repeated and believed. Those who still regarded them as men, and who had not yet lost all affection to them as brethren; who also retained hopes that a happy reconciliation upon constitutional principles, without sacrificing the dignity of the just authority of government on the one side, or a dereliction of the rights of freemen on the other, was not even now impossible, notwithstanding their favorable dispositions in general, could not help feeling upon this occasion that the Americans sunk not a little in their estimation. It was not difficult to diffuse an opinion that the war in effect was over, and that any further resistance could serve only to render the terms of their submission the worse. Such were some of the immediate effects of the loss of those grand keys of North America — Ticonderoga, and the lakes."

The astonishment and alarm which these events produced among the Americans were naturally great; but in the midst of their disasters, none of the colonists showed any disposition to submit. The local governments of the New England States, as well as the Congress, acted with vigor and firmness in their efforts to repel the enemy. General Gates was sent to take the command of the army at Saratoga; and Arnold, a favorite leader of the Americans, was despatched by Washington to act under him, with re-enforcements of troops and guns from the main American army. Burgoyne's employment of the Indians now produced the worst possible effects. Though he labored hard to check the atrocities which they were accustomed to commit, he could not prevent the occurrence of many barbarous outrages, repugnant both to the feelings of humanity and to the laws of civilized warfare. The American commanders took care that the reports of these excesses should be circulated far and wide, well knowing that they would make the stern New Englanders not droop, but rage. Such was their effect; and though, when each man looked upon his wife, his children, his sisters, or his aged parents, the thought of the merciless Indian "thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child," of "the cannibal savage torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating the mangled victims of his barbarous battles," might raise terror in the bravest breasts; this very terror produced a directly contrary effect to causing submission to the royal army. It was seen that the few friends of the royal cause, as well as its enemies, were liable to be the victims of the indiscriminate rage of the savages; and thus "the inhabitants of the open and frontier countries had no choice of acting: they had no means of security left but by abandoning their habitations and taking up arms. Every man saw the necessity of becoming a temporary soldier, not only for his own security, but for the protection and defence of those connections which are dearer than life itself. Thus an army was poured forth by the woods, mountains, and marches, which in this part were thickly sown with plantations and villages. The Americans recalled their courage, and, when their regular army seemed to be entirely wasted, the spirit of the country produced a much greater and more formidable force.

While resolute recruits, accustomed to the use of firearms, and all partially trained by service in the provincial militias, were thus flocking to the standard of Gates and Arnold at Saratoga, and while Burgoyne was engaged at Fort Edward in providing the means for the further advance of his army through the intricate and hostile country that still lay before him, two events occurred, in each of which the British sustained loss and the Americans obtained advantage, the moral effects of which were even more important than the immediate result of the encounters. When Burgoyne left Canada, General St. Leger was detached from that province with a mixed force of about one thousand men and some light field-pieces across Lake Ontario against Fort Stanwix, which the Americans held. After capturing this, he was to march along the Mohawk River to its confluence with the Hudson, between Saratoga and Albany, where his force and that of Burgoyne's were to unite. But, after some successes, St. Leger was obliged to retreat, and to abandon his tents and large quantities of stores to the garrison. At the very time that General Burgoyne heard of this disaster, he experienced one still more severe in the defeat of Colonel Baum, with a large detachment of German troops at Bennington, whither Burgoyne had sent them for the purpose of capturing some magazines of provisions, of which the British army stood greatly in need. The Americans, augmented by continual accessions of strength, succeeded, after many attacks, in breaking this corps, which fled into the woods, and left its commander mortally wounded on the field; then they marched against a force of five hundred grenadiers and light infantry, which was advancing to Colonel Baum's assistance under Lieutenant-Colonel Breyman, who, after a gallant resistance, was obliged to retreat on the main army. The British loss in these two actions exceeded six hundred men; and a party of American Loyalists, on their way to join the army, having attached themselves to Colonel Baum's corps, were destroyed by it.

Notwithstanding these reverses, which added greatly to the spirit and numbers of the American forces, Burgoyne determined to advance. It was impossible any longer to keep up his communications with Canada by way of the lakes, so as to supply his army on his southward march; but having, by unremitting exertions, collected provisions for thirty days, he crossed the Hudson by means of a bridge of rafts, and, marching a short distance along its western bank, he encamped on the 14th of September on the heights of Saratoga, about sixteen miles from Albany. The

Americans had fallen back from Saratoga, and were now strongly posted near Stillwater, about half way between Saratoga and Albany, and showed a determination to recede no further.

Meanwhile Lord Howe, with the bulk of the British army that had lain at New York, had sailed away to the Delaware, and there commenced a campaign against Washington, in which the English general took Philadelphia, and gained other showy but unprofitable successes. But Sir Henry Clinton, a brave and skilful officer, was left with a considerable force at New York, and he undertook the task of moving up the Hudson to co-operate with Burgoyne. Clinton was obliged for this purpose to wait for re-enforcements which had been promised from England, and these did not arrive till September. As soon as he received them, Clinton embarked about three thousand of his men on a flotilla, convoyed by some ships-of-war under Commander Hotham, and proceeded to force his way up the river.

The country between Burgoyne's position at Saratoga and that of the Americans at Stillwater was rugged, and seamed with creeks and water-courses; but, after great labor in making bridges and temporary causeways, the British army moved forward. About four miles from Saratoga, on the afternoon of the 19th of September, a sharp encounter took place between part of the English right wing, under Burgoyne himself, and a strong body of the enemy, under Gates and Arnold. The conflict lasted till sunset. The British remained masters of the field; but the loss on each side was nearly equal (from five to six hundred men); and the spirits of the Americans were greatly raised by having withstood the best regular troops of the English army. Burgoyne now halted again, and strengthened his position by field-works and redoubts; and the Americans also improved their defences. The two armies remained nearly within cannon-shot of each other for a considerable time, during which Burgoyne was anxiously looking for intelligence of the promised expedition from New York, which, according to the original plan, ought by this time to have been approaching Albany from the south. At last a messenger from Clinton made his way, with great difficulty, to Burgoyne's camp, and brought the information that Clinton was on his way up the Hudson to attack the American forts which barred the passage up that river to Albany. Burgoyne, in reply, stated his hopes that the promised co-operation would be speedy and decisive, and added, that unless he received assistance before the 10th of October, he would be obliged to retreat to the lakes through want of provisions.

The Indians and Canadians now began to desert Burgoyne, while, on the other hand, Gates' army was continually re-enforced by fresh bodies of the militia. An expeditionary force was detached by the Americans, which made a bold, though unsuccessful attempt to retake Ticonderoga. And finding the number and spirit of the enemy to increase daily, and his own stores of provisions to diminish, Burgoyne determined on attacking the Americans in front of him, and, by dislodging them from their position, to gain the means of moving upon Albany, or, at least, of relieving his troops from the straitened position in which they were cooped up.

Burgoyne's force was now reduced to less than six thousand men. The right of his camp was on high ground a little to the west of the river; thence his intrenchments extended along the lower ground to the bank of the Hudson, their line being nearly at a right angle with the course of the stream. The lines were fortified in the centre and on the left with redoubts and field-works. The numerical force of the Americans was now greater than the British, even in regular troops, and the numbers of the militia and volunteers which had joined Gates and Arnold were greater still. The right of the American position, that is to say, the part of it nearest to the river, was too strong to be assailed with any prospect of success, and Burgoyne therefore determined to endeavor to force their left. For this purpose he formed a column of fifteen hundred regular troops, with two twelve-pounders, two howitzers, and six six-pounders. He headed this in person, having Generals Philips, Reidesel, and Frazer under him. The enemy's force immediately in front of his lines was so strong that he dared not weaken the troops who guarded them by detaching any more to strengthen his column of attack. The right of the camp was commanded by Generals Hamilton and Spaight; the left part of it was committed to the charge of Brigadier Goll.

It was on the 7th of October that Burgoyne led his column on to the attack; and on the preceding day, the 6th, Clinton had successfully executed a brilliant enterprise against the two American forts which barred his progress up the Hudson. He had captured them both, with severe loss to the American forces opposed to him; he had destroyed the fleet which the Americans had been forming on the Hudson, under the protection of their forts; and the upward river was laid open to his squadron. He was now only a hundred and fifty-six miles distant from Burgoyne, and a detachment of seventeen hundred men actually advanced within forty miles of Albany. Unfortunately, Burgoyne and Clinton were each ignorant of the other's movements; but if Burgoyne had won his battle on the 7th, he must, on advancing, have soon learned the tidings of Clinton's success, and Clinton would have heard of his. A junction would soon have been made of the two victorious armies, and the great objects of the campaign might yet have been accomplished. All depended on the fortune of the column with which Burgoyne, on the eventful 7th of October, 1777, advanced against the American position. There were brave men, both English and German, in its ranks; and, in particular, it comprised one of the best bodies of Grenadiers in the British service.

Burgoyne pushed forward some bodies of irregular troops to distract the enemy's attention, and led his column to within three-quarters of a mile from the left of Gates' camp, and then deployed his men into line. The Grenadiers under Major Ackland were drawn up on the left, a corps of Germans in the centre, and the English Light Infantry and the 24th regiment on the right. But Gates did not wait to be attacked; and directly the British line was formed and began to advance, the American General, with admirable skill, caused a strong force to make a sudden and vehement rush against its left. The Grenadiers under Ackland sustained the charge of superior numbers nobly. But

Gates sent more Americans forward, and in a few minutes the action became general along the centre so as to prevent the Germans from sending any help to the Grenadiers. Burgoyne's right was not yet engaged; but a mass of the enemy were observed advancing from their extreme left, with the evident intention of turning the British right, and cutting off its retreat. The Light Infantry and the 24th now fell back; and formed an oblique second line which enabled them to baffle this manœuvre, and also to succor their comrades in the left wing, the gallant Grenadiers, who were overpowered by superior numbers, and, but for this aid, must have been cut to pieces. Arnold now came up with three American regiments and attacked the right flanks of the English double line. Burgoyne's whole force was soon compelled to retreat toward their camp; the left and centre were in complete disorder; but the Light Infantry and the 24th checked the fury of the assailants, and the remains of Burgoyne's column with great difficulty effected their return to their camp, leaving six of their guns in the possession of the enemy, and great numbers of killed and wounded on the field; and especially a large proportion of the artillery-men, who had stood to their guns until shot down or bayoneted beside them by the advancing Americans.

Hessian Grenadier.

Burgoyne's column had been defeated, but the action was not yet over. The English had scarcely entered the camp, when the Americans, pursuing their success, assaulted it in several places with uncommon fierceness, rushing to the lines through a severe fire of grape-shot and musketry with the utmost fury. Arnold especially, who on this day appeared maddened with the thirst of combat and carnage, urged on the attack against a part of the intrenchments which was occupied by the Light Infantry under Lord Balcarras. But the English received him with vigor and spirit. The struggle here was obstinate and sanguinary. At length, as it grew toward evening, Arnold having forced all obstacles, entered the works with some of the most fearless of his followers. But in this critical moment of glory and danger, he received a painful wound in the same leg which had already been injured at the assault on Quebec. To his bitter regret, he was obliged to be carried back. His party still continued the attack; but the English also continued their obstinate resistance and at last night fell, and the assailants withdrew from this quarter of the British intrenchments. But in another part the attack had been more successful. A body of the Americans, under Colonel Brooke, forced their way in through a part of the intrenchments on the extreme right, which was defended by the German reserve under Colonel Breyman. The Germans resisted well, and Breyman died in defence of his post, but the Americans made good the ground which they had won, and captured baggage, tents, artillery, and a store of ammunition, which they were greatly in need of. They had, by establishing themselves on this point, acquired the means of completely turning the right flank of the British, and gaining their rear. To prevent this calamity, Burgoyne effected during the night a complete change of position. With great skill, he removed his whole army to some heights near the river, a little northward of the former camp, and he there drew up his men, expecting to be attacked on the following day.

General Arnold Wounded.

But Gates was resolved not to risk the certain triumph which his success had already secured for him. He harassed the English with skirmishes, but attempted no regular attack. Meanwhile he detached bodies of troops on both sides of the Hudson to prevent the British from recrossing that river and to bar their retreat. When night fell, it became absolutely necessary for Burgoyne to retire again, and, accordingly, the troops were marched through a stormy and rainy night toward Saratoga, abandoning their sick and wounded, and the greater part of their baggage to the enemy.

Before the rear guard quitted the camp, the last sad honors were paid to the brave General Frazer, who had been mortally wounded on the 7th, and expired on the following day. The funeral of this gallant soldier is thus described by the Italian historian Botta:

"Toward midnight the body of General Frazer was buried in the British camp. His brother officers assembled sadly round while the funeral service was read over the remains of their brave comrade, and his body was committed to the hostile earth. The ceremony, always mournful and solemn of itself, was rendered even terrible by the sense of recent losses, of present and future dangers, and of regret for the deceased. Meanwhile the blaze and roar of the American artillery amid the natural darkness and stillness of the night came on the senses with startling awe. The grave had been dug within range of the enemy's batteries, and while the service was proceeding, a cannon-ball struck the ground close to the coffin, and spattered earth over the face of the officiating chaplain."

Burgoyne now took up his last position on the heights near Saratoga; and hemmed in by the enemy, who refused any encounter, and baffled in all his attempts at finding a path of escape, he there lingered until famine compelled him to capitulate. The fortitude of the

British army during this melancholy period has been justly eulogized by many native historians, but I prefer quoting the testimony of a foreign writer, as free from all possibility of partiality. Botta says:

"It exceeds the power of words to describe the pitiable condition to which the British army was now reduced. The troops were worn down by a series of toil, privation, sickness, and desperate fighting. They were abandoned by the Indians and Canadians, and the effective force of the whole army was now diminished by repeated and heavy losses, which had principally fallen on the best soldiers and the most distinguished officers, from 10,000 combatants to less than one-half that number. Of this remnant little more than 3,000 were English.

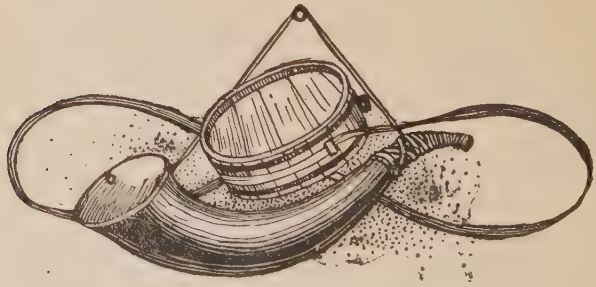
"In these circumstances, and thus weakened, they were invested by an army of four times their own numbers whose position extended three parts of a circle round them, who refused to fight them, as knowing their weakness, and who, from the nature of the ground, could not be attacked in any part. In this helpless condition, obliged to be constantly under arms, while the enemy's cannon played on every part of their camp, and even the American rifle-balls whistled in many parts of the lines, the troops of Burgoyne retained their customary firmness, and, while sinking under a hard necessity, they showed themselves worthy of a better fate. They could not be reproached with an action or a word which betrayed a want of temper or of fortitude."

At length the 13th of October arrived, and as no prospect of assistance appeared, and the provisions were nearly exhausted, Burgoyne, by the unanimous advice of a council of war, sent a messenger to the American camp to treat of a Convention.

General Gates in the first instance demanded that the royal army should surrender prisoners of war. He also proposed that the British should ground their arms. Burgoyne replied, "This article is inadmissible in every extremity; sooner than this army will consent to ground their arms in their encampment, they will rush on the enemy, determined to take no quarter." After various messages, a convention for the surrender of the army was settled which provided that "the troops under General Burgoyne were to march out of their camp with the honors of war, and the artillery of the intrenchments, to the verge of the river, where the arms and artillery were to be left. The arms to be piled by word of command from their own officers. A free passage was to be granted to the army under Lieutenant-General Burgoyne to Great Britain, upon condition of not serving again in North America during the present contest."

The Articles of Capitulation were settled on the 15th of October; and on that very evening a messenger arrived from Clinton with an account of his successes, and with the tidings that part of his force had penetrated as far as Esopus, within fifty miles of Burgoyne's camp. But it was too late. The public faith was pledged; and the army was indeed too debilitated by fatigue and hunger to resist an attack, if made; and Gates certainly would have made it, if the Convention had been broken off. Accordingly, on the 17th, the Convention of Saratoga was carried into effect. By this Convention 5,790 men surrendered themselves as prisoners. The sick and wounded left in the camp when the British retreated to Saratoga, together with the numbers of the British, German and Canadian troops who were killed, wounded or taken, and who had deserted in the preceding part of the expedition, were reckoned to be 4,689.

The British sick and wounded who had fallen into the hands of the Americans after the battle of the 7th were treated with exemplary humanity; and when the Convention was executed, General Gates showed a notable delicacy of feeling, which deserves the highest degree of honor. Every circumstance was avoided which could give the appearance of triumph. The American troops remained within their lines until the British had piled their arms; and when this was done, the vanquished officers and soldiers were received with friendly kindness by their victors, and their immediate wants were promptly and liberally supplied.



FIGHT BETWEEN THE BONHOMME RICHARD AND SERAPIS

1779 A.D.

(From The Navy of the United States.)

By J. F. COOPER.

American Cannonier.

IT was now getting to be dark, and Commodore Jones was compelled to follow the movements of the enemy by the aid of a night glass. It is probable that the obscurity which prevailed added to the indecision of the commander of the Pallas, for from this time until the moon rose, objects at a distance were distinguished with difficulty, and even after the moon appeared, with uncertainty. The Richard, however, stood steadily on, and about half-past seven, she came up with the Serapis, the Scarborough being a short distance to leeward. The American ship was to windward, and as she drew slowly near, Captain Pearson hailed. The answer was equivocal, and both ships delivered their entire broadsides nearly simultaneously. The water being so smooth, Commodore Jones had relied materially on the eighteens that were in the gun-room; but at this discharge two of the six that were fired bursted, blowing up the deck above, and killing or wounding a large proportion of the people that were stationed below. This disaster caused all the heavy guns to be instantly deserted, for the men had no longer sufficient confidence in their goodness to use them. It, at once, reduced the broadside of the Richard to about a third less than that of her opponent, not to include the disadvantage of the manner in which the metal that remained was distributed amongst light guns. In short, the combat was now between a twelve-pounder and an eighteen-pounder frigate; a species of contest in which, it has been said, we know not with what truth, the former has never been known to prevail. Commodore Jones informs us himself, that all his hopes, after this accident, rested on the twelve-pounders that were under the command of his first lieutenant.

JOHN PAUL JONES.

The Richard, having backed her topsails, exchanged several broadsides, when she filled again and shot ahead of the Serapis, which ship luffed across her stern and came up on the weather quarter of her antagonist, taking the wind out of her sails, and, in her turn, passing ahead. All this time, which consumed half an hour, the cannonading was close and furious. The Scarborough now drew near, but it is uncertain whether she fired or not. On the side of the Americans it is affirmed that she raked the Richard at least once; but, by the report of her own commander, it would appear that, on account of the obscurity and the smoke, he was afraid to discharge his guns, not knowing which ship might be the friend, or which the foe. Unwilling to lie by, and to be exposed to shot uselessly, Captain Piercy edged away from the combatants, exchanged a broadside or two, at a great distance, with the Alliance, and shortly afterwards was engaged at close quarters by the Pallas, which ship compelled him to strike, after a creditable resistance of about an hour.

Having disposed of the inferior ships, we can confine ourselves to the principal combatants. As the Serapis kept her luff, sailing and working better than the Richard, it was the intention of Captain Pearson to pay broad off across the latter's forefoot, as soon as he had got far enough ahead; but making the attempt, and finding he had not room, he put his helm hard down to keep clear of his adversary, when the double movement brought the two ships nearly in a line, the Serapis leading. By these uncertain evolutions, the English ship lost some of her way, while the American, having kept her sails trimmed, not only closed, but actually ran aboard of her antagonist, bows on, a little on her weather quarter. The wind being light, much time was consumed in these different manœuvres, and near an hour had elapsed between the firing of the first guns and the moment when the vessels got foul of each other.

The English now thought that it was the intention of the Americans to board them, and a few minutes passed in the uncertainty which such an expectation would create; but the positions of the vessels were not favorable for either party to pass into the opposing ship. There being at this moment a perfect cessation of the firing, Captain Pearson demanded, "Have you struck your colors?" "I have not yet begun to fight," was the answer.

The yards of the Richard were braced aback, and, the sails of the Serapis being full, the ships separated. As soon as far enough asunder, the Serapis put her helm hard down, laid all aback forward, shivered her after-sails, and wore short round on her heel, or was box-hauled, with a view, most probably, of luffing up athwart the bow of her enemy, in order to again rake her. In this position the Richard would have been fighting her starboard, and the Serapis her larboard guns; but Commodore Jones, by this time, was conscious of the hopelessness of success against so much heavier metal, and after having backed astern some distance, he filled on the other tack, luffing up with the intention of meeting the enemy as she came to the wind, and of laying her athwart hawse. In the smoke, one party or the other miscalculated the distance, for the two vessels came foul again, the bowsprit of the English ship passing over the poop of the American. As neither had much way, the collision did but little injury, and Commodore Jones, with his own hands, immediately lashed the enemy's head-gear to his mizzen-mast. The pressure on the after sails of the Serapis, which vessel was nearly before the wind at the time, brought her hull round, and the two ships gradually fell close alongside of each other, head and stern, the jib-boom of the Serapis giving way with the strain. A spare anchor of the English ship now hooked in the quarter of the American, and additional lashings were got out on board the latter to secure her in this position.

Captain Pearson, who was as much aware of his advantage in a regular combat as his opponent could be of his own disadvantage, no sooner perceived the vessels foul, than he dropped an anchor, in the hope that the Richard would drift clear of him. But such an expectation was perfectly futile, as the yards were interlocked, the hulls were pressed close against each other, there were lashings fore and aft, and even the ornamental work aided in holding the ships together. When the cable of the Serapis took the strain, the vessels slowly tended, with the bows of the Serapis and the stern of the Richard to the tide. At this instant the English made an attempt to board, but were repulsed without loss.

All this time the battle raged. The lower ports of the Serapis having been closed, as the vessel swung, to prevent boarding, they were now blown off, in order to allow the guns to be run out; and cases actually occurred in which the rammers had to be thrust into the ports of the opposite ship in order to be entered into the muzzles of their proper guns. It is evident that such a conflict must have been of short duration. In effect, the heavy metal of the Serapis, in one or two discharges, cleared all before it, and the main-deck guns of the Richard were in a great measure abandoned. Most of the people went on the upper-deck, and a great number collected on the forecastle, where they were safe from the fire of the enemy, continuing to fight by throwing grenades and using muskets.

In this stage of the combat, the Serapis was tearing her antagonist to pieces below, almost without resistance from her enemy's batteries, only two guns on the quarter-deck, and three or four of the twelves, being worked at all. To the former, by shifting a gun from the larboard side, Commodore Jones succeeded in adding a third, all of which were used with effect, under his immediate inspection, to the close of the action. He could not muster force enough to get over a second gun. But the combat would now have soon terminated had it not been for the courage and activity of the people aloft. Strong parties had been placed in the tops, and at the end of a short contest, the Americans had driven every man belonging to the enemy below; after which they kept up so animated a fire, on the quarter-deck of the Serapis in particular, as to drive nearly every man off it, that was not shot down.

Thus, while the English had the battle nearly all to themselves below, their enemies had the control above the upper deck. Having cleared the tops of the Serapis, some American seamen lay out on the Richard's main-yard, and began to throw hand-grenades upon the two upper decks of the English ship; the men on the forecastle of their own vessel seconding these efforts, by casting the same combustibles through the ports of the Serapis. At length one man, in particular, became so hardy as to take his post on the extreme end of the yard, whence, provided with a bucket filled with combustibles, and a match, he dropped the grenades with so much precision that one passed through the main-hatchway. The powder-boys of the Serapis had got more cartridges up than were wanted, and, in their hurry, they had carelessly laid a row of them on the main-deck, in a line with the guns. The grenade just mentioned set fire to some loose powder that was lying near, and the flash passed from cartridge to cartridge, beginning abreast of the main-mast and running quite aft.

The effect of this explosion was awful. More than twenty men were instantly killed, many of them being left with nothing on them but the collars and wristbands of their shirts, and the waistbands of their duck trousers ; while the official returns of the ship, a week after the action, show that there were no less than thirty-eight wounded on board, still alive, who had been injured in this manner, and of whom thirty were said to have been then in great danger. Captain Pearson described this explosion as having destroyed nearly all the men at the five or six aftermost guns. On the whole, near sixty of the Serapis' people must have been instantly disabled by this sudden blow.

The advantage thus obtained, by the coolness and intrepidity of the topmen, in a great measure restored the chances of the combat, and, by lessening the fire of the enemy, enabled Commodore Jones to increase his. In the same degree that it encouraged the crew of the Richard, it diminished the hopes of the people of the Serapis. One of the guns under the immediate inspection of Commodore Jones had been pointed some time against the mainmast of his enemy, while the two others had seconded the fire of the tops, with grape and canister. Kept below decks by this double attack, where a scene of frightful horror was present in the agonies of the wounded, and the effects of the explosion, the spirits of the English began to droop, and there was a moment when a trifle would have induced them to submit. From this despondency they were temporarily raised, by one of those unlooked for events that ever accompany the vicissitudes of battle.

After exchanging the ineffective and distant broadsides already mentioned, with the Scarborough, the Alliance had kept standing off and on, to leeward of the two principal ships, out of the direction of their shot, when, about half past eight, she appeared crossing the stern of the Serapis and the bow of the Richard, firing at such a distance as to render it impossible to say which vessel would suffer the most. As soon as she had drawn out of the range of her own guns, her helm was put up, and she ran down near a mile to leeward, hovering about, until the firing had ceased between the Pallas and Scarborough, when she came within hail and spoke both of these vessels. Captain Cottineau of the Pallas earnestly entreated Captain Landais to take possession of his prize, and allow him to go to the assistance of the Richard, or to stretch up to windward in the Alliance himself, and succor the commodore.

After some delay, Captain Landais took the important duty of assisting his consort, into his own hands, and making two long stretches, under his topsails, he appeared, about the time at which we have arrived in the narration of the combat, directly to windward of the two ships, with the head of the Alliance to the westward. Here the latter ship once more opened her fire, doing equal damage at least, to friend and foe. Keeping away a little, and still continuing her fire, the Alliance was soon on the larboard quarter of the Richard, and, it is even affirmed that her guns were discharged until she had got nearly abeam.

Fight between the Bonhomme Richard and Serapis.

Fifty voices now hailed to tell the people of the Alliance that they were firing into the wrong ship, and three lanterns were shown, in a line, on the off side of the Richard, which was the regular signal of recognition for a night action. An officer was directed to hail, and to order Captain Landais to lay the enemy aboard, and the question being put whether the order was comprehended, the answer was in the affirmative.

As the moon had been up some time, it was impossible not to distinguish between the vessels, the Richard being all black, while the Serapis had yellow sides, and the impression seems to have been general in the former vessel, that they had been attacked intentionally. At the discharge of the first guns of the Alliance, the people left one or two of the twelves on board the Richard, which they had begun to fight again, saying that the Englishmen in the Alliance had got possession of the ship, and were helping the enemy. It appears that this discharge dismounted a gun or two, extinguished several lanterns on the main deck, and did a good deal of damage aloft.

The Alliance hauled off to some distance, keeping always on the off side of the Richard, and soon after she re-appeared edging down on the larboard beam of her consort, hauling up athwart the bows of that ship and the stern of her antagonist. On this occasion, it is affirmed that her fire re-commenced, when, by possibility, the shot could only reach the Serapis through the Richard. Ten or twelve men appear to have been killed and wounded on the forecastle of the latter ship, which was crowded at the time, and among them was an officer of the name of Caswell, who, with his dying breath, maintained that he had received his wound by the fire of the friendly vessel.

After crossing the bows of the Richard, and the stern of the Serapis, delivering grape as she passed, the Alliance ran off to leeward, again standing off and on, doing nothing, for the remainder of the combat.

The fire of the Alliance added greatly to the leaks of the Richard, which ship, by this time, had received so much water through the shot-holes, as to begin to settle. It is even affirmed by many witnesses, that the most dangerous shot-holes on board the Richard were under her larboard bow and larboard counter, in places where they could not have been received from the fire of the Serapis. This evidence, however, is not unanswerable, as it has been seen that the Serapis luffed up on the larboard quarter of the Richard in the commencement of the action, and, forging ahead, was subsequently on her larboard bow, endeavoring to cross her fore-foot. It is certainly possible that shot may have struck the Richard in the places mentioned, on these occasions, and that, as the ship settled in the water from other leaks, the holes then made may have suddenly increased the danger. On the other hand, if the Alliance did actually fire while on the bow and quarter of the Richard, as appears by a mass of uncontradicted testimony, the dangerous shot-holes may very well have come from that ship.

Let the injuries have been received from what quarter they might, soon after the Alliance had run to leeward, an alarm was spread in the Richard, that the ship was sinking. Both vessels had been on fire several times, and some difficulty had been experienced in extinguishing the flames, but here was a new enemy to contend with, and as the information came from the carpenter, whose duty it was to sound the pump-wells, it produced a good deal of consternation. The Richard had more than a hundred English prisoners on board, and the master at arms, in the hurry of the moment, let them all up from below, in order to save their lives. In the confusion of such a scene at night, the master of a letter of marque, that had been taken off the north of Scotland, passed through a port of the Richard into one of the Serapis, when he reported to Captain Pearson, that a few minutes would probably decide the battle in his favor, or carry his enemy down, he himself having been liberated in order to save his life. Just at this instant the gunner, who had little to occupy him at his quarters, came on deck, and not perceiving Commodore Jones, or Mr. Dale, both of whom were occupied with the liberated prisoners, and believing the master, the only other superior he had in the ship, to be dead, he ran up on the poop to haul down the colors. Fortunately the flag-staff had been shot away, and, the ensign already hanging in the water, he had no other means of letting his intention to submit be known, than by calling out for quarter. Captain Pearson now hailed to inquire if the Richard demanded quarter, and was answered by Commodore Jones himself, in the negative. It is probable that the reply was not heard, or, if heard, supposed to come from an unauthorized source, for encouraged by what he had learned from the escaped prisoner, by the cry, and by the confusion that prevailed in the Richard, the English captain directed his boarders to be called away, and, as soon as mustered, they were ordered to take possession of the prize. Some of the men actually got on the gunwale of the latter ship, but finding boarders ready to repel boarders, they made a precipitate retreat. All this time, the top-men were not idle, and the enemy were soon driven below again with loss. . . .

The ships were now on fire again, and both parties, with the exception of a few guns on each side, ceased fighting, in order to subdue this dangerous enemy. In the course of the combat, the Serapis is said to have been set on fire no less than twelve times, while, towards its close, the Richard was burning all the while.

As soon as order was restored in the Richard, after the call for quarter, her chances of success began to increase, while the English, driven under cover, almost to a man, appear to have lost, in a great degree, the hope of victory. Their fire materially slackened, while the Richard again brought a few more guns to bear; the mainmast of the Serapis began to totter, and her resistance, in general, to lessen. About an hour after the explosion, or between three hours and three hours and a half after the first gun was fired, and between two hours and two hours and a half after the ships were lashed together, Captain Pearson hauled down the colors of the Serapis with his own hands, the men refusing to expose themselves to the fire of the Richard's tops.

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

1805 A.D.

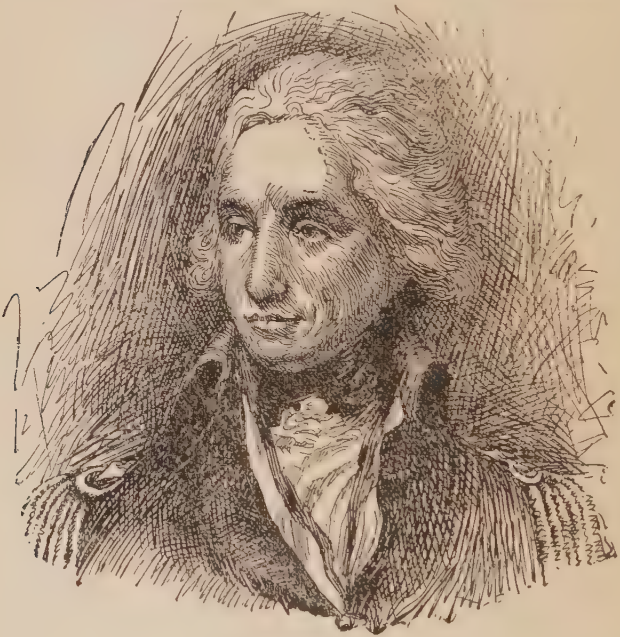
(From The Life of Nelson.)

By ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ABOUT half-past nine in the morning of the 19th the Mars, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates inshore, repeated the signal that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S.S.W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the Victory hove to, and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west, and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port.

A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the Euryalus, telegraphed that they appeared determined to go to the westward. "And that," said the Admiral in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well that all their motions were made known to him, and as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet; for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the Victory's deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board, and the best riflemen that could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese and little did the Spaniards at that day imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the Dreadnought, with two other line-of-battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also, and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west — light breezes with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines, and the fleet set all sail. Colling-



Nelson.

wood, in the Royal Sovereign, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the Victory led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin and wrote the following prayer:—

"May the great God whom I worship grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it, and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me, and may His blessing alight on my endeavors for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen."

Having thus discharged his devotional duties, he annexed in the same diary, the following remarkable writing:—

"*October 21st, 1805—Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.*

"Whereas, the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my king and my country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our king or country.

"First, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the Ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleet. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered:

"Secondly, the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleet's being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply, went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet.

"Could I have rewarded these services, I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton therefore a legacy to my king and country, that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

"I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson, and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

"These are the only favours I ask of my king and country at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention; they will of course be amply provided for.

"NELSON AND BRONTE.

"Witness { HENRY BLACKWOOD.
T. M. HARDY."

The child of whom this writing speaks was believed to be his daughter, and so indeed he called her the last time he pronounced her name. She was then about five years old, living at Merton under Lady Hamilton's care. The last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton were employed in praying over this child as she lay sleeping. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin; and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with devoter reverence. The undisguised and romantic passion with which he regarded it amounted almost to superstition; and when the portrait was now taken down, in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her also next his heart.

Blackwood went on board the Victory about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which he gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman, worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of defence was as well conceived and as original as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line, every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language or even the memory of England shall endure — Nelson's last signal: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY!" It was received throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehension by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other, and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honor I gained them," he had said when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honor I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure from speaking to him himself upon a subject in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned; but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible, and he consented at last to let the Leviathan and the Temeraire, which were sailing abreast of the Victory, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of his noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the Victory continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the Bay of Cadiz. Our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the southwest. The sun shone on the sails of the enemy, and their well-formed line, with their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable, but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendor of the spectacle, and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead!

The French admiral, from the Bucentaure, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing— Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the Victory, and across her bows, fired single guns at her to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him he desired Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the Sirius, to repair to their respective frigates, and on their way to tell all the captains of the line-of-battle ships that he depended on their exertions, and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, "God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never see you again."

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape into Cadiz. The lee line, therefore was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the Royal Sovereign, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the Santa Anna, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side; "see how that noble fellow Collingwood carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain and exclaimed: "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the Victory to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was, and was told in reply that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham, led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying, "Look, yonder are the enemy!" bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the Victory till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-topgallant-sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them. Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colors till late in the action, when they began to feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason the Santissima Trinidad, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks, and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the Victory to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the Victory. The Admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell; he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair, of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavored to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott, but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them, upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his

The Battle of Trafalgar.

foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other; each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said: "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The Victory had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-topmast, with all her studding-sails and their booms, shot away. Nelson declared that in all his battles he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships; Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy, it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the Victory ran on board the Redoubtable just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside, then instantly let down her lower-deck ports for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice, not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer and a commander now and then picked off, but which never can decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the Temeraire, fell on board the Redoubtable on the other side; another enemy was in like manner on board the Temeraire; so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads all lying the same way. The lieutenants of the Victory, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the Temeraire; and because there was danger that the Redoubtable might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged he dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the Victory from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the Bucentaure and the huge Santissima Trinidad.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the Redoubtable, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which in the then situation of the two vessels was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw three men raising him up. "They have done for me at last, Hardy," said he.

"I hope not!" cried Hardy. "Yes," he replied, "my back-bone is shot through!" Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed as they were carrying him down the ladder that the tiller-ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honor from the enemy, England perhaps would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar.

Death of Nelson.

The cockpit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmen's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back and the gush of blood he felt momently within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him, and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "for," said he, "you can do nothing for me." All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck the crew of the Victory hurrahed, and at every hurrah a visible expression of joy gleamed in the eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy, and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried: "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!" An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence; Hardy in vain struggling to express the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" — "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of the van have tacked, and show an intention to bear down upon the Victory. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." — "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied, "it is impossible; my back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then once more shook hands with him, and with a heart almost bursting hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast" — putting his hand on his left side — "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied: So great that he wished he was dead. "Yet," said he in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation?" Next to his country she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned, and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly; but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well!" cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then in a stronger voice he said: "Anchor, Hardy, anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavoring to raise himself from the bed; "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice: "Don't throw me overboard;" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek, and Nelson said: "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty!" Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied: "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck, for I shall soon be gone." Death was indeed rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner." And after a short pause: "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult, but he was distinctly heard to say: "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he repeatedly pronounced, and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

Within a quarter of an hour after Nelson was wounded about fifty of the Victory's men fell by the enemy's musketry. They, however, on their part were not idle, and it was not long before there were only two Frenchmen left alive in the mizzen-top of the Redoubtable. One of them was the man who had given the fatal wound — he did not live to boast of what he had done. An old quartermaster had seen him fire, and easily recognized him because he wore a glazed cocked-hat and a white frock. This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the Victory's poop; the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he, that's he!" and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize they went into the mizzen-top and found him dead, with one ball through his head and another through his breast.

The Redoubtable struck within twenty minutes after the fatal shot had been fired from her. During that time she had been twice on fire — in her forechains and in her forecastle. The French, as they had done in other battles, made use in this of fireballs and other combustibles; implements of destruction which other nations, from a sense of honor and humanity, have laid aside, which add to the sufferings of the wounded without determining the issue of the combat, which none but the cruel would employ, and which never can be successful against the brave. Once they succeeded in setting fire, from the Redoubtable, to some ropes and canvas on the Victory's booms. The cry ran through the ship and reached the cockpit, but even this dreadful cry produced no confusion; the men displayed that perfect self-possession in danger by which English seamen are characterized; they extinguished the flames on board their own ship, and then hastened to extinguish them in the enemy by throwing buckets of water from the gangway. When the Redoubtable had struck it was not practicable to board her from the Victory; for though the two ships touched, the upper works of both fell in so much that there was a great space between their gangways, and she could not be boarded from the lower or middle decks because her ports were down. Some of our men went to Lieutenant Quilliam and offered to swim under her bows, and get up there, but it was thought unfit to hazard brave lives in this manner.

What our men would have done from gallantry some of the crew of the Santissima Trinidad did to save themselves. Unable to stand the tremendous fire of the Victory, whose larboard guns played against this great four-decker, and not knowing how else to escape them, nor where else to betake themselves for protection, many of them leapt overboard and swam to the Victory, and were actually helped up her sides by the English during the action. The Spaniards began the battle with less vivacity than their unworthy allies, but continued it with greater firmness. The Argonauta and Bahama were defended till they had each lost about four hundred men; the San Juan Nepomuceno lost three hundred and fifty. Often as the superiority of British courage has been proved against France upon the seas, it was never more conspicuous than in this decisive conflict. Five of our ships were engaged muzzle to muzzle with five of the French. In all five the Frenchmen lowered their lower deck ports and deserted their guns, while our men continued deliberately to load and fire till they had made the victory secure.

Once, amidst his sufferings, Nelson had expressed a wish that he were dead; but immediately the spirit subdued the pains of death, and he wished to live a little longer — doubtless that he might hear the completion of the victory which he had seen so gloriously begun. That consolation, that joy, that triumph was afforded him. He lived to know that the victory was decisive, and the last guns which were fired at the flying enemy were heard a minute or two before he expired.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

1815 A.D.

(From The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.)

By SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Grenadier of the Guard.

THE scene of this celebrated action must be familiar to most readers, either from description or recollection. The English army occupied a chain of heights, extending from a ravine and village, termed Merke Braine, on the right, to a hamlet called Ter la Haye, on the left. Corresponding to this chain of heights there runs one somewhat parallel to them, on which the French were posted. A small valley winds between them of various breadth at different points, but not generally exceeding half a mile. The declivity on either side into the valley has varied, but on the whole was a gentle slope, diversified by a number of undulating irregularities of ground. The field is crossed by two high-roads, or causeways, both leading to Brussels, — one from Charleroi through Quatre Bras and Genappe, by which the British army had just retreated, and another from Nivelles. These roads traverse the valley, and meet behind the village of Mont St. Jean, which was in the rear of the British army. The farm-house of Mont St. Jean, which must be carefully distinguished from the hamlet, was much closer to the rear of the British than the latter. On the Charleroi causeway, in front of the line, there is another farm-house, called La Haye Sainte, situated nearly at the foot of the declivity leading into the valley. On the opposite chain of eminences, a village called La Belle Alliance gives name to the range of heights. It exactly fronts Mont St. Jean, and these two points formed the respective centres of the French and English positions. An old-fashioned Flemish villa called Goumont, or Hougomont, stood in the midst of the valley, surrounded with gardens, offices, and a wood, about two acres in extent, of tall beech trees. Behind the heights of Mont St. Jean, the ground again sinks into a hollow, which served to afford some sort of shelter to the second line of the British. In the rear of this second valley, is the great and extensive forest of Soignes, through which runs the causeway to Brussels. On that road, two miles in the rear of the British army, is placed the small town of Waterloo. . . .

The Duke of Wellington.

It was three o'clock on the afternoon of the 17th, when the British came on the field, and took up their bivouac for the night in the order of battle in which they were to fight the next day. It was much later before Napoleon reached the heights of Belle Alliance in person, and his army did not come up in full force till the morning of the 18th. Great part of the French had passed the night in the little village of Genappe, and Napoleon's own quarters had been at the farmhouse called Caillou, about a mile in the rear of La Belle Alliance.

In the morning, when Napoleon had formed his line of battle, his brother Jerome, to whom he ascribed the possession of very considerable military talents, commanded on the left — Counts Reille and D'Erlon the centre — and Count Lobau on the right. Mareschals Soult and Ney acted as lieutenant-generals to the Emperor. The French force on the field consisted probably of about 75,000 men. The English army did not exceed that number, at the highest computation. Each army was commanded by the chief, under whom they had offered to defy the world. So far the forces were equal. But the French had the very great advantage of being trained and experienced soldiers of the same nation, whereas the English in the Duke of Wellington's army, did not exceed 35,000; and although the German Legion were veteran troops, the other soldiers under his command were those of the German contingents, lately levied, unaccustomed to act together, and in some instances suspected to be lukewarm to the cause in which they were engaged; so that it would have been imprudent to trust more to their assistance and co-operation than could possibly be avoided. In Bonaparte's mode of calculating, allowing one Frenchman to stand as equal to one Englishman, and one Englishman or Frenchman against two of any other nation, the inequality of force on the Duke of Wellington's side was very considerable.

The British army thus composed, was divided into two lines. The right of the first line consisted of the second and fourth English divisions, the third and sixth Hanoverians, and the first corps of Belgians, under Lord Hill. The centre was composed of the corps of the Prince of Orange, with the Brunswickers and troops of Nassau, having the Guards, under General Cooke, on the right, and the division of General Alten on the left. The left wing consisted of the divisions of Picton, Lambert, and Kempt. The second line was in most instances formed of the troops deemed least worthy of confidence, or which had suffered too severely in the action of the 16th to be again exposed until extremity. It was placed behind the declivity of the heights to the rear, in order to be sheltered from the cannonade, but sustained much loss from shells during the action. The cavalry were stationed in the rear, distributed all along the line, but chiefly posted on the left of the centre, to the east of the Charleroi causeway. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, in front of the centre, was garrisoned, but there was not time to prepare it effectually for defence. The villa, gardens, and farm-yard of Hougomont, formed a strong advanced post towards the centre of the right. The whole British position formed a sort of curve, the centre of which was nearest to the enemy, and the extremities, particularly on their right, drawn considerably backward.

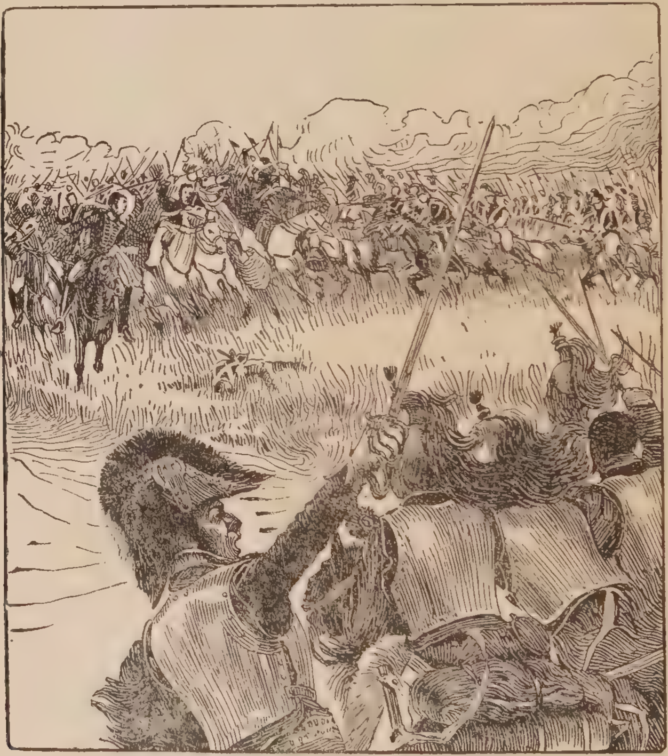
The plans of these two great generals were extremely simple. The object of the Duke of Wellington was to maintain his line of defence, until the Prussians coming up, should give him a decided superiority of force. They were expected about eleven or twelve o'clock; but the extreme badness of the roads, owing to the violence of the storm, detained them several hours later.

Napoleon's scheme was equally plain and decided. He trusted, by his usual rapidity of attack, to break and destroy the British army before the Prussians should arrive on the field; after which, he calculated to have an opportunity of destroying the Prussians, by attacking them on their march through the broken ground interposed betwixt them and the British. In these expectations he was the more confident, that he believed Grouchy's force, detached on the 17th in pursuit of Blücher, was sufficient to retard, if not altogether to check, the march of the Prussians. His grounds for entertaining this latter opinion, were, as we shall afterwards show, too hastily adopted.

Commencing the action according to his usual system, Napoleon kept his Guard in reserve, in order to take opportunity of charging with them, when repeated attacks of column after column, and squadron after squadron, should induce his wearied enemy to show some symptoms of irresolution. But Napoleon's movements were not very rapid. His army had suffered by the storm even more than the English, who were in bivouac at three in the afternoon of the 17th June;

while the French were still under march, and could not get into line on the heights of La Belle Alliance until ten or eleven o'clock of the 18th. The English army had thus some leisure to take food, and to prepare their arms before the action; and Napoleon lost several hours ere he could commence the attack. Time was, indeed, inestimably precious for both parties, and hours, nay, minutes, were of importance. But of this Napoleon was less aware than was the Duke of Wellington.

The tempest, which had raged with tropical violence all night, abated in the morning; but the weather continued gusty and stormy during the whole day. Betwixt eleven and twelve, before noon, on the memorable 18th June, this dreadful and decisive action commenced, with a cannonade on the part of the French, instantly followed by an attack, commanded by Jerome, on the advanced post of Hougomont. The troops of Nassau, which occupied the wood around the chateau, were driven out by the French, but the utmost efforts of the assailants were unable to force the house, garden, and farm-offices, which a party of the Guards sustained with the most dauntless resolution. The French redoubled their efforts, and precipitated themselves in numbers on the exterior hedge, which screens the garden wall, not perhaps aware of the internal defence afforded by the latter. They fell in great numbers on this point by the fire of the defenders, to which they were exposed in every direction. The number of their troops, however, enabled them, by possession of the wood, to mask Hougomont for a time, and to push on with their cavalry and artillery against the British right, which formed in squares to receive them. The fire was incessant, but without apparent advantage on either side. The attack was at length repelled so far that the British again opened their communication with Hougomont, and that important garrison was reinforced by Colonel Hepburn and a body of the Guards.



The French Cuirassiers and the English Cavalry.

Meantime, the fire of artillery having become general along the line, the force of the French attack was transferred to the British centre. It was made with the most desperate fury, and received with the most stubborn resolution. The assault was here made upon the farm-house of Saint Jean by four columns of infantry, and a large mass of cuirassiers, who took the advance. The cuirassiers came with the utmost intrepidity along the Genappe causeway, where they were encountered and charged by the English heavy cavalry; and a combat was maintained at the sword's-point, till the French were driven back on their own position, where they were protected by their artillery. The four columns of French infantry, engaged in the same attack, forced their way forward beyond the farm of La Haye Sainte, and, dispersing a Belgian regiment, were in the act of establishing themselves in the centre of the British position, when they were attacked by the brigade of General Pack, brought up from the second line by General Picton, while, at the same time, a brigade of British heavy cavalry wheeled round their own infantry, and attacked the French charging columns in flank, at the moment when they were checked by the fire of the musketry. The results were decisive. The French columns were broken with great slaughter, and two eagles, with more than two thousand men, were made prisoners. The latter were sent instantly off for Brussels.

The British cavalry, however, followed their success too far. They got involved amongst the French infantry, and some hostile cavalry which were detached to support them, and were obliged to retire with considerable loss. In this part of the action, the gallant General Picton, so distinguished for enterprise and bravery, met his death, as did General Ponsonby, who commanded the cavalry.

About this period the French made themselves masters of the farm of La Haye Sainte, cutting to pieces about two hundred Hanoverian sharp-shooters, by whom it was most gallantly defended. The French retained this post for some time, till they were at last driven out of it by shells.

Shortly after this event, the scene of conflict again shifted to the right, where a general attack of French cavalry was made on the squares, chiefly towards the centre of the British right, or between that and the causeway. They came up with the most dauntless resolution, in despite of the continued fire of thirty pieces of artillery, placed in front of the line, and compelled the artillerymen, by whom they were served, to retreat within the squares. The enemy had no means, however, to secure the guns, or even to spike them, and at every favorable moment the British artillerymen sallied from their place of refuge, again manned their pieces, and fired on the assailants, — a manœuvre which seems peculiar to the British service. The cuirassiers, however, continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in the full confidence, apparently, of sweeping them before the impetuosity of their charge. Their onset and reception was like a furious ocean pouring itself against a chain of insulated rocks. The British squares stood unmoved, and never gave fire until the cavalry were within ten yards, when men rolled one way, horses galloped another, and the cuirassiers were in every instance driven back.

The French authors have pretended, that squares were broken, and colors taken; but this assertion, upon the united testimony of every British officer present, is

Charge of the French Cuirassiers.

a positive untruth. This was not, however, the fault of the cuirassiers, who displayed an almost frantic valor. They rallied again and again, and returned to the onset, till the British could recognize even the faces of individuals among their enemies. Some rode close up to the bayonets, fired their pistols, and cut with their swords with reckless and useless valor. Some stood at

BONAPARTE.

gaze, and were destroyed by the musketry and artillery. Some squadrons, passing through the intervals of the first line, charged the squares of Belgians posted there, with as little success. At length the cuirassiers suffered so severely on every hand, that they were compelled to abandon the attempt, which they had made with such intrepid and desperate courage. In this unheard-of struggle, the greater part of the French heavy cavalry were absolutely destroyed. Bonaparte hints at it in his bulletin as an attempt made without orders, and continued only by the desperate courage of the soldiers and their officers. It is certain, that in the destruction of this noble body of cuirassiers, he lost the corps which might have been most effectual in covering his retreat. After the broken remains of this fine cavalry were drawn off, the French confined themselves for a time to a heavy cannonade, from which the British sheltered themselves in part by lying down on the ground, while the enemy prepared for an attack on another quarter, and to be conducted in a different manner.

It was now about six o'clock, and during this long succession of the most furious attacks, the French had gained no success, save occupying for a time the wood around Hougomont, from which they had been expelled, and the farm-house of La Haye Sainte, which had been also recovered. The British, on the other hand, had suffered very severely, but had not lost one inch of ground, save the two posts now regained. Ten thousand men were, however, killed and wounded; some of the foreign regiments had given way, though others had shown the most desperate valor. And the ranks were thinned, both by the actual fugitives, and by the absence of individuals, who left the bloody field for the purpose of carrying off the wounded, and some of whom might naturally be in no hurry to return to so fatal a scene.

But the French, besides losing about fifteen thousand men, together with a column of prisoners more than two thousand in number, began now to be disturbed by the operations of the Prussians on their right flank; and the secret of the Duke of Wellington was disclosing itself by its consequences. Blücher, faithful to his engagement, had, early in the morning, put in motion Bülow's division, which had not been engaged at Ligny, to communicate with the English army, and operate a diversion on the right flank and rear of the French. But although there were only about twelve or fourteen miles between Wavre and the field of Waterloo, yet the march was, by unavoidable circumstances, much delayed. The rugged face of the country, together with the state of the roads, so often referred to, offered the most serious obstacles to the progress of the Prussians, especially as they moved with an unusually large train of artillery. A fire, also, which broke out in Wavre, on the morning of the 18th, prevented Bülow's corps from marching through that town, and obliged them to pursue a circuitous and inconvenient route. After traversing, with great difficulty, the cross-roads by Chapelle Lambert, Bülow, with the 4th Prussian corps, who had been expected by the Duke of Wellington about eleven o'clock, announced his arrival by a distant fire, about half-past four. The first Prussian corps, following the same route with Bülow, was yet later in coming up. The second division made a lateral movement in the same direction as the fourth and first, but by the hamlet of Ohain, nearer to the English flank. The Emperor instantly opposed to Bülow, who appeared long before the others, the 6th French corps, which he had kept in reserve for that service; and as only the advanced-guard was come up, they succeeded in keeping the Prussians in check for the moment. The first and second Prussian corps appeared on the field still later than the fourth. The third corps had put themselves in motion to follow in the same direction, when they were furiously attacked by the French under Mareschal Grouchy, who, as already stated, was detached to engage the attention of Blücher, whose whole force he believed he had before him.

Instead of being surprised, as an ordinary general might have been, with this attack upon his rear, Blücher contented himself with sending back orders to Thielman who commanded the third corps, to defend himself as well as he could upon the line of the Dyle. In the meantime, without weakening the army under his own command, by detaching any part of it to support Thielman, the veteran rather hastened than suspended his march towards the field of battle, where he was aware that the war was likely to be decided in a manner so complete, as would leave victory or defeat on every other point a matter of subordinate consideration.

At half-past six, or thereabouts, the second grand division of the Prussian army began to enter into communication with the British left, by the village of Ohain, while Bülow pressed forward from Chapelle Lambert on the French right and rear, by a hollow or valley called Frischemont. It became now evident that the Prussians were to enter seriously into the battle, and with great force. Napoleon had still the means of opposing them, and of achieving a retreat, at the certainty, however, of being attacked upon the ensuing day by the combined armies of Britain and Prussia. His celebrated Guard had not yet taken any part in the conflict, and would now have been capable of affording him protection after a battle, which hitherto he had fought at disadvantage, but without being defeated. But the circumstances by which he was surrounded must have pressed on his mind at once. He had no succors to look for; a reunion with Grouchy was the only resource which could strengthen his forces; the Russians were advancing upon the Rhine with forced marches; the Republicans at Paris were agitating schemes against his authority. It seemed as if all must be decided on that day, and on that field. Surrounded by these ill-omened circumstances, a desperate effort for victory, ere the Prussians could act effectually, might perhaps yet drive the English from their position; and he determined to venture on this daring experiment.

About seven o'clock, Napoleon's Guard were formed in two columns, under his own eye, near the bottom of the declivity of La Belle Alliance. They were put under command of the dauntless Ney. Bonaparte told the soldiers, and indeed imposed the same fiction on their commander, that the Prussians whom they saw on the right were retreating before Grouchy. Perhaps he might himself believe that this was true. The Guard answered for the last time, with shouts of *Vive* *l'Empereur*, and moved resolutely forward, having for their support four battalions of the Old Guard in reserve, who stood prepared to protect the advance of their comrades. A gradual change had taken place in the English line of battle, in consequence of the repeated repulse of the French. Advancing by slow degrees, the right, which, at the beginning of the conflict, presented a segment of a convex circle, now resembled one that was concave, the extreme right, which had been thrown back, being now rather brought forward, so that their fire both of artillery and infantry fell upon the flank of the French, who had also to sustain that which was poured on their front from the heights. The British were arranged in a line of four men deep, to meet the advancing columns of the French Guard, and poured upon them a storm of musketry which never ceased an instant. The soldiers fired independently, as it is called; each man loading and discharging his piece as fast as he could. At length the British moved forward, as if to close round the heads of the columns, and at the same time continued to pour their shot upon the enemy's flanks. The French gallantly attempted to deploy, for the purpose of returning the discharge. But in their effort to do so, under so dreadful a fire, they stopt, staggered, became disordered, were blended into one mass, and at length gave way, retiring, or rather flying, in the utmost confusion. This was the last effort of the enemy, and Napoleon gave orders for the retreat; to protect which, he had now no troops left, save the last four battalions of the Old Guard, which had been stationed in the rear of the attacking columns. These threw themselves into squares, and stood firm. But at this moment the Duke of Wellington commanded the whole British line to advance, so that whatever the bravery and skill of these gallant veterans, they also were thrown into disorder, and swept away in the general rout, in spite of the efforts of Ney, who, having had his horse killed, fought sword in hand, and on foot, in the front of the battle, till the very last. That Mareschal, whose military virtues at least cannot be challenged, bore personal evidence against two circumstances, industriously circulated by the friends of Napoleon. One of these fictions occurs in his own bulletin, which charges the loss of the battle to a panic fear, brought about by the treachery of some unknown persons, who raised the cry of "*Sauve qui peut.*" Another figment, greedily credited at Paris, was, that the four battalions of the Old Guard, the last

Marshal Ney.

who maintained the semblance of order, answered a summons to surrender, by the magnanimous reply, "The Guard can die, but cannot yield." And one edition of the story adds, that thereupon the battalions made a half wheel inwards, and discharged their muskets into each other's bosoms, to save themselves from dying by the hands of the English. Neither the original reply, nor the pretended self-sacrifice of the Guard, has the slightest foundation. Cambronne, in whose mouth the speech was placed, gave up his own sword, and remained prisoner; and the military conduct of the French Guard is better eulogized by the undisputed truth, that they fought to extremity, with the most unyielding constancy, than by imputing to them an act of regimental suicide upon the lost field of battle. Every attribute of brave men they have a just right to claim. It is no compliment to ascribe to them that of madmen. Whether the words were used by Cambronne or no, the Guard well deserved to have them inscribed on their monument.

Whilst this decisive movement took place, Bülow, who had concentrated his troops, and was at length qualified to act in force, carried the village of Planchenoit in the French rear, and was now firing so close on their right wing, that the cannonade annoyed the British who were in pursuit, and was suspended in consequence. Moving in oblique lines, the British and Prussian armies came into contact with each other on the heights so lately occupied by the French, and celebrated the victory with loud shouts of mutual congratulation.

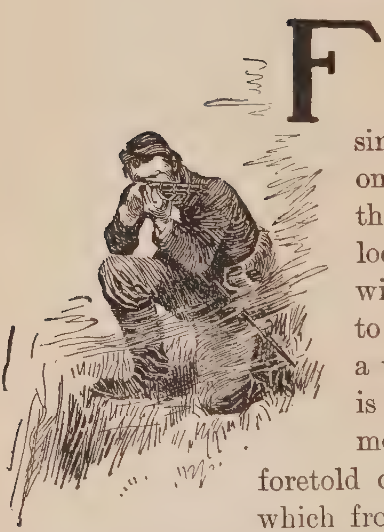
The French army was now in total and inextricable confusion and rout; and when the victorious generals met at the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, it was agreed that the Prussians, who were fresh in comparison, should follow up the chase, a duty for which the British, exhausted by the fatigues of a battle of eight hours, were totally inadequate.

THE STORY OF ANTIETAM

1862 A.D.

By GEORGE W. SMALLEY.

Battle-Field of Antietam,
Wednesday Evening, Sept. 17, 1862.



FIERCE and desperate battle has raged between two hundred thousand men since daylight, yet night closes on an uncertain field. It is the greatest fight since Waterloo, all over the field contested with an obstinacy equal even to Waterloo. If not wholly a victory to-night, I believe it is the prelude to a victory to-morrow. But what can be foretold of the future of a fight in which from five in the morning till seven at night the best troops of the continent have fought without decisive result? . . .

The battle began with the dawn. Morning found both armies just as they had slept, almost close enough to look into each other's eyes. The left of Meade's reserves and the right of Ricketts' line became engaged at nearly the same moment, one with artillery, the other with infantry. A battery was almost immediately pushed forward beyond the central woods, over a ploughed field, near the top of the slope where the cornfield began. On this open field, in the corn beyond, and in the woods, which stretched forward into the broad fields, like a promontory into the ocean, were the hardest and deadliest struggles of the day.

For half an hour after the battle had grown to its full strength, the line of fire swayed neither way. Hooker's men were fully up to their work. They saw their General everywhere in front, never away from the fire; and all the troops believed in their commander, and fought with a will. Two thirds of them were the same men who, under McDowell, had broken at Manassas.

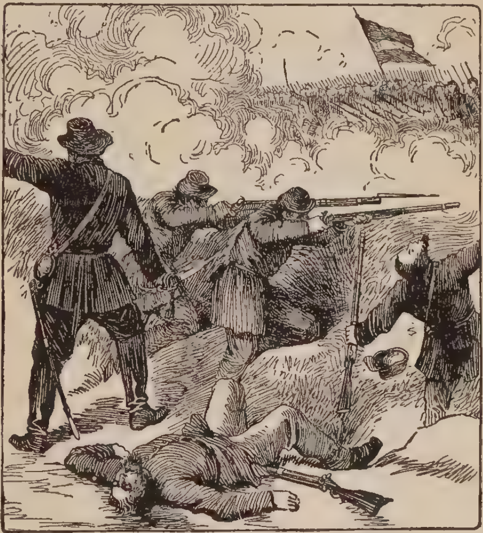
The half hour passed; the rebels began to give way a little — only a little; but at the first indication of a receding fire, Forward, was the word, and on went the line with a cheer and a rush. Back across the cornfield, leaving dead and wounded behind them, over the fence, and across the road, and then back again into the dark woods, which closed around them, went the retreating rebels.

Meade and his Pennsylvanians followed hard and fast — followed till they came within easy range of the woods, among which they saw their beaten enemy disappearing — followed still, with another cheer, and flung themselves against the cover.

But out of those gloomy woods came suddenly and heavily terrible volleys — volleys which smote, and bent, and broke in a moment that eager front, and hurled them swiftly back for half the distance they had won. Not swiftly, nor in panic, any farther. Closing up their shattered lines, they came slowly away; a regiment where a brigade had been; hardly a brigade where a whole division had been victorious. They had met at the woods the first volleys of musketry from fresh troops — had met them and returned them till their line had yielded and gone down before the weight of fire, and till their ammunition was exhausted.

In ten minutes the fortune of the day seemed to have changed; it was the "rebels" now who were advancing, pouring out of the woods in endless lines, sweeping through the cornfield from which their comrades had just fled. Hooker sent in his nearest brigade to meet them, but it could not do the work. He called for another. There was nothing close enough, unless he took it from his right. His right might be in danger if it was weakened; but his centre was already threatened with annihilation. Not hesitating one moment, he sent to Doubleday, "Give me your best brigade instantly." The best brigade came down the hill to the right on the run, went through the timber in front, through a storm of shot and bursting shell, and crashing limbs, over the open field beyond, and straight into the cornfield, passing, as they went, the fragments of three brigades shattered by the "rebel" fire, and streaming to the rear. They passed by Hooker, whose eyes lighted as he saw these veteran troops, led by a soldier whom he knew he could trust. "I think they will hold it," he said.

General Hartsuff took his troops very steadily, but, now that they were under fire, not hurriedly, up the hill from which the cornfield begins to descend, and formed them on the crest. Not a man who was not in full view; not one who bent before the storm. Firing at first in volleys, they fired then at will with wonderful rapidity and effect. The whole line crowned the hill, and stood out darkly against the sky, but lighted and shrouded over in flame and smoke. They were the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts, and another regiment which I cannot remember, — old troops, all of them.


There They Held the Ridge.

There for half an hour they held the ridge, unyielding in purpose, exhaustless in courage. There were gaps in the line, but it nowhere bent. Their General was severely wounded early in the fight, but they fought on. Their supports did not come: they determined to win without them. They began to go down the hill and into the corn; they did not stop to think that their ammunition was nearly gone; they were there to win that field, and they won it. The "rebel" line for the second time fled through the corn and into the woods. I cannot tell how few of Hartsuff's brigade were left when the work was done, but it was done. There was no more gallant, determined, heroic fighting in all this desperate day. General Hartsuff is very severely wounded; but I do not believe he counts his success too dearly purchased.

The crisis of the fight at this point had arrived. Ricketts' division, vainly endeavoring to advance, and exhausted by the effort, had fallen back. Part of Mansfield's corps was ordered into their relief; but Mansfield's troops came back again and their General was mortally wounded. The left nevertheless was too extended to be turned, and too strong to be broken. Ricketts sent word he could not advance, but could hold his ground. Doubleday had kept his guns at work on the right, and had finally silenced a rebel battery that for half an hour had poured in a galling enfilading fire along Hooker's central line. There were woods in front of Doubleday's Hill which the rebels held, but so long as those guns pointed towards them they did not care to attack.

With his left, then, able to take care of itself, with his right impregnable, with two brigades of Mansfield still fresh and coming rapidly up, and with his centre a second time victorious, General Hooker determined to advance. Orders were sent to Crawford and Gordon — the two Mansfield brigades — to move forward at once; the batteries in the centre were ordered to advance. The whole line was called on, and the General himself went forward.

To the right of the cornfield and beyond it was a point of woods. Once carried and firmly held, it was the key of the position. Hooker determined to take it. He rode out in front of his farthest troops on a hill to examine the ground for a battery. At the top he dismounted and went forward on foot, completed his reconnoissance, returned, and remounted. The musketry fire from the point of woods was all the while extremely hot. As he put his foot in the stirrup a fresh volley of rifle bullets came whizzing by. The tall, soldierly figure of the General, the white horse which he rode, the elevated place where he was, all made him a most dangerously conspicuous mark. So he had been all day, riding often without a staff officer or an orderly near him, — all sent off on urgent duty, — visible everywhere on the field. The "rebel" bullets had followed him all day, but they had not hit him, and he would not regard them.

Remounting on this hill, he had barely ridden five steps when he was struck in the foot by a ball. Three men were shot down at the same moment by his side. The air was alive with bullets. He kept on his horse a few minutes, though the wound was severe and excessively painful, and would not dismount until he had given his last order to advance. He was himself in the very front. Swaying unsteadily on his horse, he turned in his seat to look about him. "There is a regiment to the right: order it forward! Crawford and Gordon are coming up. Tell them to carry those woods, and hold them — and it is our fight!"

It was found that the bullet had passed completely through his foot. The surgeon, who examined it on the spot, could give no opinion whether bones were broken; but it was afterwards ascertained that though grazed they were not fractured. Of course the severity of the wound made it impossible for him to keep the field, which he believed already won, so far as it belonged to him to win it. It was nine o'clock. The fight had been furious since five. A large part of his command was broken, but with his right still untouched, and with Crawford's and Gordon's brigades just up, above all, with the advance of the whole central line, which the men had heard ordered with cheers, and with a regiment already on the edge of the woods he wanted, he might well leave the field, thinking the battle was won — that *his* battle was won, for I am writing only about the attack on the rebel left.

I see no reason why I should disguise my admiration of General Hooker's bravery and soldierly ability. Remaining nearly all the morning on the right, I could not help seeing the sagacity and promptness of his movements, how completely his troops were kept in hand, how devotedly they trusted him, how keen was his insight into the battle, how every opportunity was seized, and every reverse was checked and turned into another success. I say this the more unreservedly, because I have no personal relation whatever with him, never saw him till the day before the fight, and don't like his politics or opinions in general. But what are politics in such a battle?

Sumner arrived just as Hooker was leaving, and assumed command. Crawford and Gordon had gone into the woods, and were holding them stoutly against every odds. As I rode over towards the left I met Sumner at the head of his column, advancing rapidly through the timber, opposite where Crawford was fighting. The veteran General was riding alone in the forest, far ahead of his leading brigade, his hat off, his gray hair, and beard, and mustache strangely contrasting with the fire in his eyes and his martial air, as he hurried on to where the bullets were thickest.

Sedgwick's division was in advance, moving forward to support Crawford and Gordon. "Rebel" re-enforcements were approaching also, and the struggle for the roads was again to be renewed. Sumner sent forward two divisions — Richardson and French — on the left. Sedgwick, moving in column of divisions through the woods in rear, deployed and advanced in line over the cornfield. There was a broad interval between him and the nearest division, and he saw that if the "rebel" line were complete, his own division was in immediate danger of being flanked. But his orders were to advance, and those are the orders which a soldier — and Sedgwick is every inch a soldier — loves best to hear.

To extend his own front as far as possible, he ordered the Thirty-fourth New York to move by the left flank. The manœuvre was attempted under a fire of the greatest intensity, and the regiment broke. At the same moment, the enemy, perceiving their advantage, came round on that flank. Crawford was obliged to give way on the right, and his troops, pouring in confusion through the ranks of Sedgwick's advance brigade, threw it into disorder, and back on the second and third lines. The enemy advanced, their fire increasing.

General Sedgwick was three times wounded, in the shoulder, leg, and wrist, but he persisted in remaining on the field so long as there was a chance of saving it. His Adjutant-General, Major Sedgwick, bravely rallying and trying to re-form the troops, was shot through the body, the bullet lodging in the spine, and fell from his horse. Severe as the wound is, it is probably not mortal. Lieutenant Howe, of General Sedgwick's staff, endeavored vainly to rally the Thirty-fourth New York. They were badly cut up and would not stand. Half their officers were killed or wounded, their colors shot to pieces, the color-sergeant killed, every one of the color-guard wounded. Only thirty-two were afterwards got together.

The Fifteenth Massachusetts went into action with seventeen officers and nearly six hundred men. Nine officers were killed or wounded, and some of the latter are prisoners. Captain Simons, Captain Saunders of the sharpshooters, Lieutenant Derby, and Lieutenant Berry are killed. Captain Bartlett and Captain Jocelyn, Lieutenant Spurr, Lieutenant Gale, and Lieutenant Bradley are wounded. One hundred and thirty-four men were the only remains that could be collected of this splendid regiment.

General Dana was wounded. General Howard, who took command of the division after General Sedgwick was disabled, exerted himself to restore order; but it could not be done there. General Sumner ordered the line to be re-formed. The test was too severe for volunteer troops under such a fire. Sumner himself attempted to arrest the disorder, but to little purpose. Lieutenant-Colonel Revere and Captain Audenried, of his staff, were wounded severely, but not dangerously. It was impossible to hold the position. General Sumner withdrew the division to the rear, and once more the cornfield was abandoned to the enemy.

French sent word he could hold his ground. Richardson, while gallantly leading a regiment under a heavy fire, was severely wounded in the shoulder.

General Meagher was wounded at the head of his brigade. The loss in general officers was becoming frightful.

At one o'clock affairs on the right had a gloomy look. Hooker's troops were greatly exhausted, and their General away from the field. Mansfield's were no better. Sumner's command had lost heavily, but two of his divisions were still comparatively fresh. Artillery was yet playing vigorously in front, though the ammunition of many of the batteries was entirely exhausted, and they had been compelled to retire.

Doubleday held the right inflexibly. Sumner's headquarters were now in the narrow field where, the night before, Hooker had begun the fight. All that had been gained in front had been lost. The enemy's batteries, which, if advanced and served vigorously, might have made sad work with the closely-massed troops, were fortunately either partially disabled or short of ammunition. Sumner was confident that he could hold his own, but another advance was out of the question. The enemy, on the other hand, seemed to be too much exhausted to attack.

At this crisis Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on the left. Slocum, commanding one division of the corps, was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first ranges of the rebel hills, while Smith, with the other division, was ordered to retake the cornfields and woods which all day had been so hotly contested. It was done in the handsomest style. His Maine and Vermont regiments, and the rest, went forward on the run, and cheering as they went, swept like an avalanche through the cornfields, fell upon the woods, cleared them in ten minutes, and held them. They were not again retaken.

The field and its ghastly harvest which the Reaper had gathered in those fatal hours remained finally with us. Four times it had been lost and won. The dead are strewn so thickly that as you ride over it you cannot guide your horse's steps too carefully. Pale and bloody faces are everywhere upturned. They are sad and terrible; but there is nothing which makes one's heart beat so quickly as the imploring look of sorely wounded men, who beckon wearily for help which you cannot stay to give.

General Smith's attack was so sudden that his success was accomplished with no great loss. He had gained a point, however, which compelled him to expect every moment an attack, and to hold which, if the enemy again brought up reserves, would task his best energies and best troops. But the long strife, the heavy losses, incessant fighting over the same ground repeatedly lost and won inch by inch, and more than all, perhaps, the fear of Burnside on the left and Porter in front, held the enemy in check. For two or three hours there was a lull even in the cannonade on the right, which hitherto had been incessant. McClellan had been over on the field after Sumner's repulse, but had speedily returned to his headquarters. Sumner again sent word that he was able to hold his position, but could not advance with his own corps.

Meantime, where was Burnside, and what was he doing? On the right, where I had spent the day until two o'clock, little was known of the general fortunes of the field. We had heard Porter's guns in the centre, but nothing from Burnside on the left. The distance was, perhaps, too great to distinguish the sound of his artillery from Porter's. There was no immediate prospect of more fighting on the right, and I left the field which all day long had seen the most obstinate contest of the war, and rode over to McClellan's headquarters. The different battlefields were shut out from each other's view, but all partially visible from the central hill, which General McClellan had occupied during the day. But I was more than ever impressed, on returning, with the completely deceitful appearance of the ground the rebels had chosen, when viewed from the front.

GEN. McCLELLAN.

Hooker's and Sumner's struggle had been carried on over an even and wooded surface, their own line of battle extending in a semi-circle not less than a mile and a half. Perhaps a better notion of their position can be got by considering their right, centre, and left as forming three sides of a square. So long, therefore, as either wing was driven back, the centre became exposed to a very dangerous enfilading fire, and the farther the centre was advanced the worse off it was, unless the lines on its side and rear were firmly held. This formation resulted originally from the efforts of the enemy to turn both flanks. Hooker at the very outset threw his column so far into the heart of the "rebel" lines, that they were compelled to threaten him on the flank to secure their own centre.

Nothing of all this was perceptible from the hills in front. Some directions of the "rebel" lines had been disclosed by the smoke of their guns, but the whole interior formation of the country beyond the hills was completely concealed. When McClellan arranged his order of battle, it must have been upon information, or have been left to his corps and division commanders to discover for themselves.

Up to three o'clock Burnside had made little progress. His attack on the bridge had been successful, but the delay had been so great that to the observer it appeared as if McClellan's plans must have been seriously disarranged. It is impossible not to suppose that the attacks on right and left were meant in a measure to correspond, for otherwise the enemy had only to repel Hooker on the one hand, then transfer his troops, and push them against Burnside.

Here was the difference between Smith and Burnside. The former did his work at once, and lost all his men at once — that is all whom he lost at all; Burnside seems to have attacked cautiously in order to save his men, and sending successively insufficient forces against a position of strength, distributed his loss over a greater period of time, but yet lost none the less in the end.

Finally, at four o'clock, McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin — to the former to advance and carry the batteries in his front at all hazards and at any cost; to the latter to carry the woods next in front of him to the left, which the "rebels" still held. The order to Franklin, however, was practically countermanded, in consequence of a message from General

Sumner that, if Franklin went on and was repulsed, his own corps was not yet sufficiently reorganized to be depended on as a reserve. Franklin, thereupon, was directed to run no risk of losing his present position, and, instead of sending his infantry into the woods, contented himself with advancing his batteries over the breadth of the fields in front, supporting them with heavy columns of infantry, and attacking with energy the rebel batteries immediately opposed to him. His movement was a success, so far as it went, the batteries maintaining their new ground, and sensibly affecting the steadiness of the "rebel" fire. That being once accomplished, and all hazard of the right being again forced back having been dispelled, the movement of Burnside became at once the turning-point of success, and the fate of the day depended on him.

How extraordinary the situation was may be judged from a moment's consideration of the facts. It is understood that from the outset Burnside's attack was expected to be decisive, as it certainly must have been if things went well elsewhere, and if he succeeded in establishing himself on the Sharpsburg road in the rebel rear. Yet Hooker and Sumner and Franklin and Mansfield were all sent to the right three miles away, while Porter seems to have done double duty with his single corps in front, both supporting the batteries and holding himself in reserve. With all this immense force on the right, but sixteen thousand men were given to Burnside for the decisive moment of the day.

Still more unfortunate in its results was the total failure of these severe attacks on the right and left to sustain, or in any manner co-operate with, each other. Burnside hesitated for hours in front of the bridge, which should have been carried at once by a *coup de main*. Meantime Hooker had been fighting for four hours, with various fortune, but final success. Sumner had come up too late to join in the decisive attack which his earlier arrival would probably have converted into a complete success; and Franklin reached the scene only when Sumner had been repulsed. Probably before his arrival the "rebels" had transferred a considerable number of troops to their right to meet the attack of Burnside, the direction of which was then suspected or developed.

Attacking first with one regiment, then with two, and delaying both for artillery, Burnside was not over the bridge before two o'clock — perhaps not till three. He advanced slowly up the slopes in his front, his batteries in rear covering, to some extent, the movements of the infantry. A desperate fight was going on in a deep ravine on his right; the "rebel" batteries were in full play, and apparently very annoying and destructive, while heavy columns of "rebel" troops were plainly visible, advancing, as if careless of concealment, along the road and over the hills in the direction of Burnside's forces. It was at this point of time that McClellan sent him the order above given.

Burnside obeyed it most gallantly. Getting his troops well in hand, and sending a portion of his artillery to the front, he advanced with rapidity and the most determined vigor straight up the hill in front, on top of which the "rebels" had maintained their most dangerous battery. The movement was in plain view of

McClellan's position; and as Franklin, on the other side, sent his batteries into the field about the same time, the battle seemed to open in all directions with greater activity than ever.

The fight in the ravine was in full progress, the batteries in the centre were firing with new vigor, Franklin was blazing away on the right, and every hilltop, ridge, and woods along the whole line was crested and veiled with white clouds of smoke. All day had been clear and bright since the early cloudy morning; and now this whole magnificent, unequalled scene shone with all the splendor of an afternoon September sun. Four miles of battle, its glory all visible, its horrors all hidden, the fate of the republic hanging on the hour — could any one be insensible of its grandeur?

There are two hills on the left of the road, the farthest the lowest. The "rebels" have batteries on both. Burnside is ordered to carry the nearest to him, which is the farthest from the road. His guns, opening first from this new position in front, soon entirely controlled and silenced the enemy's artillery. The infantry came on at once, advancing rapidly and steadily, their long, dark lines and broad masses plainly visible without a glass as they moved over the green hillside.

The next moment the road in which the "rebel" battery was planted was canopied with clouds of dust swiftly descending into the valley. Underneath was a tumult of wagons, guns, horses, and men, flying at speed down the road. Blue flashes of smoke burst now and then among them; a horse or a man, or half a dozen, went down, and then the whirlwind swept on.

The hill was carried; but could it be held? The "rebel" columns, before seen moving to the left, increase their pace. The guns on the hill above send an angry tempest of shell down among Burnside's guns and men. He has formed his columns apparently in the near angles of two fields bordering the road — high ground about them everywhere except in the rear.

In another moment a "rebel" battle-line appears on the brow of the ridge above them, moves swiftly down in the most perfect order, and though met by incessant discharges of musketry, of which we plainly see the flashes, does not fire a gun. White spaces show where men are falling but they close up instantly, and still the line advances. The brigades of Burnside are in heavy column; they will not give way before a bayonet charge in line, and the "rebels" think twice before they dash into those hostile masses.

There is a halt; the "rebel" left gives way, and scatters over the field; the rest stand fast and fire. More infantry comes up; Burnside is outnumbered, flanked, compelled to yield the hill he took so bravely. His position is no longer one of attack; he defends himself with unfaltering firmness, but he sends to McClellan for help.

McClellan's glass for the last half hour has seldom been turned away from the left. He sees clearly enough that Burnside is pressed — needs no messenger to tell him that. His face grows darker with anxious thought. Looking down into the valley where fifteen thousand troops are lying, he turns a half-questioning look on Fitz-John Porter, who stands by his side, gravely scanning the field. They are Porter's troops below, are fresh, and only impatient to share in this fight. But Porter slowly shakes his head, and one may believe that the same thought is passing through the minds of both generals. "They are the only reserves of the army; they cannot be spared."

McClellan remounts his horse, and with Porter and a dozen officers of his staff rides away to the left in Burnside's direction. Sykes meets them on the road — a good soldier, whose opinion is worth taking. The three Generals talk briefly together. It is easy to see that the moment has come when everything may turn on one order given or withheld, when the history of the battle is only to be written in thoughts and purposes and words of the General.

Burnside's messenger rides up. His message is: "I want troops and guns. If you do not send them I cannot hold my position half an hour." McClellan's only answer for the moment is a glance at the western sky. Then he turns and speaks very slowly: "Tell General Burnside this is the battle of the war. He must hold his ground till dark at any cost. I will send him Miller's battery. I can do nothing more. I have no infantry." Then, as the messenger was riding away, he called him back. "Tell him if he *cannot* hold his ground, then the bridge, to the last man! — always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost."

The sun is already down; not half an hour of daylight is left. Till Burnside's message came it had seemed plain to every one that the battle could not be finished to-day. None suspected how near was the peril of defeat, of sudden attack on exhausted forces — how vital to the safety of the army and the nation were those fifteen thousand waiting troops of Fitz-John

Porter in the hollow. But the rebels halted instead of pushing on; their vindictive cannonade died away as the light faded. Before it was dark the battle was over. Only a solitary gun of Burnside's thundered against the enemy, and presently this also ceased, and the field was still.

The peril came very near; but it has passed, and in spite of the peril, at the close of the day was partly a success; not a victory, but an advantage, had been gained. Hooker, Sumner, and Franklin held all the ground they had gained, and Burnside still held the bridge and his position beyond.

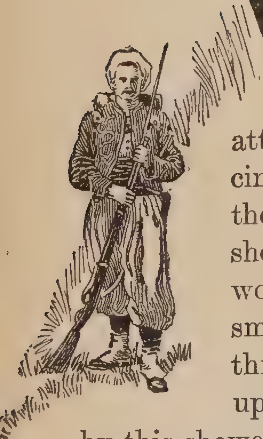
THE BRIDGE.

THE THIRD OF JULY AT GETTYSBURG

1863 A.D.

(From The Battle of Gettysburg.)[1]

By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE.



WITH the first streak of day the struggle for the possession of Culp's Hill began again. As both sides had orders to attack, there was no delay in commencing. Soon from every commanding spot the Union batteries were sending their shot crashing and tearing through the woods in which the Confederates lay hid, smiting the forest with a tempest of iron, throwing down branches, and ploughing up the earth in great furrows. Stirred up by this shower of missiles, Ewell's men poured forth from the valley of Rock Creek, and rushed up the hillside in front, to begin anew the sanguinary struggle they had only ceased from on the previous night. Here among the gray rocks and aged oaks — the pleasure-ground, in fact, of the people of Gettysburg — a contest raged for hours, similar to that which Little Round Top had witnessed on the previous afternoon.

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[1] Copyright, 1891, by Lee and Shepard.

One piece of hopeless heroism deserves commemoration in all accounts of this battle. In the height of the engagement an order was brought for two regiments, the Second Massachusetts and the Twenty-seventh Indiana, to charge across the meadow stretching between Culp's Hill and McAllister's Hill, on the other side of which the enemy lay in the old intrenchments. To try to pass that meadow was rushing to certain destruction. "Are you sure that is the order?" was demanded of the officer who brought it. "Positive," was the reply. "Up, men — fix bayonets — forward!" was the ringing command. One regiment reached the works, the other faltered midway under the terrible fire. As many were lost in falling back as in going forward. Only half the men got back to the lines unhurt.

General Meade.

After seven hours of this kind of fighting, the assailants were finally driven beyond Rock Creek again, leaving five hundred prisoners, beside their dead and wounded, behind them. Again an essential part of Lee's plan of attack had signally failed, and once more the whole Union line stretched unbroken from Culp's Hill to Round Top.

But it was only eleven o'clock; and though the battle had gone against him on this side, Lee seems to have felt, like Dessaix at Marengo, that there was still time to gain another. Was it here that Lee lost that moral equipoise which seems born in really great commanders in moments of supreme peril?

Be that as it may, the order was given for his artillery to open. Longstreet had massed seventy-five guns in one battery, Hill sixty-three, and Ewell enough more to bring the number up to one hundred and fifty in all. At precisely one o'clock the signal guns were fired. Before their echoes died away the whole line of Confederate batteries was blazing like a volcano. There seemed to be but one flash and one report, and their simultaneous discharges, pealing out deafening salvos, went rolling and rolling on through the valleys, and echoing among the hills, in one mighty volume of sound, vying with the loudest thunder. It was sublimely grand, sublimely terrifying. Without a moment's warning, as if the heavens above had opened and the earth below yawned beneath their feet, the Union soldiers found themselves in the midst of the pitiless storm. A tornado of shot and shell burst upon Cemetery Hill, tearing the air, rending the rocks, ploughing up the ground, and dealing death on all sides at once.

General Lee.

This terrific cannonade, under which the solid earth shook, the sky was darkened at noonday, the valley filled with thick-rolling smoke, the air with explosions and nameless rubbish, and which seemed announcing the coming of the Last Day, is thus described by an eye-witness: —

"The storm broke upon us so suddenly that soldiers and officers who leaped, as it began, from their tents, or from lazy siestas on the grass, were stricken at their rising with mortal wounds, and died, some with cigars between their lips, some with pieces of food in their fingers, and one at least — a pale young German from Pennsylvania — with a miniature of his sister in his hands. Horses fell shrieking out such awful cries as Cooper told of, and writhing themselves about in hopeless agony. The boards of fences, scattered by explosions, flew in splinters through the air. The earth, torn up in clouds, blinded the eyes of hurrying men; and through the branches of the trees and among the gravestones of the cemetery a shower of destruction crashed ceaselessly. The hill, which seemed alone devoted to this rain of death, was clear in nearly all its unsheltered places within five minutes after the fire began."

Eighty guns replied from the Union position almost as soon, so that the very air between the two armies was alive with flying missiles. During the cannonade the Union infantry were lying down in open ranks behind the crest, taking it, for the most part, with remarkable steadiness. As the enemy's artillerists mostly overshot the ridge, the ground behind was a place of even greater danger. The little farmhouse standing on the Taneytown road, occupied as army headquarters, was so riddled that the general was compelled to seek a safer spot. Even as far back as Culp's Hill, where the Twelfth Corps were still facing their assailants, the enemy's shot came plunging and ploughing through the ranks from behind, thus killing men by a fire in the rear.

After this indescribable uproar had lasted upwards

"Artillery Charging into Position."

of two hours, the Union batteries were ordered to cease firing in order to husband their ammunition for what every man in the army knew was coming.

It was now three o'clock. The moment had come for the supreme effort of all.

All the Union generals now set themselves to work repairing the damages caused by the cannonade — re-forming ranks, replacing dismantled guns, rectifying positions, exhorting the men to stand firm, and, in short, themselves offering the highest examples of coolness and soldierly conduct.

We had a first line of infantry posted along the foot of the heights, — some behind stone walls, when these followed the natural line of defence, as they now and then did; some behind rocky inequalities of the ground, — with artillery above and behind it; and there was a second line of infantry back of the crest. Although Meade is said to have expected, and even told some of his officers, that Lee's next blow would fall on the Union centre, we detect no specific preparation to meet it.

The troops designated for the assault were waiting only for the order to advance, Pickett's splendid division on the right, Pettigrew's, lately Heth's, on the left, with two brigades in support of Pickett, two in support of Pettigrew, and still another marching at some distance in the rear. Though the equals of any in that army, Heth's soldiers had been so much shaken by their encounter with the First Corps that they were far from showing the same ardor as Pickett's men. All told, the assaulting force numbered not less than fifteen thousand, and probably more

Pickett was watching the effect of the artillery-fire when a courier brought him word from the batteries that if he was coming at all now was his time, as the Union guns had slackened their fire. After reading it himself, Pickett handed the note to Longstreet at his side. "General, shall I advance?" Pickett asked his chief. Mastered by his emotions, Longstreet could only give a nod of assent and turn away. "I shall lead my division forward, sir," was the soldierly reply.

As the charging column passed through those to the front, fifteen or eighteen guns followed close behind in support.

Confederate Soldier.

Friend and foe alike have borne testimony to the steadiness with which this gallant band met the ordeal — by much the hardest that falls to the soldier's lot — of having to endure a terrible fire without the power of returning it. No sooner had the long gray lines come within range than the Union artillery opened upon it, right and left. For a quarter of an hour the march was kept up in the face of a storm of missiles. Cemetery Hill was lighted up by flashes. Little Round Top struck in sharply. Smoke and flame burst from the batteries along Cemetery Ridge. Solid shot tore through the ranks; shells were bursting under their feet, over their heads, in their faces; men, or the fragments of men, were being tossed in the air every moment, but, closing up the gaps and leaving swaths of dead and dying in their track, these men kept up their steady march to the front, as if conscious that the eyes of both armies were upon them. They had been told that the enemy's artillery was silenced!

As soon as they could do so without injury to their own men, the Confederate guns began afresh, so that again shells streamed through the air and balls bounded over the plain without intermission, dense smoke shutting out the assailants from view.

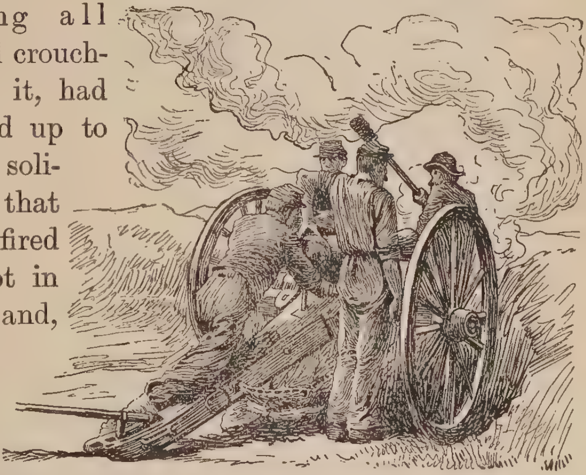
Protected by the fire of this redoubtable artillery, the column continued its deliberate march. When within five hundred yards, or about to cross Emmettsburg road, it suddenly moved off by the left flank a short distance, as if to close up a break in the line or recover the true point of attack — some say one and some say the other. Be that as it may, Pickett's men first received the fire of Stannard's Vermont brigade while making this flank march, and again encountered it on their flank after facing to the front for the purpose of resuming their advance toward the heights.

This must be considered, we think, as the turning-point in the assault. Stannard's attack, made at such close quarters, so shattered Pickett's right brigade that this flank of the assaulting column never reached the crest at all, but drifted more and more to the rear, lost to all organization. Thus was repeated that memorable manœuvre of the Fifty-second Regiment against the Imperial Guard at Waterloo, and with like results; for before the close and deadly fire poured in upon them at only a few rods' distance — a fire they were powerless to return — Pickett's right was either shot to pieces or crowded in upon the centre, so throwing it into disorder and checking its momentum, while the Green

Mountain boys, aided now by other troops, clung to their mutilated flank, following it up step by step, and firing into it as fast as the men could load.

Eight batteries were now pouring canister into Pickett at point-blank range, carrying away whole ranks of men at every discharge. Before him, between two little clumps of trees, which Lee himself had carefully pointed out and Pickett was making such heroic efforts to reach, lay the Second Union Corps. As the men of this corps realized that the brunt of the charge was to fall on them, they grew restive and anxious; but Gibbon, curbing their impatience with voice and gesture, quietly said, as he passed along the ranks, "Hold your fire, boys — they are not near enough yet."

Pickett's first line had come within a hundred and fifty yards when the order was given to fire. It was followed by a terrible volley before which that line went down like grass before the scythe. When the smoke rolled away the charging lines were seen inextricably mixed together, all order lost — a frantic mob covered with blood and dirt, with scarce a general officer left, but not in retreat. On the contrary, with a rush and a roar, heard above the din of cannon and musketry, the surging mass came rolling and tumbling on, like waves against a rocky shore, firing, screeching, brandishing swords and battle-flags, one moment swallowed up in smoke, the next emerging a few paces nearer. Officers became separated from their men; generals no longer led their own brigades, but with uplifted swords rushed on to the front, calling on their men to follow. One after another they fall. Individual example and heroism were the only things that could count here, and neither was wanting. One thought and one purpose seemed to animate them, and that was that they must either conquer or die. Sublime heroism! Sublime folly!



In this manner one portion of the Confederates struck and overwhelmed the first Union line, driving its defenders back upon the second. Here they turned and faced their infuriated assailants, who, led on by Armistead, had leaped the last stone wall, shooting down or bayoneting all those found crouching behind it, had then rushed up to seize the solitary gun that had just fired its last shot in their faces, and, as if victory was assured, already had raised their cry of triumph on the disputed summit.

Though divided and thrown off by this entering wedge, the Union soldiers, who now came swaying up from right to left, soon seized it as in a vise. For a few minutes an indescribable *mêlée* raged here on half an acre of ground, at push of bayonet, hand to hand, muzzle to muzzle, breast to breast. Gradually the enclosing lines surged forward. Armistead was shot down by the side of the captured gun. The Confederates turned to fly, but found the way barred to them on every side. Imbedded by its own force, the living wedge could not be withdrawn. They surrendered in swarms, while those who dared the dangers of again crossing that fatal plain, now spread themselves out over it in every direction.

When it was all over with Pickett, the two supporting brigades came up on the right, only to be repulsed by a few volleys. Pettigrew had been defeated almost before he could come to close quarters, Pickett destroyed, Wilcox brushed away.

From his post of observation Longstreet had watched the advance up the ridge. "I saw," he says, "the crest of the hill lit up with a solid sheet of flame. When the smoke cleared away the division was gone. Nearly two-thirds lay dead on the field, and the survivors were sullenly retreating down the hill. Mortal man could not have stood that fire."

Again the old story. An assaulting column has been driven through an opposing line, it is true, but with the loss of all organization, without a supporting force to follow up the advantage it has gained, it finds itself in a trap where it is in danger of being sacrificed to the last man. Unable to execute the simplest manœuvre, it is at the mercy of any organized body brought against it. Lee seemed to have forgotten Fredericksburg. Longstreet did better at Chickamauga.

Two cavalry battles belong to the complete history of this remarkable day, though in no way affecting the main result. In the first Stuart attacked and was defeated. This was cavalry against cavalry; and as Pickett's front attack was repulsed, that in the rear amounted to little in itself. In the second Kilpatrick made a bold dash into Hood's rear, about Round Top, with the view of throwing the enemy into confusion, breaking up his line there, and so facilitating an advance by the Union forces in that quarter. This was cavalry against infantry in position, and the ground the worst possible for cavalry manœuvres. For an hour the enemy had our troopers riding round them with drawn sabres, receiving the fire first of one regiment and then of another. No advantage being taken of the diversion, the cavalry was nearly cut to pieces.

Thrice had the sun gone down on that ensanguined field, where one hundred and fifty thousand men had striven for the mastery, and forty thousand sealed their devotion with their blood. Exhausted by their efforts, the Confederates thought only of making good their retreat. Gettysburg was immediately evacuated and both wings drawn back on the main body, so, that, as now re-formed and contracted, Lee's army stretched from Oak Hill to the peach orchard. Behind this line, and under cover of its woods, he was now getting ready to retreat.

Such plain indications could hardly be overlooked. A reconnoissance from the Union left found the Confederates retiring. During the night the Union troops went forward to the battlefield of the 2d.

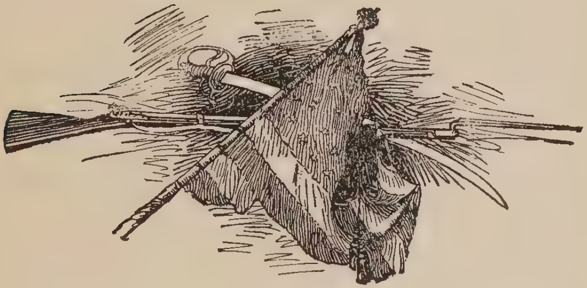
Lee's lost opportunity on the 1st was as nothing to Meade's on the 3d. It came when the Confederates were in the confusion resulting from their repulse. It was lost, however, because the great captain was not there. Meade was unequal to exacting a supreme effort at this moment, either from his army or himself.

To let slip this opportunity was to tempt fortune itself, and it never came again.

But if from any of the many causes alleged, or all of them put together, the one chance out of a thousand, for which all this marching and fighting had been going on, had eluded Meade's grasp, or if it be conceded that he found Lee's new position so strong as to hold out no hope of a successful assault, history will still demand to know why this beaten army, short of ammunition, encumbered with its wounded, its prisoners, and its wagons, thirty to forty miles from the Potomac, with a mountain defile to pass and a wide river to cross, was suffered to march off unmolested with all its immense spoil, and not only to do that, but to remain eleven days between Gettysburg and the Potomac without being once seriously attacked.

That Lee could not long remain on Seminary Ridge, let his position be ever so strong, was a self-evident proposition. He had exhausted his means of attack, his army was cut down by more than twenty thousand men, his ammunition was nearly expended, nor could it be replenished short of Virginia. His means of defence were therefore extremely limited. If it had been possible to detain Lee where he was, even for a few days longer, his surrender was a foregone conclusion without firing another shot. But taking the situation as we find it, we do not see how he could have been more critically placed, if in the presence of an enterprising opponent. Lee's attitude after the battle savors far more of bravado than a desire to be attacked. To block his retreat it would have been necessary to seize the Monterey Pass immediately after the battle.

Meade had the shorter line. His cavalry would have kept Lee at bay until the infantry could come up. He should never have suffered Lee to put South Mountain between them without making an energetic effort to prevent it. As the Union army remained immovable until this was done, we have only to chronicle in brief this inglorious ending of an otherwise glorious campaign.



THE DOWNFALL

"La Débacle," by Zola, tells the story of "The Downfall" of Sedan in the Franco-German War. This was also the downfall of great hopes. Napoleon III. longed to contribute glory to an illustrious name and to establish his son firmly on the throne by extending the boundary of France to the river Rhine. But the good German Emperor, William I, with his wise chancellor Bismarck and the veteran General von Moltke were too powerful a combination for France with her divided commands, vacillating policy and ill-prepared troops. War was declared by the French in July, 1870, and the campaign began disastrously for them. At last, Marshal Bazaine, with the best of the French troops, was shut up at Metz, a town of Lorraine, and the Germans began to advance toward Paris. Marshal McMahon was now in command of the forces which the French could assemble to protect their capital. With his demoralized and incompetent army he encamped under the walls of Sedan, a manufacturing town on the river Meuse. There was no preparation for defence; the Prussians were believed to be at least forty miles away. But in reality they were closing in around the ill-fated French army. In the darkness, silently and stealthily, 250,000 Germans mounted the hills, forming a complete circle about the sleeping camp, and the French awoke to find themselves practically prisoners. Their only hope was to cut a way of escape through the valley, but they were too closely massed to accomplish this. The battle, which was simply a massacre, began just before noon of Aug. 30. Marshal McMahon was wounded early in the day, and the command devolved upon General de Wimpffen. It is at this point that the following selection takes up the story.

THE BATTLE OF SEDAN

1870 A.D.

(From La Débacle.)

By ÉMILE ZOLA.

(Translated by MARIE JOSEPHINE WELSH.)

GENERAL DOUAY could still be seen passing at a gallop followed by the Major of his staff. He had just met General De Wimpffen who had hastened to him to beg him to hold his ground, which he thought he could do, but only upon the absolute condition that the Calvary of Illy on his right should be defended. If that position were lost he could answer for nothing, and retreat would be fatal. General De Wimpffen declared that the troops of the 1st Army Corps would keep the site of the Calvary. In fact, as he spoke a regiment of Zouaves was seen to take possession of it, so that General Douay, reassured, consented to send Dumont's division to the aid of the 12th Corps, which was in great danger.

A quarter of an hour later, after ascertaining that his left maintained a solid position, he was astonished on lifting his eyes to see that the Calvary was no longer defended. The Zouaves had left the site, the plateau was abandoned; for the batteries of Fleigneux had made it no longer tenable, and in despair he threw himself rapidly upon the right, when he fell upon Dumont's division, which was flying in wild disorder mixed up with the débris of the 1st Army Corps. This latter, after its first retreating movement, could not again take up its original position. It left Daigny to the 12th Saxon Corps and Givonne to the Prussian Guards, and was forced to withdraw towards the north across the Garonne woods, exposed to the fire of the batteries which the enemy had posted on every crest from one end to the other of the valley.

The fearful ring of iron and flames was continually getting stronger, a part of the Guards continued its march upon Illy turning the hillsides from east to west; while from west to east behind the 11th Corps which was holding Saint-Menges, the 5th Corps was moving constantly on and passed Fleigneux, pushing its batteries still further in advance with impudent temerity; so convinced were they of the ignorance and weakness of the French troops that they did not even wait for the support of the infantry.

It was mid-day; the entire horizon was belching forth flames and shot and shell upon the 7th and 1st Corps. Then General Douay, while the artillery of the enemy prepared for a final attack upon the Calvary, decided to make one last effort to win it back. Throwing himself among the flying columns of Dumont's division, he succeeded in assembling a faithful band, which he hurled against the plateau. There for a few moments it held its ground; but, sweeping the treeless fields, there fell upon it such a tornado of shot and shell that, seized by panic, the men rolled down the slopes like chaff before the wind. Nevertheless, the General obstinately ordered other regiments to advance.

In the midst of this terrible havoc, an aide-de-camp galloped by, shouting out an order to Vineuil. The Colonel, his face aglow, standing erect in his stirrups, pointing proudly with his sword to the Calvary, cried, "Now, lads, it is our turn. Forward! Upward!"

The 106th caught the enthusiasm and moved upwards; one of the first companies to get up was that of Beaudoin; all were jesting as they did so, and declaring that they were so stiff that they could not move, and that the soil had got into their joints and made them rusty; but they had not advanced many steps before they had to hide in the bottom of a trench which lay in their way, so terribly hot was the enemy's fire and thenceforward they crawled along, bent almost double.

"Young fellow," said Jean to Maurice, "look out, now is the time; do not let them see as much as the end of your nose or you will be demolished, and keep your bones well under your skin if you do not want to leave any on the way. They will be clever ones who get out of this whole."

Maurice could scarcely hear him speak for the noise of the guns and the clamor of the moving troops. He did not know even if he was afraid; he ran, carried away by the running of the others, without a sense of personal volition, and with only the desire to end the whole thing at once. He had become but a single wave in this rushing torrent. At the sudden retreat of the men, which took place at the end of the trench before the exposed slope they still had to climb, he, too, was affected by the panic and felt ready to turn and fly. It was an uncontrollable instinct, a muscular revolt, a sensation of being under the influence of the wind. Some of the men had already turned around when the Colonel, throwing himself before them, cried, "Now, my lads, you will not disgrace me like that; you will not behave like cowards. Remember the 106th has never retreated, and you would be the first to shame our flag." Spurring his horse, he blocked the way of those who would have turned back and with kindly words of saving France and of glory for each of them, in a voice trembling with emotion, encouraged them to do their duty.

Lieutenant Rochas, however, on seeing some of the men turn back gave way to a terrible fit of temper, and beat them with the flat of his sword as if with a club, saying, "You dirty scoundrels, I will make you go up if I have to kick you there. Now if you do not obey me, I will break the jaw of the first one of you that turns his heels."

But such violence as this — soldiers kicked to the front to fight — disgusted the Colonel. "No, no, Lieutenant, they will all follow me, will you not, my lads? You will not let your old Colonel fight it out all alone with the Prussians, will you? Onward! Upward!" And he led them on, every one of them following him, for he had spoken to them in so fatherly and kindly a manner that they could not abandon him unless they had been the most arrant cowards. He alone went fearlessly across the bare fields on his great horse; while the men, advancing in disorder, availed themselves of every shelter. The land sloped upward and there were at least five hundred yards of fields of beetroot and stubble to be traversed before the Calvary could be reached.

Instead of an assault delivered in classic form, such as are shown in manœuvres in peace time in well ordered columns, nothing was to be seen but the rounded backs of men crawling along the ground or little groups of soldiers now and again making a sudden bound which made them look like insects from a distance, fighting their way, by dint of cleverness and agility, to the top of the crest. The enemy's batteries must have seen them, for the shell threshed the ground so continually that the sound was unceasing. Five men were killed, and one Lieutenant had his body cut in two.

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It was an awful moment. Prosper, who was no more of a coward than most men, lit a cigarette in the hope of moistening his parched mouth. When about to charge the enemy every one may say, "This time I may fall." But still they waited. The five regiments were formed into three columns, each column seven squadrons deep; quite enough food for cannon there.

Suddenly the trumpets sounded "To horse!" and almost as quickly another signal came to draw sabres. The Colonels of each regiment had by this time placed themselves in battle array, twenty-five yards in front; the Captains were at their posts at the head of their men, and then the waiting began again in the deathlike silence; not a sound, not a breath under the burning sun; their hearts were the only things which seemed to be in motion.

They were waiting for one further call, the last, and then that solid motionless mass would be speeding with the resistless force of a tornado. But at this moment on the crest of the hill a wounded officer on horseback, supported by two men, suddenly showed himself. At first he was not recognized, then a deep murmuring which ended in a furious clamor was heard; it was General Marguerite. He had been shot in the head, and for him death was certain.

He could not speak; he could only wave his arms towards the enemy, while the uproar became more clear and defined. At last the cry was heard, "It is our General, let us avenge him."

Then the Colonel of the 1st regiment, flashing his sword in the air, cried in a voice of thunder "Charge!" the trumpets sounded and the mass moved on.

Prosper was in the first rank and almost at the end of the right wing. The greatest danger is in the centre, to which the enemy's fire is always directed. When they arrived on the summit of the Calvary, and began to descend on the other side towards the vast plain, they saw distinctly the Prussian squadrons upon which they were to throw themselves not a thousand yards away.

Prosper moved as if he was in a dream, his brain apparently empty and without an idea, he felt that strange sentiment of vacuity which so often comes to us in our sleep. He went forward like a machine under an irresistible impulse. The order to close up the ranks was constantly given with the view of imparting to the attack force and granite-like resistance. Then, as the pace accelerated and became a maddening gallop, the Chasseurs d'Afrique maddened their horses with their wild Arab cry. Soon it was a horse-race of hell; devils let loose flying at a fearful gallop with ferocious cries, accompanied by the crackling hail of bullets which beat upon the metal of the uniforms, and as this hailstorm, with its whirlwind of wind and thunder which made the earth to tremble, passed away, it left behind it nothing but an offensive smell of burning wool and of the perspiration of wild beasts.

They had not gone five hundred yards before Prosper was thrown to the ground by a break in the line. He seized his horse by the mane and flung himself again in the saddle. The centre of the column, riddled by bullets, had given way; the two wings had turned upon it and were re-forming in order. But this proved to be the fatal destruction of the 1st squadron, disabled horses barred the way; some had been stricken to death upon the spot; others had been blown to pieces by the cannon, and yet others were struggling in their violent agonies. The dismounted riders were running as fast as their legs could carry them to find other mounts. The plain was already strewn with the dead. The horses which were free continued to gallop about, returning of their own accord to their proper places in the line of battle as if drawn by the smell of powder, only to be driven back again by the fearful storm of shot and shell that was poured upon them.

The charge was renewed, and the 2d squadron advanced with magnificent fury; the men bending low over their horses' necks, holding their sabres by their sides ready to attack the enemy. They were now two hundred yards nearer, and in the very focus of the deafening tempest, when once again the centre gave way. Men and beasts fell in their tracks and blocked up the passage with the inextricable confusion of their dead and dying bodies. Thus the 2d squadron was met and overcome in its turn, leaving its place to those who would follow.

Thus in this heroic foolhardiness, when the third charge took place Prosper found himself mixed up with the Hussars and the French Chasseurs. Though the regiments were mixed in confusion, they were still nothing but an enormous wave which broke and reformed itself, as if to carry away everything which lay in its path. Prosper again had no idea of what was passing around him, he abandoned himself to the guidance of his horse. Now he found himself in the centre, all about him the horses were rearing and falling around him as the bullets struck them. Men were thrown to the ground as if by a blast of wind, still others, suddenly shot dead, remained in the saddle, always at the charge, an empty stare in their glazing eyes. And once more the two hundred yards which they had gained were left strewed with dead and dying. Some had fallen and their heads were buried in the soft earth; others who had fallen upon their backs looked upon the sun with eyes of terror which started out of their sockets.

And still the fire redoubled, the wings wheeling their horses and re-forming blindly to carry on the attack the while. At last there remained nothing but the 4th squadron to make the fourth attempt to fall upon the Prussian lines.

Prosper meanwhile hacked away with his sword at the helmets and the dark-colored uniforms which he dimly perceived in the smoke. Blood was flowing, and he noticed that it came from his horse's mouth, and in his excitement he thought it was because he had been biting the enemy. The noise around him became so great that he could not hear his own voice, although it seemed that his throat was splitting from his own loud shouting.

But behind the first Prussian line there was another, and another, and yet another. The heroism of the French was still useless, for the vast and deep masses of the enemy were like high grass among which the horses and their riders continued to disappear. It was useless to cut them down, for others always took their places. The firing continued with so much intensity, and at such shortness of range, that the uniforms of the men actually took fire. Down, down they went, swallowed up in the fearful bayonet charge which smashed in chests and dashed out brains. The regiments were leaving there two-thirds of the brave men who raced into the battle-field, and there remained of that charge but the glorious folly of having attempted it. And then all at once with a bullet full in the chest down went Prosper's horse, crushing under him the right leg of his rider in such a manner as to cause him to lose consciousness on the spot. Maurice and Jean, who had followed this heroic charge of the squadron, cried out in their anger, "Bravery is of little use here."

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Napoleon III.

General Le Brun had explained to the emperor that if they wished to ask for an armistice it would be necessary that a letter signed by the Commander-in-Chief of the French armies should be placed in the hands of the Commander-in-Chief of the German armies; then he offered to write the letter himself and to go and seek General Wimpffen, who would sign it. He took the letter away with him, his only misgiving being that he would not be able to find General Wimpffen, not knowing in what corner of the battle-field he might be. Moreover in Sedan at the moment, the crowd was so great that he was obliged to walk his horse, and this enabled Delaherche to accompany him as far as the Méni gate. Once out on the road General Le Brun broke into a gallop, and he had the good luck as he was nearing Balan to catch sight of General Wimpffen, who but a few minutes earlier had written to the Emperor, "Sire, come and put yourself at the head of your troops and they will open a way for you through the enemy's lines or die in the effort." Naturally, therefore, he was thoroughly angry at the very thought of an armistice. "No! No!" he said, he would sign nothing, he would only fight.

It was now half-past three; and this was but a very short time after the heroic, desperate attempt — that forlorn hope — had been undertaken to open a way through the Bavarian army by marching on Bazeilles. In the streets of Sedan and in the fields round about, lies were being sedulously disseminated in order to hearten the troops. People were crying, "Bazaine is coming very soon." Since morning this had been the dream of many of them, and, as each German battery was unmasked, the people imagined they heard in its thunder the cannon of the army of Metz.

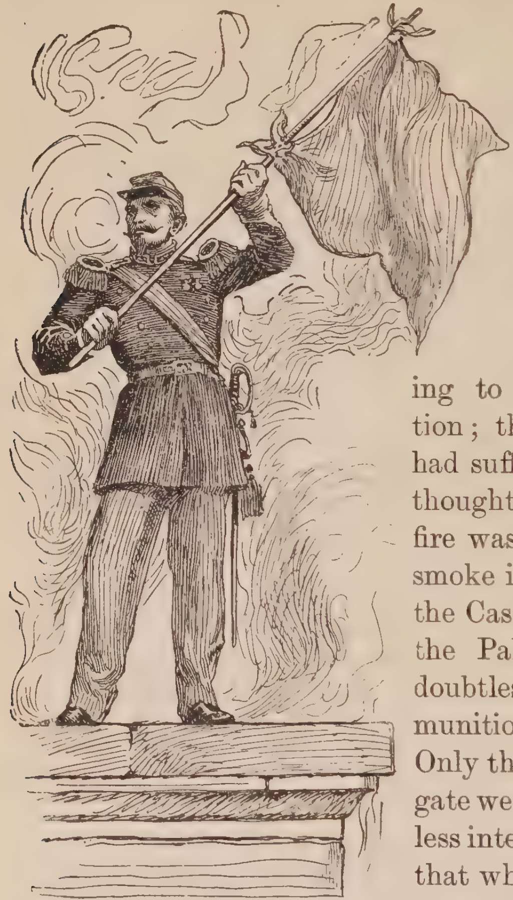
About twelve hundred men were assembled, dismounted soldiers from every corps, in which arms of every kind were mixed, and this little column gloriously set forth at a horse-racing pace along a road which was swept by the mitrailleuses. At first this was superb; the men who fell did not stay the onward rush of the others, and they succeeded in covering about four hundred yards of ground in a true frenzy of courage; but soon the ranks began to divide, and there were none to take the places of those who fell. What could be done to prevent the extinguishing of the whole column? It represented nothing but the foolish temerity of an army chief who would not believe himself beaten.

In the end General Wimpffen found himself alone with General Le Brun on that road between Balan and Bazeilles, which at last they were absolutely compelled to abandon. There was now nothing left to do but to beat a retreat under the walls of Sedan.

As soon as Delaherche had lost sight of the General he made all haste to return to the factory, full of one idea alone, and that was to get into a position where he could follow the course of events from afar off. On his arrival he was at once stopped by coming in contact with Colonel Vineuil, who was being brought in with his boot all blood, stretched, half fainting, upon the hay in the bottom of a farmer's wagon. The Colonel had insisted upon rallying the débris of his regiment until the moment when he was shot down from his horse. They carried him at once to a room on the first floor, and Bouroche, who came to attend to him, at once found that the bone of the ankle was only slightly injured, and satisfied himself with simply dressing the wound after having extracted the pieces of boot leather which had penetrated it. The Doctor was beside himself with rage and exasperation, and as he went down the stairs said that he would rather cut off his own leg than continue to carry on his profession without the necessary help or the requisite material. In the lower part of the house they no longer knew where to put the wounded, and they were obliged to lay them side by side on the lawn. There were already two long rows of them waiting and filling the air with their lamentations while shells continued to rain down like hail.

The number of men who had been brought in since mid-day was already over four hundred, and the only answer that the Major could get to his demand for surgeons was in the shape of a young doctor from the city, who proved quite unequal to the task. He probed, he cut, he sawed, he sewed up wounds like a man in a dream, disheartened to see how impossible it was to keep up with his work.

Gilbert, who was maddened with terror and nauseated with the sight of so much blood and tears, remained close to his uncle the Colonel, leaving Madame Delaherche to give the fevered ones drink and to wipe the damp faces of the dying. . . . .



On the terrace Delaherche was trying to take in the situation; the town apparently had suffered less than was thought, only one large fire was sending up black smoke in the Faubourg of the Cassine. The fort of the Palatinac was silent, doubtless because its ammunition had given out. Only the guns of the Paris gate were firing at less and less intervals, and presently that which interested him most of all was to see that they had hoisted a white flag upon the donjon, though it was impossible for it to be seen from the battle-field, so intense was the firing still.

The neighboring roofs hid the Balan road from his sight, and he could not therefore perceive the movement of the troops along it. Moreover, applying his eye to the telescope which remained as he had left it, he again caught sight of the group of officers whom he had seen there at mid-day. He could also see what looked at a distance like a little leaden soldier, about half the height of his little finger, in which object he thought he recognized the King of Prussia, always standing erect, always wearing his sombre uniform among the other officers, who were sparkling with decorations and lying about on the grass. There were in the group generals, high officers, marshals, aides-de-camp, princes, all furnished with field-glasses, who had been watching since morning the death agonies of the French army as if they had been at a play. And the awful drama was nearing its end.

From his vantage point King William had just witnessed the junction of his troops. It was done. The third army under the orders of his son, the Prince Royal of Prussia, took possession of the plateau of Illy, while the fourth under the direction of the Prince of Saxony arrived at the rendezvous. The 11th Corps and the 5th also joined the 12th Corps and the Guards; and the supreme effort to break through the circle at the moment when it was closing upon them, the useless but glorious charge of General Marguerite's division, forced from the King the cry of admiration, "Ah, the brave fellows!" and now this mathematical inexorable encircling was completed. The jaws of the vise having closed, the King could see with one glance of the eye the motions of the wall of men and of cannon which enveloped the conquered army.

To the northward the contracting lines maintained a constantly increasing pressure on the vanquished foe, forcing the flying troops back to Sedan, under the redoubled fire of the batteries, the uninterrupted line of which encircled the horizon.

Towards the south Bazeilles, conquered, empty, and silent, was nearly burned out, although it continued to throw up great clouds of smoke and sparks; while the Bavarians, who had made themselves masters of Balan, brought up their batteries to within three hundred yards of the city gate. The other batteries, those of the left river bank which had been firing unceasingly for nearly twelve hours, were thundering louder still, and completed the impassable circle of flames almost under the feet of the King.

King William, fatigued, now dropped his field glass for a moment and gazed on the scene with his naked eye.

The sun was slanting through the woods, and was setting in the pure and cloudless sky. The whole vast country side was colored with it, bathed in so limpid a light that the smallest details could be seen with singular distinctness; it lit up the houses of Sedan with the little black bars in their windows and ramparts and the fortresses were vividly outlined against the sky. And all around scattered among the fields were the villages looking fresh and dainty as little toy farms. Donchéry on the left on the border of these broad plains. Douzy and Carignan on the right among their fields. It seemed as if one could count the very birds in the forest of Ardennes, where that sea of verdure lost itself towards the frontier.

The Meuse with its slow windings, in the light which shone on its surface, looked like a river of fine gold, and that awful battlefield soaked in blood became a delicate picture when seen from on high and far off under the gracious good-night of the sun. The dead and disembowelled soldiers seemed to sow the plain with gay objects of bright color. Towards the right, on the side of the river Givonne, the retreating fragments of the beaten army seemed like motes dancing in the sunbeams — while in the peninsula of Iges on the left the Bavarian battery, whose cannon seemed as big as matches, looked like a mechanical toy, so clearly could its clockwork-like motions be followed. It was victory unhoped for, glorious; and the King had no remorse when looking at those groups which from afar off seemed so small, at all those men who appeared to occupy less space than the dust on the roads, at that immense valley, in which the burning of Bazeilles, the massacres of Illy, and the anguish of Sedan could not prevent impassive nature from being beautiful nor affect the serene end of a lovely day.

But all at once Delaherche saw climbing up the sides of the Marfée a French general in a blue tunic, riding a black horse, preceded by a hussar carrying a white flag. It was General Reille, who was charged by the Emperor to carry to the King of the Prussians this letter! "My brother, Not having been able to die at the head of my troops there only remains for me to place my sword in the hands of Your Majesty. I am, your good brother, Napoleon."

In his haste to put a stop to the slaughter, since he was no longer master of the situation the Emperor gave himself up. Delaherche saw General Reille halt at six paces from the King, dismount from his horse, step forward to place the letter in the King's hands, unarmed, with only a whip between his fingers. The sun was setting in a great cloud of rosy light; the King was sitting in a chair, leaning against the back of another which was occupied by his secretary, who wrote the answer that he accepted the sword while he awaited the sending of an officer who would be empowered to arrange the terms of capitulation.

PLEVNA

THE RUSSO-TURKISH CAMPAIGN

In April, 1877, the Russian Emperor declared war against Turkey, on account of her continued persecution of the Christian subjects, and an army of 200,000 men was immediately sent to crush "the unspeakable Turk" in his own domain. But Russia soon found that she had underestimated this task, and the insufficiency of forces was the cause of continual checks and reverses. Crossing Roumania, which little country was their ally, the Russians passed the Danube into Bulgaria. The important strategic point of this province is Plevna, a little town in the midst of low hills. The Turkish army, intrenched at this meeting-point of many high-roads, effectually controlled the situation. After twice repulsing the Russians during July, in September Osman Pasha, the brave Turkish general, defeated them in a terrible battle of which an eye-witness tells in the following pages. The Bashi-bazouks here mentioned were an irregular force of barbarians, of no military value to the Turks, insubordinate and unruly, whose cruelty has become proverbial. The victory won in this engagement was not long to remain with the Star and Crescent. Re-enforcements poured into the Russian camp, and Osman Pasha was driven into the town where he was shut off from all communication with the outer world. After making an unsuccessful attempt to cut his way through the Russian ranks he was forced to surrender. It had been a bloody war. In 142 days the assailants had lost 40,000 men, and the defenders 30,000.

PLEVNA

1877 A.D.

(From Plevna, the Sultan and the Porte.)

By J. DREW GAY.

TO attempt to describe what followed is past the power of writing. No sooner did they show themselves in the open than their first rank was almost swept away by the fearful fire which the Turks poured in upon them. On rushed the second, getting a little farther up the hill, but sharing the same fate. A third made a little more progress, only to cover the ground with corpses eventually; then a fourth line was all but mown down, the men behind still pushing up the hill over the thickening bodies of their fallen comrades, maintaining the while a heavy fire, but not greatly injuring the Turks, who were nearly covered by their intrenchments. I am afraid to say how many the Russians were losing at this moment, but there must have been thousands of them beaten down by the storm of bullets which came upon their masses as they ascended the deadly slopes. Still on they came, the troops that were killed being constantly replaced by others, till they were actually so near the top of our ridge that they could fire into the intrenchments; and their officers did, as a matter of fact, use their revolvers.

Doctor Ryan, a brave young Irishman, afterwards dressed several revolver-wounds received during the struggle; indeed, he nearly got shot himself while courageously doing his duty as a surgeon in the Turkish service amongst the trenches. At that supreme moment the Turks were re-enforced, and, rising out of their cover, made a rush forward. Away went the Russians pell-mell, the Turks firing into them and cheering loudly as their enemy ran down the hill to gain the shelter of the valley — not many of them getting away, however, so dreadful was the hail of bullets. Over the trenches now too went the Turkish cavalry a little way in pursuit, being, however, unable to ride far on account of the Russian batteries, which thundered upon them from the hill beyond, killing however a good many more of the Russians than of our horsemen. The fight so far had cost the Czar nearly three thousand men, and had given him no advantage.

The cannonade continued; but, as I now heard the attack quickening on the northwestern side, I hastened over there to see what might happen. The ride was not a long one; ten minutes' trot brought me to the scene of action. Here the position to be attacked was a very difficult one, and I am still at a loss to account for the attempt the Russians made. In the first place, they tried to come up the centre of the face of a steep hill which was held by five strong redoubts. There was no effort whatever to turn our position; a heavy cannonade was showered upon it from batteries more or less distant — that was all. All along the top of this hill or ridge ran a long trench, connecting each battery with the next to it. The task of the Russians was to clamber up in the middle of all, storm the trench, and take the redoubts. I never heard of a madder enterprise in my life; the man who made it must have been a military idiot.

To resist the attack Osman Pasha had sent Adil Pasha, who commanded here, sufficient troops to cram his intrenchments with men, as well as the redoubts. He had also sent a couple of reserve battalions, and ammunition supplies in such abundance as to enable Adil to serve out to all his men a double quantity. Fast firing and plenty of it was to be the order of the day. "Aim low, my children; aim at their belts, my lambs," said one of the officers near me; "let their Giaours have as much lead as they want!" The Turks were quite intelligent enough to obey the order. The first Russian advance consisted of about nine battalions, who came on with great impetuosity, and met with the usual reception. I know how easy it is to exaggerate losses, at a moment of such excitement, but to me it seemed that not a man of the first six battalions which topped the slope escaped. A huge dark mass of bodies marked the spot where they stood; and when, later in the day, a Russian prisoner was taken, he himself said that only five men had escaped the carnage at that time. The attack was no sooner over, however, than a new assault began. Another deep column of men made a fresh attempt to climb the hill, pushing forward just as they did on the opposite side of the camp, and always getting largely shot down, but still leaving some, with the aid of fresh men, to struggle onward, till at last the top of the hill was reached.

BATTLE OF PLEVNA.

Then it was the old story repeated. Out rushed the Turks with a yell, and away went the Russians, nine of whom turned out to be Moslem Tartars, being fortunate enough to be taken prisoners while the flying mass was scourged and swept by shell and bullets as it descended the slope. It was simply human butchery; nothing more nor less; and the Russian officer who ordered that attack is certainly responsible for the slaughter he caused. I do not think the Turks on this side lost 500 men. I am sure the Russians lost nearly 7,000. The madness of the assault may be judged when it is known that, had they entered the trenches, they would still have had to contend with five redoubts full of men, and two reserve battalions, by whom they must have been destroyed very quickly, as their supports, from the very nature of the ground, would have been unable to come to their help for many minutes. There never was a chance of the undertaking succeeding. It was a wilful, cruel, ignorant waste of the Russian soldiers' lives.

Meantime, however, the Roumanians had concluded a series of terrific attacks upon the little redoubt just over the village of Gravitza by occupying it, in spite of all the efforts which the Turks could make to keep them out, and their flag was waving over the parapet in spite of the heavy fire which our artillery maintained upon it.

While I was observing all this another, and a temporarily successful, attack was being developed on the Loftcha side, where but an hour or two ago the Russians had been repulsed, as I have before described. This time the attempt to take the three redoubts on that face was made with more method and skill. Experience had evidently taught the Russians that some diversion must be effected, and they had profited by the lesson. Their advance, consisting of apparently two whole divisions of infantry, powerfully supported by artillery, was now ordered from two different directions at one and the same time. While one division came upon our front the other pushed forward on the eastern side of the hill, in reality the weakest point of our position, as if once gained it would give shelter to the enemy by means of a large wood, which extended over a part of its summit, and would thus enable the Russians to attack the topmost of the three redoubts with comparative ease.

For the first time we now saw something like generalship exhibited by the Russian leaders, who brought on their troops with amazing rapidity, sending them up the slopes on the two sides as fast as the men could double. The wood was filled with Bashi-Bazoucks, the redoubts and trenches by regular troops; and these latter, firing upon the front advance, pushed back the enemy with as much ease as before. Battalion after battalion came on, but all to no purpose — the Turks swept them away with a withering fire which was irresistible, and all was going splendidly, when, to our horror, the Bashi-Bazoucks in the wood were filled with a sudden panic on seeing the Russian flank advance, and, throwing away their arms, ran out from the thicket in the greatest disorder, chased by the enemy, who, firing volley after volley into them as they fled, completed the disorder. A few brave men tried their best to stem the tide, and sacrificed their lives in doing so; a few fell back to the shelter of a line of trees just above the town, and fired obstinately thence; but a terror had been established which partly spread to the regular troops, and, despite all that could be done, it had now temporary swing.

How shall I describe the scene which ensued? The Bashi-Bazoucks were fleeing down the side of the hill, the Russians running in among the trees and firing upon their retreating foes, knocking them over like pheasants fluttering out of a preserve. The road at the foot of the hill, crowded with hundreds of these terrified irregulars, was also thronged with women and children flying from the outrage and death which they believed awaited them if once caught by the Russians;

hundreds of men were trying to remove their household goods and their families, all struggling, shouting, crying, running to escape the foe who was now on the hillside.

It was vain to try to bear up against such an epidemic of flight; even some of the regular troops who had by this time forsaken the redoubts got mingled with the terror-stricken mass, and were running too, head down, rifle held very loosely, ready to be thrown away at a moment's notice — anything to save dear life. . . .

From where I now stood I could see every move as in a panorama. Pushing forward two battalions near to the lowest and smallest fort of all, they got behind two intrenchments which had been previously made by the Turks as a shelter for the reserve, but which were now of immense advantage to the Russians, and therefrom poured in a withering fire upon the Turks in the little redoubt and the intrenchments. Their batteries also from the top of the hill shelled the two redoubts with tremendous vigor, and fresh bodies of infantry every moment flocked up, with the view of making good the Russian hold upon the hill. Nothing could be of avail except the desperate valor of the Turks in those two redoubts. Night was coming on; they would doubtless be subjected to fearful attacks under cover of the darkness; they were altogether isolated from both Plevna and the rest of the camp, and thousands of Russians were on all sides of them. If they attempted to confront those that were coming up on the face of the hill they must necessarily expose their backs to those in the intrenchments behind the fort. If they hesitated for a moment their enemies, who now outnumbered them ten to one, would jump into the trenches and bayonet them all, for there was no chance of escape. With a bravery which deserves to be recorded and honored for all time, that isolated band held fiercely to their places, fighting all through the dreadful night. Hour after hour as I watched the flashes of their rifles, I could tell how terrible was their position; and I believe I was almost as thankful as they were when morning broke, and brought with it relief. The first rays of daylight showed, however, that the Russians had not been idle in many other ways, and that under cover of the darkness they had thrown up intrenchments all over the hill, with a view to making it unassailable. How far it was so, events were soon to show.

Turkish Soldier.

Osman Pasha, looking very grim and desperate, was very quickly studying out the position. His prospects were not cheering. A part of his scheme of defence had broken down, and twenty thousand Russians were within his lines. Plevna might fall into their hands at any moment, and the two little forts be stormed. Amongst the wounded, too, was Hassan Pasha, the commander of the previous day at this point. It was indeed a somewhat dismal look-out for Osman Pasha on Wednesday morning, Sept. 12. A few moments, however, apparently decided him. Ordering Emin Pasha and Dahir Pasha to command — one the front attack, and the other the rear movement — he determined to carry the hill by assault. It was a desperate move; but then it was a desperate hour, and to make it succeed Osman Pasha well knew that he had desperate men. I suppose that the force allotted to this difficult task was about twenty battalions, of which a part were ordered to ascend the hill from Plevna, while part, under Emin Pasha, came round in rear of the ridge, so as eventually to descend upon the Russians from a neighboring height. By six o'clock the troops were in motion, and the battery in the headquarter camp was vigorously shelling the wood and the big redoubt at the top of the hill. Very shortly the battalions under Dahir Pasha were in front of the Russian intrenchments and advancing upon them. The soldiers in the redoubts at this moment moved a little forward towards the enemy, and in this way began one of the most severe conflicts on record.

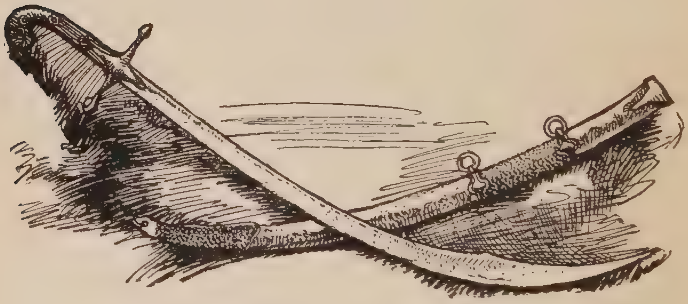
To estimate this battle at its proper value it must be understood that the hill was so steep that at places the troops had the greatest physical difficulty in going up; that it was singularly well suited for defence, the ground being full of inequalities favorable to those who held the summit; and that at the top, near the redoubt now in the hands of the Russians, was a thick wood, occupied by them with some thousands of troops. The Russians had at least as many men as the Turks sent to assail them. Such were the conditions of the fight. During the night the enemy had also brought into the redoubt four heavy guns, in addition to the two they had taken from the Turks; they had furthermore established two batteries on an adjacent hill which somewhat overlooked the Turkish position; and they were now engaged in alternately shelling the advancing Turks and the two redoubts. The Turks went forward at first very slowly, working up gradually to the side of the first Russian intrenchment, and then taking it with a short and magnificent rush, killing every Muscovite there. They repeated this manœuvre again about an hour afterwards with a second entrenchment, and then for the next three or four hours fought forward to the third line, which was terribly strong. A little after eleven o'clock they were about fifty yards from it, firing very heavily, the Russians doing their utmost too. But at this eminently interesting moment the Turks in the redoubts effected a little diversion by pretending to make a dash upon the trench themselves. To meet them the Russians bent towards that quarter all their energies, and just at that moment, when their attention was most engaged in this way the watchful Osmanlis, swarming up the hill, rushed over the fifty yards that yet remained, and, dashing into the trench, decided the question, and with it the fate of nearly every Russian in the fosse. At mid-day the Turks were thus in front of the wood, and the large redoubt still held by the Russians in great force; but they rested now for nearly two hours, firing occasionally, and suffering somewhat from the shell-fire of the Russian batteries, but pretty contentedly leaving the next episode in the fight to the Turkish headquarter camp battery and the two redoubts, which, between them, must have made the wood a very uncomfortable biding-place. What were the results of that bombardment we since know — they were simply terrific.

About two o'clock the Turks advanced again towards the wood, those who had been sent round also beginning by this time to make their presence felt. Upon both these bodies the Russians immediately opened a furious musketry fire, which, being maintained for half an hour, ended in the temporary repulse of the Turks. The gallant soldiers of the Sultan, however, only retired for a minute, for, advancing again, cheering "Allah! Allah!" this time with signs of indomitable resolution, they dashed into the front of the wood, and gained a portion of it permanently. By three o'clock the carnage had become terrible, the Turks pushing the Russians back foot by foot, covering the ground with corpses so thickly that a horse could not afterwards advance over this part of the ground. I now fell back upon the headquarter camp, as it was impossible to gain an accurate idea of what was going on from where I was, and on arriving there found it under so heavy a shell-fire that the Marshal had been obliged to move his field-chair to a neighboring spot, from which, happily, the battle, which was now raging with fearful fury, could quietly and easily be seen. I use the word "easily," however, comparatively, for when I say that two or three shells a minute fell upon the hill which we thus occupied some

idea will be formed of the "comfort" which attached itself to our situation.

Meanwhile the Turks visibly gained ground every moment, and by half-past four o'clock were re-enforced by two fresh battalions sent by Osman Pasha to their assistance. The troops coming up in rear had also got a good footing, and we could see were driving the Russians in with great rapidity. Slaughter was going on at this moment after such a hideous fashion that I wished some stay-at-home Crusaders who shall be nameless could have stood beside me to see their precious theories of Bulgarian reformation by "coercion" at work. The Russians, in leaving the wood and trying to cross the little plateau between it and the redoubt they had taken, were shot down by hundreds. The ground was all gray and crimson with their gory corpses, which were in many cases heaped two and three upon each other. As we stood, too, we could see Emin Pasha's men sweeping round on the top of the hill, while the Turks attacking in front were rushing forward upon the terror-stricken Russians. They were now going to attack the lost redoubt.

I have witnessed many battle scenes, the memory of which leaves a strong impression upon my mind, and will while memory lasts, but never till my dying day can I forget the overwhelming excitement of that dread and decisive moment. I was standing close to Osman Pasha: his staff was grouped around. Behind these again were hundreds of Turkish officers and soldiers, who, with anxious eyes, hour after hour, had been watching the glorious struggle of their comrades on the hill. At that instant they saw their brothers about to rush upon the redoubt, filled to the throat of every embrasure with Russians and armed with six guns, the mouths of which belched out flame and shell. They saw them, under a terrific fire which was momentarily thinning their ranks, about to hurl themselves against the high earthworks of that powerful fort, and, as they glared like lions at the savage spectacle, from every mouth there rose a loud cry to heaven of "Allah." "Allah! Allah!" resounded from all the stern lips around me. The word, swelling from a murmur to a shout, was taken up by the thousands of reserves in the valley below. "Allah! Allah! Allah!" was wafted by the wind to those fearless men rushing with manliest and most devoted bosoms upon death, and they returned the sacred name, repeating "Allah! Allah!" Amid the echoes of that brief ejaculation of praise and imploring faith in the God of Justice and Truth — call Him how we will — they flew at the enemy with a force so terrific and a fury so irresistible that, leaving their artillery and throwing away their rifles, the enfeebled Muscovites literally flung themselves over the parapets of the redoubt and fled down the steep hillside, chased by the Turks, who bayoneted them in the back by hundreds. Loud sounded the bugles as a tremendous cheer once more arose of "Allah! Allah!" Then the trumpet-call for the cavalry to follow the fugitives rang high and resonant, and a loud salvo of artillery thundered deadly salutation to the great Ottoman victory. I turned to look at my comrades of that thrilling hour, and I tell you, that, along with the proud gaze I met, there was hardly a dry eye in the headquarter camp; and I saw many of the Turkish chiefs and soldiers reverently kneeling down to give thanks to God, who at this moment, as they believed, had stepped in to their rescue. And then there came a messenger in flying haste to tell us of the spoil that had been taken — how four Russian guns, all uninjured, and two Turkish cannon had been captured, with great stores of ammunition and vast numbers of rifles; and how five thousand Russians lay dead upon the field.



MAJUBA HILL

1881 A.D.

(From Majuba.)

By HAMISH HENDRY.

IN its general characteristics the top of Majuba may be compared to a shallow bowl. The rim was not round, of course, nor was it always regular. On the contrary, the top was a kind of rough triangle, and the rim at places was flattened into grassy slopes. Yet, speaking generally, the top had two outstanding features; a shallow depression getting deeper towards the centre, and a rim of outcropping rock more or less well defined.

A mere novice could see at a glance that this hill-top could be made impregnable. Nature had formed a breastwork of rock which could easily be perfected with the mattock. Sheltered behind this rim the soldiers could lie in utmost safety, for not a bullet from the hillside below could reach them — the angle was too acute. Further, in the shallow bowl-like centre the reserves could sleep if they so pleased, for they were quite beyond the reach even of a stray bullet. Then again, and as an increased protection, two rocky hillocks or kopjes stood out from the flat top, north and south, and offered themselves as flanking bastions. Apart from its height and difficulty of access therefore, this rocky crest, nearly nine hundred yards round, was an ideal place for defence.

Boer Sharpshooter.

At once the General began to make his dispositions; briefly stated, his forces were disposed as follows: a portion of the 92nd Highlanders, the 58th Regiment, the 60th Rifles, and the Naval Brigade lined the crest of Majuba, but the bulk of the troops were placed on the north side of the hollow depression, and there held in reserve. There, also, the hospital tent was erected, and wells dug for water. On each side of the flanking kopjes a small body of men was placed; the one on the north was occupied by the Highlanders, the one on the south by the Naval Brigade. Perhaps it should be here explained that not the whole of the outer rim or crest was lined with men; that seemed unnecessary, owing to the precipitous nature of the ground, for in places the drop from the crest was sheer as a wall. Another thing ought to be understood. No attempt was made to improve the natural defences of Majuba, the places for three redoubts had been marked by General Colley, but the work was never begun.

While the light had been growing in the sky, the troops had been taking up position; and when a little after six o'clock, the sun rose above the mountains, Majuba Hill was in an orderly state of defence. Very impressive to the British force was this sunrise, seen from a height of six thousand feet above sea-level. Beneath them lay the Drakensberg in fold upon fold of ridge and hilltop; winding through this mountain range was the Buffalo River, now glancing and glittering in the sunlight; in the distance was the rich pasture land of the Zulu, and in another direction the garden colony of Natal. Very beautiful as well as impressive was this sunrise; the stony gorges of the mountains, so dark and forbidding, made a striking contrast to the summer-green radiance of the grassy uplands.

There was one point, however, that drew all eyes. The landscape might be of exceeding beauty, but its interest was as nothing compared to the interest that lay in the valley below. In this valley, and on the ridges enveloping Lang's Nek, the Boer camps were outspread. It was for these camps that the men looked after they drew breath on gaining the top. But at that hour all was darkness underneath to the men peering over the crest; not a sound, not a single light. But when the first wan touch of daylight showed in the sky, a change, as of magic, swept over the darkness below. The Boer camps leapt into life as with the touch of a wand, each camp defined in the blackness by its rows of lantern-lit tents. And was that the wind breaking against the hillside, or was it the sound of a psalm floating up from these patches of light below? It were hard to say. But this, at least, is certain: like Cromwell's Ironsides, these Boers were men of prayer, and this 27th day of February was a Sabbath day.

Nowadays the British soldier, taking him in the mass, is not a man of prayer. But he has his emotions; he has also his own forcible method of expressing them. On that Sabbath morning at the top of Majuba the emotion he sought to express was joy. He could see, or at least he thought he could see, that the Boers had been out-manœuvred. With a British force established on Majuba, the Boer positions on Lang's Nek were turned inside out; a flanking fire would make them untenable; retreat over the Nek into the Transvaal was the only move. Wherefore the British troops, standing on the crest and looking down into the Boer camps (it looked as if you might pitch a biscuit into them), joyed with a great joy; shook their fists at the silent camps; challenged the Boers, with laughter, to come up and have a picnic.

The Boers appeared to be perfectly indifferent to this challenge; no excitement was visible in their camps; scarcely any movement. One or two men could be seen doing little trivial offices here and there, but for the most part the Boers were under cover. From them General Colley's secret had been well kept, evidently;

the Highlanders had been standing on their kopje since daylight began, indifferent whether they were seen or not; yet the Boers in their camps had never once turned their eyes to the top of Majuba. A vast astonishment was in store.

This surprise dropped upon them as from the heavens very soon after sunrise. General Colley had issued an order that no shots were to be fired down into the camps, for at that time he had no desire, his plans not being yet perfected, to provoke an attack. Thomas Atkins, of course found this restriction difficult to accept, especially as it appeared to him perfectly ridiculous. Accordingly, he took an early opportunity to push it aside. A patrol started out from one of the Boer camps and passed under our troops as they lay looking over the crest of Majuba. The temptation was too great — one of the men lifted his rifle and fired.

The effect was instantaneous and startling. A moment ago these Boer camps, with their tents in orderly rows, were as silent as a churchyard; before the echo of the shot had died in the recesses of the Drakensberg they were swarming with life. The men and women rushed pell-mell from the tents; cries of astonishment were uttered; hurried orders were given; and all eyes were turned upwards to the top of Majuba. The surprise was complete; and the immediate effect, looking at the camps from above, seemed to be an irretrievable panic. The tents were struck, the oxen were inspanned, the whole Boer army seemed ready to trek.

Yet the danger was imminent; the necessity for intrenchment absolute. The Boer leaders, finding that their camps on Lang's Nek were not attacked immediately, had decided to storm the position. Now that Majuba was in the hands of the enemy the Boers recognized its great value, and they were determined, if possible, to recover it. For this purpose the most skilful marksmen were selected. No doubt it might seem to the defenders that these marksmen were wasting their ammunition when they looked round, after several hours' firing, and saw only one man wounded. But this continuous fusillade had another purpose than that of killing or wounding. It hung a huge smoke-curtain over the hillside, and behind this screen the Boers fed their firing-line safely and continuously.

This smoke-curtain crept up the hillside higher and higher; the crackle of the rifles became more pronounced; the flame-flashes within the smoke more constant; the bullets hummed like bees in their flight over the crest. It was now eleven o'clock, and the casualties had become more numerous. . . . In making one of his many rounds, General Colley had reached that part of the crest occupied by the Naval Brigade. He had with him several members of his staff, and they all stood in a group talking to Captain Romilly, who was in command at this point. Standing against the sky-line, they were sighted by some Boer marksmen from below, and the bullets thereupon began to drop uncomfortably near. Explosive bullets; for in a few minutes one of them exploded in the midst of the officers, and Captain Romilly rolled down from the crest into the hollow behind. He was mortally wounded.

Undoubtedly this was a great loss, but it did not imperil the position. To his camp at Mount Prospect the General signalled the sad news, without hinting that he had any fear as to the result of this attack. Why should he have any fear? The attack had been in progress since a little after six o'clock in the morning, and it was now high noon. Yet the Boer marksmen, with all their pertinacity and skill, had only succeeded in hitting a few men — not more than half a dozen. True, the Boer firing-line had crept up higher and higher, but that did not seem to make any particular difference. The attack had lasted six hours, yet the position was intact, and the top of Majuba as safe as ever.

So it seemed to General Colley when he lay down, about one o'clock, to take a much-needed rest. The northern part of the basin was the deepest, and therefore the most sheltered. It was here where the wells had been dug and where the hospital tent was placed; it was here also that the reserves had been lying around, sleeping all the forenoon. Instructions were given by the General that he should be called at once if any change took place in the situation. No change was reported from the firing-line, yet in half an hour the sleeper was afoot again and going his rounds.

Yet there was a development in the situation which, if he had but known it, would have given General Colley some anxiety. For the last half-hour the firing from below had become more dominating and more effective. The wounded began to drop in more constantly from the crest of the hill to the hospital tent at the northern side of the basin. Moreover, the officer in command of the Highlanders on the outlying kopje could discern, by steadily looking down into the smoke, that some special movement was in progress among the Boers. He could not tell their numbers, but he could see that they were numerous, and that they were making little rushes upwards in a most determined manner.

This ominous fact was reported to the General, and he at once gave instruction that part of the reserves — chiefly men of the 58th Regiment — should be sent into the firing-line on the northern face in order to strengthen the position held by the 92nd Highlanders. Apart from their fewness on an extended line, these men of the 92nd seemed perfectly able to maintain their ground. About twenty of them held the outlying kopje on the north — an important point, and in some respects the key of the position. All the forenoon these men had been firing slowly and steadily, the impression being that they were picking off the enemy at nearly every shot. In any case they looked perfectly cool and secure.

It was now nearly half-past one o'clock, and the calling up of the reserves seemed to have been effective; as our fire increased, the enemy's fire diminished. The opinion of the defenders of the hill-top was that the Boers had fought themselves to a standstill. It was a perfectly natural opinion. The attacking force had made a determined attempt to storm Majuba; they had fought hard and come far up. But they could not achieve the impossible. They had reached their present position under shelter of boulders, brushwood, and the acute slope of the ground. Before them now was the last precipitous bastion of the hill. They must climb the rocky walls on hands and knees in the open.

and under a withering fire from the kopje and the crest above. But that was impossible; the Boers, now that they had come to the crux of the matter, had recognized that it was impossible. Hence this abrupt dying down of their rifle-fire.

This reasoning was plausible, but it was very wide of the truth. So far from being discouraged by the look of the cliffs, the Boers were more than ever determined to get to the top. Their losses had been paltry — only two or three wounded — and they judged from this fact that the force on the top of Majuba was at once small and inefficient. They slackened fire, but that was only because their advance guard was massing immediately under the northern kopje before making the final rush.

They took up position cautiously under shelter of the brushwood; less than one hundred men, but every man a picked shot. From their point of vantage under the steep walls of the kopje the Boers peered upwards at the Highlanders, and watched their movements. Our men were now firing volleys down into an enemy that was supposed to be retreating, and the twenty Highlanders on the kopje were exposed for a moment as they rose to fire. The Boers in the brushwood immediately below seeing this movement turned it to advantage. Orders were passed quietly, and when the Highlanders next appeared, they were swept with a terrific volley from the hidden enemy.

The effect was astounding. This picket, which held the northern kopje — the key of the position — was in an instant destroyed; nearly every man was killed or wounded. The road to the summit, as a result of this sudden onslaught, lay open. In a moment the Boers began scrambling up the precipitous slope like mountain cats. Worse still; the confusion on the kopje spread panic in the firing-line along the northern crest when our men saw the Boers come pouring up through the smoke. They bolted to the hollow ground behind, leaving the Boers in possession of that part of the crest.

Thus a gap had suddenly been driven through the line of defence, but the position was not necessarily lost. The Boers did not hold more than a few score yards of the crest. A rally of the English troops; a stiffening of their crumbling line by the reserves; a volley followed by a bayonet-charge — these things were quite feasible and quite sufficient to sweep the Boers from the top of Majuba. The thing had been done a hundred times by the English soldiers, and under worse conditions than were here.

General Colley saw in a moment what was needed, and ordered up the reserves. They went forward reluctantly; it appeared as if the consternation in the firing-line had spread to the men who had been dozing all the forenoon in the sheltered basin. Urged by their officers, however, they went forward out of the hollow until they were met by the firing-line in full retreat. This was the deciding point. If the reserves had remained firm, the whole line might have rallied and been straightened out. As it was, they only brought consternation to mix with panic. The result was inevitable. The confused mass wavered for an instant, and then scuttled back to the sheltered basin. For now (as one of the officers afterward described it) a general "funk" had become established.

Even yet, however, there was hope of retrieval; there was certainly a rallying-point for desperate men with courage. Part of the outer edge of the hill-top was in the hands of the Boers, but the rim of the basin was capable of stout defence; while in the north-east corner of this basin there was an outcropping ridge of rocks where a successful stand might be made.

As a matter of fact, the retreating troops — retreating from the northern face only — crowded towards this ridge of rocks almost at once. They ought to have held the rim of the hollow, of course, but in their panic-stricken condition they could not be made to do so. What they wanted was cover — safe boulders from behind which they could reply to the terrific fusillade sent after them by the Boers. So they made for the out-cropping ridge, where the rocks made excellent cover.

From this point in the fight it is not easy to see the various developments in sequence and with perfect clearness. What one sees is a thick mass of smoke edged with flame; what one hears is a terrible crackle of musketry. Yet this rifle-fire from the English troops clinging to their rocky shelter was making no impression on the Boers; the bullets went wide and high. It is, indeed, a sinister and astonishing fact, that the Boers had only one man killed and five wounded in a fight that had lasted for seven hours. On the contrary, they returned deadly bullets in exchange for this harmless powder-burning.

Their tactics, moreover, were throughly intelligent. When the Boers found themselves on the crest in the first rush, they followed up their advantage almost at once. Their number was only about a hundred, but they soon began to work their way round to the north-east face of the hill; in particular they gave close attention to the ridge of rocks now held by the troops that had retreated. If that ridge could be taken in flank, it was not likely that the men who had bolted from the crest of the hill would cling a moment longer to a position that was so full of danger. Panic was in their blood.

The Boers saw this opportunity and seized it. Their first rush over the crest at the kopje had caused a retreat; the second rush over the crest on the flank of the ridge created an instant rout. When the volleys from the flank came quick and hot, the panic of the earlier retreat was renewed tenfold. The English troops nearest the Boers broke and ran. A terrible moment. The officers made passionate appeals to their men to stand; all in vain. The panic spread along the line of the ridge, and in a few minutes the whole of the troops that were in shelter there broke away into the open. . . .

When all was over, General Colley was found lying alone, a shot through his forehead, and his face towards the foe. He had been walking, sword in hand, towards the enemy.

THE NAVAL BATTLE OF MANILA

(From Proceedings of U. S. Naval Institute.)[1]

By LIEUTENANT JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. NAVY.

IT will be the writer's endeavor in the present article to present an accurate narrative of the Battle of Manila from the standpoint of a participant and eye-witness, and from details gleaned by unremitting inquiry since the battle. . . .

Manila Bay is a vast pocket in the west side of the island of Luzon, twenty-odd miles deep and nearly as many wide, with an entrance ten miles across, divided by the island of Corregidor into channels known as Boca Chica and Boca Grande, two miles and six miles wide respectively. Subig Bay, thirty miles farther north, is almost exactly similar but much smaller.

On the night of the 25th of April, Admiral Montojo took his squadron to Subig Bay with a view to making his stand there. He found four 15-cm. guns (and ammunition) landed on the island at the entrance, but which could by no possible effort be emplaced within a month, so remaining there only long enough to repair the Castilla, which had developed a serious leak around her stern tube, he returned to Manila Bay on the evening of April 29 and anchored his squadron off Cavite Arsenal, where he prepared for battle. By that date the land defences of Manila Bay, though not complete, were formidable. Guarding the Boca Chica were three 8-inch Armstrong muzzle-loading rifles on Corregidor Island, three 7-inch muzzle-loading rifles on Punta Gorda and two 16-cm. converted breech-loading rifles on Punta Lasisi.

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Guarding the Boca Grande were three 6-inch Armstrong breech-loading rifles on Caballo Island, three 16-cm. muzzle-loading rifles near Punta Restinga and three 12-cm. breech-loading rifles on El Fraile Rock. The last-named guns were taken from the gunboat Lezo and those on Caballo from the cruiser Velasco, which were undergoing repairs at Cavite, and so far from ready that all hope of getting them into service for the war had been abandoned.

The Don Antonio de Ulloa was unfit to steam. This vessel was therefore moored head and stern just inside Sangley Point, over which she could readily fire, and her inshore (port) battery was removed and emplaced on shore about a mile and a half westward, at Canacao. One of these two guns was ready for service and used on the first of May.

There was also on Sangley Point a modern fortress of masonry and earth in which were mounted two 15-cm. Ordonez breech-loading rifles. As the batteries at Manila do not enter seriously into this narrative they will not be described.

Mines are said to have been laid in the Boca Grande, off Cavite, and to N.E. of St. Nicholas shoal.

Admiral Montojo anchored his squadron across Bakoor Bay in a N.E. and S.W. line somewhat curved back toward Bakoor; his left, prolonged by the Ulloa, resting on Sangley Point and having the protection of Sangley and Canacao batteries. Besides being in shoal water, it was further protected from being turned by a line of iron lighters loaded with sand and moored together head and stern, extending in prolongation of Sangley Point, screening the ships on the left wing but in no way masking their fire. From Sangley Point to the N.E. the Spanish ships were disposed as follows: Don Antonio de Ulloa, Castilla, Reina Cristina (flagship), Don Juan de Austria, Isla de Cuba, Isla de Luzon. A little inside and abreast the others lay the Marques del Duero, and possibly the Argos, but there are some indications that the latter remained at the Arsenal, as did the Velasco, Lezo and transport Manila. A small armed guard was kept on each of these latter vessels and their crews distributed among the other ships, the greater number going to the Reina Cristina. The ships were cleared for action, light spars and boats sent ashore, etc., but many minor items were left to the last moment, so that the squadron went into battle without unshipping awning stanchions, hatch canopies, or gangway ladders, and, excepting her gun sponsons, the Castilla was still painted white.

Two 6-inch Armstrong muzzle-loading rifles mounted on the ramparts of Fort San Felipe in Cavite Arsenal could fire over the squadron at the enemy.

By the Spanish disposition for battle, the United

States squadron would have to endure the fire of three 16-cm., three 6-inch and three 12-cm. guns, a broadside of 725 pounds of metal, in entering the Boca Grande, or of five 8-inch, two 7-inch and two 16-cm. (898 pounds) in Boca Chica, beside running the risk of submarine mines at three different points in the approach to Cavite, and would then have to fight eight or nine vessels and three shore batteries, mounting in the aggregate 36 guns and throwing a broadside of 1800 pounds of metal, or, more briefly, Commodore Dewey had actually to encounter 45 guns throwing 2525 pounds of metal. The rapidity with which he got in touch with his adversary prevented the emplacement of several more guns at Sangley and Canacao and the mobilization of the remaining gunboats of the Spanish fleet.

On the morning of April 30, the United States squadron reached the coast of Luzon near Cape Bolinao, stood close in under the green, mountainous bluffs and coasted southward, keeping a sharp lookout for the enemy. The Boston and Concord were sent ahead at full speed as scouts and to search Subig Bay. Later in the day the Baltimore was also sent ahead to Subig, where, upon arriving, she found the other two ships coming out, they having skirted all round the bay and seen nothing of the enemy. It is interesting to note that twenty-four hours earlier they would have found there nearly the whole Spanish fleet. The Baltimore stopped a Spanish schooner with a shot across her bow, but her crew professed the densest ignorance of the whereabouts of a single Spanish naval vessel.

It was nearly sunset when the squadron reassembled at the entrance to Subig Bay. Here Commodore Dewey stopped and called his captains on board the flagship to receive what proved to be their final instructions before the battle. It was a deeply impressive scene: these nine ships, dark as the clouds of a gathering storm, resting against a background of bright green hills and graceful waving palms, and illumined by the golden radiance of the setting sun; over them sweeping the light land breeze, wafting the perfume of fragrant tropical flowers, and from their decks the notes of their bands rising in evening concert as they played, by instinctive agreement, "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." The stage had been set, the orchestras were playing the overture and the curtain was about to rise upon a new and terrible international tragedy.

The captains soon returned from their conference and once more the squadron was put in motion, but now the McCulloch, Nanshan and Zafiro fell directly astern of the Boston, so that there was formed a single column, flagship leading, transports in the rear. It was quickly known, almost without the telling, that Commodore Dewey was going to run past the forts into Manila Bay that night and engage the enemy as soon as found in the morning. Only a single white light at the stern of each ship was to be shown, screened in all directions but astern, to guide the next ship behind.

The night was ideal for the enterprise. The little light needed to find the entrance to the bay was furnished by a young moon which would set soon after midnight. After it had served its purpose, and the dark outlines of Corregidor Island had been discerned, a screen of passing clouds hid the moon almost constantly from view, giving the benefit of its diffused light but seldom permitting a sheen upon the water.

Early in the evening the crews were called to quarters, guns cast loose and loaded, ready ammunition ranged on deck and every preparation made for battle. Then officers and men not actually on watch were allowed to sleep on their arms till the moment for action. Most of them were still standing about the decks in low-conversing groups, however, when, at 10.40, the word was quietly passed around to stand to the guns. The squadron was approaching the Boca Grande. The mountainous headlands at the entrance to the bay were looming up on either hand, occasionally thrown out in bold relief by sluggish, copper-colored lightning from thunder clouds behind them. A darker, nearer object lay between like a huge, ill-moulded grave. This was Corregidor Island, the armed sentinel of the bay. There was a light-house upon this island and also upon its little neighbor, Caballo, but neither was lighted. Straight on the squadron steamed, now at the moderate speed of eight knots, as confidently as if through a lighted channel. American officers were guiding it, and no hired pilot. It is probable that few of the navigators who conned

American Drummer.

those ships into Manila Bay that night had ever been there even in the broad light of day, but United States naval officers are educated and trained for such emergencies.

Nearer and nearer loomed Corregidor as these ghost-like ships stole on undiscovered. Even to each other they were scarcely visible; each seemed alone save for a little white light ahead, always leading onward. Guns were silently trained ever toward the dark cliffs, which were constanly searched with night-glasses. At last the island was abeam. Men held their breath and hearts almost stood still. Where were the Spanish lookouts? where their picket boats? where their terrible mines? The flagship ran boldly close up to El Fraile Rock in order to shape from it a good course into the bay, little suspecting that a battery had been erected upon it.

Midnight came and went and the hope began to form that the squadron would get into Manila Bay undetected, when suddenly a light was displayed, apparently on a vessel in Mariveles Bay, then a bright light flared up on the south shore near Punta Restinga. The flagship, in turning at El Fraile Rock, had disclosed her stern light toward Restinga, and at the same moment soot in the McCulloch's smokestack caught fire. The signal at Restinga Point was answered by a bright rocket on Corregidor and a flare-up light on El Fraile. Then Restinga battery shot out a sharp tongue of flame, followed by a dull report, and the rising notes of the first screaming shell came nearer and nearer till it passed with a fierce hiss high over the Raleigh and plunged in the water beyond. Another followed quickly, falling just astern of the Baltimore. Restinga battery fired no more but now Fraile opened. The Raleigh and some of the rear vessels returned the fire; one shell, as afterward discovered, bursting directly in the midst of this battery and silencing it after it had fired but three times. Caballo and Corregidor remained silent. It is probable that at a distance of three miles the passing ships were wholly invisible except when discovered by their stern lights.

It was twelve minutes past midnight when the first gun was fired, and in half an hour the whole squadron had passed out of range unscathed into the still waters of Manila Bay. Twenty miles away the sky was illumined by the lights of the city.

Excellent navigation, cool judgment and daring audacity had foiled three batteries and knocked 725 pounds from the enemy's available broadside.

Concealment was no longer necessary. Bright rows of electric signal lights, red and white, were flashed from ship to ship, until the chagrined and astounded Spaniards on Corregidor must have thought the Americans were holding a water carnival. It was only the flagship setting the speed at four knots for the remainder of the night, and calling the McCulloch and transports up on her port beam.

The lights died out, crews were allowed to sleep at their guns, and the squadron continued its silent journey towards its slumbering adversaries.

That the Americans would dare to run the batteries, pass over probable mine fields and be able to find their way into Manila Bay in the dead of night, and that on the first night of their arrival on the coast, without even a casual reconnoissance to take note of these difficulties, seemed never to have entered the Spanish mind. The Spaniards had exact information by cable from Hong Kong of the sailing of the American force from Mirs Bay, were promptly informed from Bolinao and Subig of its arrival on the coast. Nevertheless Admiral Montojo seemed to think he had still a few days' grace, for among his captured effects were found an order for his ships to be ready for a grand inspection on the morning of May 1. Fires were banked on the ships and many officers were sleeping ashore at the Arsenal with their families when the dull boom of the guns at Corregidor gave warning that the enemy was creeping upon them in the darkness.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Admiral Montojo was informed by telegraph that the whole American squadron was in the bay. Steam was ordered at once, officers and men were turned from their slumber and their families and hurried aboard ship, many of them never to return alive, and every preparation was made for battle.

The night was sultry; the light breeze of the evening died out; the sky gradually cleared. In the early dawn Manila Bay was like a sheet of silver. Toward five o'clock a forest of masts became indistinctly visible to the Americans right ahead, and behind them the white houses of Manila. Close scrutiny showed only merchant vessels, but almost at the same time, off to the right, was seen a number of white buildings on a low point, and beyond them a line of dark gray objects on the water. The Olympia immediately headed straight for these, followed by the squadron in column. They quickly developed into the Spanish ships off their Arsenal at Cavite; one of them, the Castilla, being white, showing out with great distinctness. The black merchant transport Isla de Mindanao lay in prolongation of the line to N. E.

Only holding his course toward the enemy's ships long enough to make out their number and disposition, Commodore Dewey headed again toward Manila, and at 5.05 hoisted the signal "Prepare for general action."

Everybody was already up, all peering through the mist of the morning. On some ships a little coffee had been served, but, on all, the men were without breakfast; galley fires remaining extinguished. When that awe-inspiring signal went up to the flagship's yardarm the Stars and Stripes broke from every staff and masthead in the squadron. Twenty-six American flags floated in deadly challenge before the incredulous eyes of awaking Manila. The McCulloch and transports were then left in the middle of the bay and the fighting column turned to starboard, sweeping slowly past the city of Manila as if passing in review, and headed directly for the Spanish fleet. At the same time the Spanish colors were displayed at the gaffs and flagstaffs of the enemy's ships. As most of these had sent down their topmasts and left them ashore, no flags flew at their mastheads except on the Castilla, and the Admiral's flag on the Cristina. Almost immediately the batteries at Cavite and Manila opened fire, but their shells fell short and were ignored. At 5.20 the Spanish ships opened, but these shells, too, fell short, and the American squadron stood on without replying.

At last, just as the sun of May 1 rose over the hills and meadows of Luzon, the Olympia's 8-inch guns in the forward turret burst forth five thousand yards range as the signal that the action should begin, she herself turning to starboard and leading the column past the enemy with port broadsides bearing. About the same time two white columns of water rushed upward in front of the flagship as if from exploded mines.

The smoke from the first discharge, as it sagged away, disclosed a long, lead-colored launch coming out from behind Sangley Point and standing rapidly toward the flagship, flying the Spanish flag. The secondary batteries of the flagship and Baltimore turned upon her a hail of shell, under which she stood on for awhile with plucky persistence, but finally fled toward Sangley Point, where she was beached and abandoned under the guns of the fort. She was afterward claimed by the owner of the marine railway at Canacao, a Britisher, who said she was only going to market at Manila, but as this man's Spanish sympathies and interests were strong, it seems quite probable that she had been impressed by the enemy as a torpedo-boat.

The battle had now commenced in earnest, and both squadrons were enshrouded in dense white billows of smoke, ever increasing in volume and incessantly pierced by red tongues of flame; while the heavy jarring reports of great guns, the hiss and scream of projectiles and the sharp bursting of shells added the awful majesty of terrific noise to the vivid grandeur of fire and smoke. It soon became evident that the Spanish Admiral was content to fight in his constricting position, which prevented his manœuvring the squadron as a whole, and left each of his ships to independent action in bringing their batteries to bear. In that stubborn combat of two and a half hours the Spanish ships fought like beasts at bay. Every divisional officer in the American squadron had studied the fighting qualities of each of the enemy's vessels, and every American ship, as if by common agreement, concentrated on the Reina Cristina, the enemy's flagship and most formidable vessel. Only when guns would not bear upon her were they turned upon others and then generally upon the Castilla, of equal size and armament, though built of wood. The shore batteries were permitted to keep up their incessant fire with only rapid-fire guns replying to them. The failure of these comparatively undisturbed batteries to score a single hit can only be accredited to execrable marksmanship, but the poor work of the Spanish ships was undoubtedly largely due to the murderously demoralizing fire which they were compelled to endure and to their bunched position.

The American squadron stood past the Spanish ships and batteries in perfect column at six knots speed, making a run of two and a half miles, then returned with starboard guns bearing. The first lap followed the five-fathom curve as marked on the charts, and each succeeding one was made a little nearer, as soundings showed deeper water than the chart indicated. The range was thus gradually reduced. Let the unprofessional reader note the great range of modern ordnance by pausing here to realize that with moving guns and moving targets a whole squadron was destroyed and hundreds of people killed a mile to three miles away.

Under the miraculous providence which ordered the events of that day those six American ships steamed serenely back and forth unharmed for nearly three hours. Shells flew over them, between masts and stacks and ventilators; shells fell beside them and flung sheets of water over their guns and gunners; shells falling far short bounded and wobbled over their mastheads; shells incessantly burst above, ahead, astern and around them, but on they went unhurt; their gunners unheeding the din, loading and training and firing with the rapidity, regularity and accuracy of machinery. Only three ships brought scars out of the fight—the Olympia, Boston and Baltimore. Fragments of a bursting shell ripped across the flagship's bridge, passing close to the Commodore and his chief-of-staff, and other fragments scarred her sides without penetrating. A well-aimed shot struck the Boston near the water on the port side aft. The shell burst in the drawers under an officer's bunk, wrecking and setting fire to the room, but prompt measures extinguished the fire. Another shell passed through this ship's foremast only a few feet from her captain as he stood on the bridge, but it fortunately failed to explode. Another small shell burst in her port hammock netting, starting a slight fire, which was quickly put out.

The American Squadron stood past the Spanish Ships in perfect Column.

The Baltimore was less fortunate, being struck five times, not counting a hole in her flag at the main, a main brace (of a signal yard) shot away and a bare shave on the rim of the after ventilator. The first shell, a 6-pounder, entered under the starboard forward 6-inch gun and burst harmlessly in a clothes-locker on the berth deck. The second, of the same calibre, struck at the water-line amidships on the port side and burst in a coal bunker. Another 6-pounder quickly followed some feet higher, cutting the exhaust pipe of the port ventilating power engine on the berth-deck, and exploding harmlessly, one piece sticking in the shoe-sole of the man running the blower engine. The fourth hit was perhaps the most remarkable in the annals of naval warfare, for a 12-c.m. (nearly 5-inch) armor-piercing shell (weighing fifty-five pounds) crossed the ship's deck and returned, almost to the point of entry, passing each time through a group of fourteen men without actually hitting a soul. This shell entered the starboard bulwarks abreast the main rigging a few inches above the spar deck, ploughed up the wooden deck planking and struck a steel beam, cracking it through. The beam deflected the projectile upward so that it passed sideways through both sides of the steel combing of the engine-room hatch, after which it was again pointed straight, then struck the left recoil cylinder of the port 6-inch gun and glanced from this to the inside surface of the semicircular gun-shield. This changed its course nearly one hundred and eighty degrees, and it flew again across the deck, struck an iron ladder on a ventilator, fell to the deck, spun rapidly on its side and rolled into the waterway scarcely twenty feet from where it first entered. On its first trip this shell struck a box of 3-pdr. ammunition, bursting several charges. Fragments of these and splinters from the deck wounded two officers and seven men, all so slightly that many of them continued their duties after surgical attendance on the spot. The officer commanding the division, who received a slight wound in the arm, was standing upon the engine-room hatch (in order to see over the bulwarks) when the shell passed through it. He and several iron gratings over the hatch were thrown upward by the blow. A powder-man, near whom the shell passed upon its return trip, was rendered instantly unconscious from the windage, falling flat upon his face and not fully recovering consciousness for twenty-four hours. The port gun was disabled, for when fired again it would not run out to battery on account of the deformed cylinder. The last shell to score a hit on the Baltimore struck the water on near her port bow, ricochetted end-over-end above the heads of an 8-inch gun's crew and past the captain and navigator on her bridge; then tumbled into the cowl of a ventilator.

In the early part of the action the Baltimore's two quarter-boats were blown to pieces by the blasts of her own guns, and their remnants were cut adrift, making a gruesome wreckage in the squadron's path.[1]

The pall of smoke which hung between the contending vessels prevented the effect of many shots from being seen, but close scrutiny with glasses gave the comforting assurance after the first twenty minutes that the enemy was being hit hard and repeatedly, and as the range grew less, so that guns' crews could watch the fall of their shots with the naked eye, many an exultant cheer went up from every ship. Naked to the waist and grimy with the soot of powder, their heads bound up in water-soaked towels, sweat running in rivulets over their glistening bodies, these men who had fasted for sixteen hours now swung shell after shell and charge after charge, each weighing a hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds, into their huge guns and trained these monster engines of destruction, weighing fifteen to twenty tons, all under a tropical sun which melted the pitch in the decks, utterly unconscious of fatigue, and oblivious of the fact that each and every one of them was in momentary danger of being mangled out of all semblance to humanity. Such is the exaltation of battle! Even greater was the endurance of those below, imprisoned beneath huge battle gratings and behind water-tight doors, facing the white heat of furnace fires and breathing an atmosphere at two hundred degrees; knowing not the tide of battle; knowing not if the shocks which continually shook their ships were from their own guns or from the enemy's shells, but knowing full well that for themselves in case of disaster there was no escape, but death amid the horrors of scalding steam, searing fire and in-rushing water.

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[1] One shell struck squarely on her starboard side and another cut the signal halyards from the flag lieutenant's hand. Her rigging and fixtures above her bulwarks were cut in several places.

Toward the end of the action the Cristina stood out as if unable to endure longer her constricted position, but the concentration of fire upon her was even greater than before, and she turned away like a steed bewildered in a storm. It was seen that she was on fire forward. Then a 6-inch shell tore a jagged hole under her stern from which the smoke of another fire began to seep out. Right into this gaping wound another huge shell plunged, driving a fierce gust of flame and smoke out through ports and skylights. Then came a jet of white steam from around her after smokestack high into the air, and she swayed onward upon an irregular course toward Cavite until aground under its walls.

The Spanish Admiral's flag was now hoisted upon the Isla de Cuba, and many guns were turned upon it, but the excellent target presented by the white sides of the Castilla held for her a large attention. Shell after shell burst in her hull, and the dark columns of smoke which followed told of deadly fires started.

Then the Duero pointed her long ram out past Sangley Point either preparing to use a torpedo or endeavoring to escape, but she received the same storm of shells as the Cristina, and retired on fire.

It was now 7.30. The Cristina was out of action and on fire, the Castilla's guns were almost silenced, and all the rest of the Spanish fleet except the Ulloa were retiring behind the mole at Cavite Arsenal, whence they could not possibly escape. It was at this time erroneously reported to Commodore Dewey that his ammunition was running short, so at 7.35 the flagship signalled "Withdraw from action," followed by "Let the people go to breakfast." Ten minutes later the American squadron stood out beyond the range of the persistent shore batteries and came to rest. Battle gratings were lifted and grimy men crowded on deck, clambering upon every available projection on the blistered, flame-scorched sides of their ships to cheer each other like demons released from Hades. Commanding officers were then called on board the flagship to discuss plans of final destruction.

Meantime let us look at the Spanish side. Having part of the Velasco's crew and additional marines from the Arsenal, the Reina Cristina is said to have gone into action with four hundred and ninety-three men all told. As soon as the American gunners got her range the carnage was dreadful, but there were plenty to fill the dead men's places at the guns, and they were fought gallantly and without slacking for more than half the action. Admiral Montojo was posted upon the characteristics of all his opponent's ships except the Baltimore. She was a "Johnny-come-lately" in the squadron, of whom he had received but meagre information. Her great apparent size, her heavy battery and her immunity from injury finally convinced him that she was a battleship. He then directed the Cristina's battery upon her with armor-piercing shells.

In the early part of the action a shell burst in the Cristina's forecastle, almost annihilating four rapid-fire guns' crews; a fragment striking the foremast and flinging splinters upon the bridge which disabled the helmsman. Lieut. Don José Nunez immediately took the wheel and steered the ship until her steering gear was destroyed. The next heavy shell burst among the crews' lockers on the orlop deck and started a fire which was with difficulty extinguished. Then an 8-inch shell pierced the shield on the port forward

16-cm. gun and burst in the midst of the gun's crew. This was just in front of the bridge. Under his very feet Admiral Montojo saw in a moment of time a gun disabled and twenty men torn to pieces.

The Spanish Admiral seems at last to have realized that to continue the fight where he was meant certain annihilation, and with desperation he headed the Cristina toward the American flagship. She could more easily have faced a hurricane. Shells of all calibres from every American ship plunged into her forecastle and swept her upperworks. An 8-inch shell, bursting forward, started anew the fire on the orlop which its companion shells now prevented from being extinguished, and it was necessary to turn the ship's bow from the enemy in order to fight the flames. As she swung broadside on a large shell plunged into her superheater and burst, scalding and killing a gunner's mate and twelve men. Next came a 6-inch shell which burst in the ward room, already turned into a bloody hospital, tearing out the after part of the ship, killing the wounded and starting a new fire. Then the mizzen-topmast and spanker gaff came down with a crash, bringing the Spanish ensign and Admiral Montojo's flag to the deck, but these were quickly rehoisted on other halyards.

A shell now carried away the steam steering gear on the bridge and an attempt was made to connect the hand-wheel aft, but the ship swung stern to the enemy and was exposed to a raking fire. The next large shell which hit killed nine men. Then came the *coup de grâce.* An 8-inch shell plunged into the stern, annihilating the hand-steering gear and the men working upon it, tore its way on a long slant to the engine-room and cut the exhaust pipe leading to the condenser.

The Cristina drifted aimlessly onward toward Cavite, followed by an undiminished hail of projectiles. Her blood-drenched decks were cumbered with redly dripping human fragments and writhing and groaning wounded. Only one gun captain and another petty officer, with a few unwounded sailors, now went from gun to gun in the waist of the ship loading and firing. Flames were licking their way from bow and stern, consuming the wounded as well as the dead. The after magazine was now flooded, orders were given to scuttle the ship, and the Cuba and Luzon were signalled to rescue the crew. The Duero also assisted, and boats from the arsenal, but scores of men were imprisoned beneath a roaring furnace with only the choice between rushing up to die in its devouring flames or remaining below to drown in the rising waters. The captain, Don Luis Cadarso, was killed by a shell while superintending the rescue of the survivors. All who could be gotten out of the doomed ship were landed at Cavite and mustered. One hundred and sixty answered to their names, and of these ninety were wounded. Thus, out of 493 on that ship, 333 brave sailors were dead or missing and 90 more were *hors de combat.*

Admiral Montojo estimates that the Cristina was hulled seventy times before he left her. An officer who remained on her to the last moment says she was hit far oftener.

The Castilla remained at anchor during the action, fighting the port guns until her port side was riddled, then by chance her chain was cut and she swung around till her starboard guns bore. Being a wooden vessel she was repeatedly set on fire and her gunners had frequently to leave their guns and subdue flames. About the middle of the action, after her wardroom had become filled with wounded, a large shell burst in it, killing nearly all and starting a fire which could not be subdued. The after magazine was then flooded. A little later another shell of large calibre struck her amidships near the water-line, bursting in the machinery and starting another fire which finally got beyond control. Toward the close of the action a third large shell burst under the forecastle and set fire to her forward. The forward magazine was cut off by flames so that it could not be flooded and the ship's destruction became a certainty. A prearranged distress signal was then hoisted and boats put off from Cavite to rescue her crew. Her captain and twenty-three men had been killed and eighty wounded. At about ten o'clock the last man who could be found alive was taken out, her flag was hauled down and she was abandoned, burning and sinking.

When the Cristina sagged out of action the next best target was the Austria and many more guns were turned upon her. Her bridge and pilot-house were completely wrecked by heavy shells. The steering gear was demolished and the man at the wheel killed. At this time, too, the gunboat Duero, after her dash, was running for cover with a fire under her forecastle. The Austria, having now to be steered below decks, was scarcely under control. Admiral Montojo realized he was completely beaten and made signal to retire behind the arsenal and scuttle and abandon the remaining ships. The demoralization was indescribable. Ships crowded helter-skelter into Bakoor Bay, grounding and anchoring anywhere when out of sight of the enemy. The sea-valves of the Austria, Cuba and Luzon were broken, and officers and men hurried ashore without stopping for personal effects. Photographs of wives and daughters were afterwards found upon their bureaus; silver toilet articles and *bric-à-brac* remained untouched; money lay scattered upon cabin floors. Admiral Montojo had a slight wound in his leg dressed in Cavite, then took a carriage and fled to Manila.

At this time the American sailors were at breakfast, the ships drifting idly upon the placid waters of the bay, shells from Manila and Sangley falling harmlessly some cable lengths away. While the captains were with the Commodore a strange steamer was sighted coming up the bay and keeping close to the Cavite side. When the conference broke up the captain of the Baltimore was directed to intercept this vessel while the rest of the squadron stood in to complete their morning's work. The Baltimore was therefore considerably in advance of the squadron, standing directly in toward the beach across the steamer's bow, when the latter was discovered to be a merchantman, and the McCulloch was directed to stop her, while the Baltimore was signalled to lead into action. Sounding as she went, she got safely within 2500 yards of the beach, then turned to port at 11.05 and steamed slowly, signalling "Permission to attack enemy's earthworks." Then followed for ten minutes a duel with the batteries which is attested by the onlooking squadron (not then within fighting distance) as one of the most magnificent spectacles of the day. The big cruiser, slowing and creeping along at a snail's pace, seemed to be in a vortex of incessant explosions both from her own guns and the enemy's shells. At times she was completely shrouded in smoke and seemed to be on fire, while every shell she fired was placed in the earthworks as accurately as if she were at target practice. Canacao battery was the first to fall under this deadly fire. Its embankments of sand, backed by boiler iron, were torn up and flung into the faces of the gunners until panic took hold of them. Hauling down their flag, they tumbled into an ambulance and drove madly to the protection of Fort Sangley. The whole fire of the squadron was then concentrated upon this fort. Its ramparts seemed to be in an incessant upheaval of earth from which dust and smoke and fire rolled away as from a volcanic crater. Three times its guns seemed silenced and the ships reserved their fire, only to see the plucky Spaniards begin again. At last, when, by Spanish accounts, a gun was disabled and six men killed and four wounded, the Spanish flag came down and a white flag was raised in its place.

There remained only the cruiser Ulloa, moored just inside Sangley Point. She had received some punishment in the first engagement, but her commander had not obeyed Admiral Montojo's signal to "scuttle and abandon." We cannot too highly admire the courage of this man, commanding a little cruiser unable to move and already severely crippled by the enemy's guns, who, with an order from his commander-in-chief to *sauve qui peut,* stuck to his ship for three hours within a stone's throw of the beach and safety, calmly awaiting the onslaught of the whole American squadron.

The Baltimore, drifting past Sangley Point, received the fire of the Ulloa and at once returned it with a raking fire. The Olympia, passing outside and abreast the Baltimore, also opened on her. The Raleigh, passing beyond both, turned Sangley Point and threw in a deadly cross-fire. The intrepid ship was literally riddled with shells, nearly every gun being dismounted or disabled. At length the crew swarmed over her unengaged side and swam for shore. Then she gave a slow roll toward her executioners and sank beneath the waves. Three masts remained in sight to mark her grave, from one of which still flew the Spanish flag.

Meanwhile the Boston advanced beyond the Raleigh toward the Arsenal, past the blazing Castilla, but was stopped by shoal water. The Concord entered Bakoor Bay to destroy the transport Isla de Mindanao, which had been run aground. She opened fire with her 6-inch guns and the transport was quickly in flames, her crew deserting her and taking to the woods. The little Petrel alone was able by her light draught to steam in to the Arsenal, which she did with gallant dash. Those on the less fortunate ships held their breath, expecting to see her draw the fire of all the hidden Spanish gunboats, but after she had fired a few shots, which were not returned, the last Spanish flag was hauled down, and at twenty minutes after noon, a white flag was hoisted on the Arsenal sheers and the Petrel signalled " The enemy has surrendered."

THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO

JUNE, 1898.

(From Twenty Famous Naval Battles.)[1]

By PROFESSOR EDWARD KIRK RAWSON, U. S. N.

THE presence of the Spanish fleet being assured in the harbor, it became necessary to prevent egress by day or night. A cordon of ships thenceforth lay watching with intense scrutiny. The mouth of the harbor was sealed by these steel-clad sentinels as never harbor was before. The formation was fan-shaped: to the east the first squadron, comprising the New York, Iowa, Oregon, New Orleans, Mayflower, and Porter; to the west the second squadron, made up of the Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, Marblehead, and Vixen. These formed a cordon which it seemed impossible to break.

The distance of the daytime blockade was at first six miles, but gradually the network of ships drew closer and closer. Small steam launches were placed near

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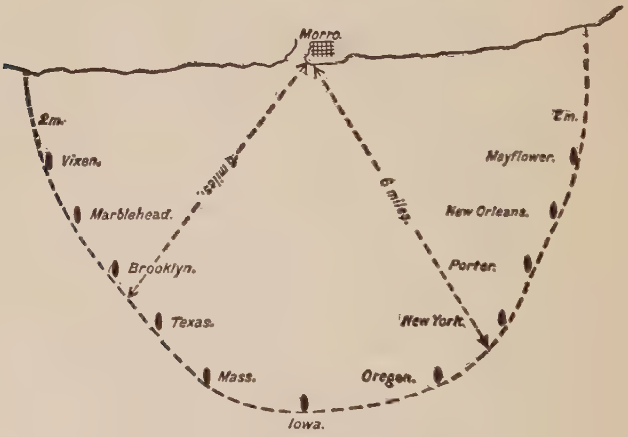
[1] Copyright 1899, by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

the entrance as picket guards, in the smallest arc of the segment of the circle. They lay perilously near the frowning guns of the Morro.

On June 7, 1898, at night, a second concentric arc was placed from east to west, the Vixen, Suwanee, and Dolphin were stationed less than a mile from the shore — the outermost arc of the segment was at a distance of less than four miles. This was rendered possible by the bombardment of June 6, which began at 7.41 A.M.



Day and Night Formation off Santiago.

The bombardment was described by Lieutenant Müller of the Spanish fleet in the following terms: "When the American fleet opened fire, it was so intense and the shots followed each other in such quick succession, that it might have seemed like a fusillade, if the mighty thunder of guns can be compared with the crackling of small-arms. By nine o'clock it became somewhat slower, shortly after reaching again the same intensity, then decreasing once more at 10.15, and again becoming terribly intense at 10.30. At 11.02 it ceased." He spoke of it as resembling "one prolonged thunder." He had no idea that "any firing could be so terrific as that of those ten ships," he said. Sebastopol and Alexandria suffered a less severe bombardment; the inhabitants of Santiago would never forget that 6th of June. The Spanish loss of life was not great, but the effect was sufficiently demoralizing. On the Reina Mercedes, which was struck by thirty-five shells, the second in command was killed, Commander Emilio de Acosta y Eyermann, and five seamen; eleven others were wounded, and the crew were kept busy extinguishing two fires caused by the shells. The shore batteries had three men killed, with five officers and forty-six men wounded. The terrific fire of the fleet was disheartening and disconcerting to the last degree to the vessels, which are now known to have been otherwise in sorry plight. It made possible the tightening of the blockade, and was in marked contrast with the condition before June 1, for, says Lieutenant Müller, there was now established "night and day a constant watch, without withdrawing at nightfall as they used to do."

From June 11 the effectiveness of the blockade was increased to the point of absolute security. From 7.30 P.M. until dawn, for periods of two-hour watches, the battleships Iowa, Massachusetts, and Oregon kept the entrance of the harbor illumined with their searchlights as with the light of the sun. So brilliant, so glaring, so confusing was the light that the soldiers in the Morro and the seamen on the ships in the harbor were blinded with the rays. Henceforth, the night could afford no friendly protection of darkness, if escape was attempted. As the days went on, the cordon of ships drew closer. They were ordered to keep constantly headed toward the land, the distance was less than four miles. No laxness was allowed in the severity of the blockade. Ships were obliged to keep their stations. Signals were arranged for the picket steam launches as well as for the battleships, so that if the enemy was observed coming out, the direction being indicated, each ship might endeavor to lay itself alongside of the enemy without waiting for other orders and without a moment's delay.

In the meantime the Marblehead and Yankee, from Key West, came and took the town of Guantanamo, to the eastward of Santiago, in conjunction with the marine battalion under Colonel Huntington, where excellent work was done. The admiral realized the usefulness of this situation as a base of supplies. To Guantanamo the ships, when necessary, proceeded for coal.

The army contingent arriving, assisted by the fleet, landed at Daiquiri, likewise to the east of Santiago, and besieged the city. Here was brave fighting against superior forces behind intrenchments, and battles desperately won.

With various episodes the united work went on against the doomed city, the ships doing their part with fearful precision and absolute accuracy of gunnery, as district by district they laid waste the city at the head of the harbor with their far-reaching guns.

It was the general understanding in the navy that the army was to gain the forts at the entrance to the harbor, in order to avail itself of the aid of the fleet. Then the harbor mines could be removed, and the ingress of the fleet assured. The destruction of the Spanish fleet and the city would follow as a necessary consequence.

Officers and seamen, ships and guns, were alert during those June days with intense watchfulness. Upon the harbor mouth played incessant light rays through the long darkness of the night, and from gleaming dawn to evening half-light potential lightnings lay asleep outside in converging lines.

The result of this stringency was certain. The precision of physical law, the grip of Fate, was upon the fleet of the Spanish admiral.

The Merrimac had not obstructed the channel. The fleet might at any time attempt escape. Sampson, regretting the necessity, began to prepare a torpedo attack, which, under the circumstances, did not promise success, subjected as the torpedo-boats would be to rapid-fire guns. The object of the fleet, the destruction of the Spanish vessels, was, however, not lost sight of for a moment.

The days of the month of June wore away to the end. Commodore J. A. Howell on July 1 was placed in charge of the blockading fleet to the north of Cuba. Commodore J. C. Watson was spoken of as the commander of a proposed Eastern squadron. Commodore Remey still remained in command of the naval base at Key West.

The responsibility of Sampson, junior to these officers on the navy list, lest difficulty should arise, was considerable. Each of them, however, knew the admiral's worth, and recognized it; and all the officers under his command, cognizant of his ability, fairness, and patriotism, did not hesitate to carry out his orders loyally.

The event for which they had arrived at the mouth of the harbor was nearing. If it came at all, it would come suddenly,—that was all the fleet could know.

The discipline on the ships was perfect. The personality of the admiral permeated the fleet and held its personnel to energetic endeavor. Admiration for the man, combined with the utmost regard for his professional ability, unified its component parts and enabled him, as one man, to sway its tremendous force and direct it against whatever opposition fortune might bring to the encounter.

He had carried out the spirit of the saying of Xenophon, that "it is the business of a commander not only to be brave himself, but to take such care of those whom he rules that they may be made as brave as possible." All illustrious commanders have this power of winning respect and admiration for their ability and character. It was true of Nelson, of Blake, of Farragut; without it no one in chief command can be called great. A man of much reserve; a man to win men slowly, but therefore the more steadfastly and strongly; a man to say little, but to do much,—such was the man whom the American people were fortunate to have in command of the fleet which pointed its bows persistently, during the early months of the year 1898, like hounds on the scent, at the rocky harbor entrance to the besieged city.

On the 2d of June the admiral wrote in his orders: "If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible, and endeavor to sink his vessels or force them to run ashore in the channel,"—an order admirable in its brevity and directness. To the accomplishment of this chief purpose many memoranda were prepared which show a masterly regard for detail, and at the same time exhibit the unwearied determination characteristic of the man. The memorandum of Nelson before the battle of Trafalgar, when the century was still young, has become distinguished in naval history. Having studied its provisions, each captain knew what he was called upon to do. The tall-masted ships have disappeared, the motor power has gone down below the water line; but at the end of the century a like ability was exhibited on the southern shore of Cuba with a more wonderful result.

The strain of the situation of incessant watchfulness, day after day, had been lessened somewhat by the wonderful beauty of the scene as the sun rose over the tropic sea, as it shone in full light, as it sank into the red west. There were the rocky, wooded heights before the fleet, the green embankments with gigantic trees, the far-away undulating hills, dreamy and blue in the distance, growing indistinct in outline in the haze of the heated air. In the foreground the rocky channel entrance, against which the mighty sea perpetually beat its waves into white fringes; the Morro, on the right, a rocky fortress with its tiers of frowning guns, which had stood sentinel over the sea for centuries; "the splendid moles and firm-built bastions," which were "all cemented by the blood and sweat of millions of gentle Indians"; the sinuous, tortuous channel where the still water reflected the gigantic trees and the white fortress in its steel-blue depths; an indescribable wealth of sea and mountain, forest and overarching heaven, for the eye to feast upon, — all lay before the fleet during that month of June, 1898.

On the morning of Sunday, July 3, the Spanish fleet prepared to make a sortie. Admiral Cervera realized the critical nature of the situation, with the army marching against the city in whose harbor he lay at anchor, upon whose supplies he depended, — a scant measure of which, in coal and provisions, he obtained with the utmost difficulty, owing to lack of appliances and good management, — and with Sampson's fleet thundering seaward at intervals and blinding the harbor entrance with search-light glare as soon as the sun went down. Orders had come from General Blanco at Havana which were final. His course was determined on. There seems to have been little thought of attack. He was advised to make the attempt to escape, when in the quiet of the morning the ships' companies of the American fleet should be at divine service.

They are strong ships there facing the Morro, built of iron and steel and brass from the rock-ribbed earth; within, clean, polished, and smooth as the rocky mountain surface, white, glistening in the sunlight; without, dark with the gray of the uncertain dawn of a November morning. Straight-bodied, with curves of buoyancy and beauty, having Tartarean fire hid in their vitals, and Vesuvian thunders, outburst of smoke and flame, in their sides; with tremendous power to lift and stir and speed, in which Archimedes would have delighted; like strong-winged birds, knowing how to fan furiously in their swift courses.

Fashioned far differently from the Athenian vessels, with oars of many banks, at Salamis, where the axe and the adze and the hammer made wooden walls, and the hunter and butcher were the sailmakers, with their hides. The soul of Euclid, the magic of the calculus, the power of Vulcan, the furnace heat, the laboratory, the turning-lathe, are there embodied in delicate precision, in gigantic strength, in noiseless power, in smooth gliding. Through their bodies are nerve traceries of subtle lightning, avenues of thought and direction, nature's motors and voices, and supereminent, the brain of a man to govern all.

Quiet reigned supreme over the clear water which revealed the inverted outline of the vessels as they lay in the harbor, where Cervera, his captains and his crews, made silent and last preparations for the coming fight, the fleet outside all unaware that the decisive hour had come.

It was a beautiful day. A sapphire sky curved its infinite distance over the emerald shore and the blue water. Cloudless and clear was the atmosphere. Not a ripple stirred upon the smooth surface of the sea. The waiting fleet were busy with the ships' routine. From stem to stern the ships were ready for the keen eyes of captains and executive officers on their tours of inspection.

At 8.50 o'clock the New York, with Admiral Sampson, started for Siboney, twelve miles to the eastward of the blockading station, for a conference with General Shafter of the army, flying the signal, "Disregard the movements of the commander-in-chief." So the New York passed rapidly to the eastward in the performance of her important duty.

At three bells, half-past nine of the morning watch, the ships encircled the harbor mouth in crescent shape, with the Iowa in the centre; then eastward the Oregon, the Indiana, and the converted yacht, the Gloucester. To the westward were the Texas, the Brooklyn, and the Vixen to the northwest. The Massachusetts had gone to Guantanamo for coal at 4 A.M.; the Suwanee also. Near the Indiana lay the Resolute, an unprotected vessel, having on board the countermining outfit designed to force the harbor entrance. To the far eastward, about seven miles, lay the Hist, a converted yacht, and the torpedo-boat Ericsson.

The admiral, as the New York approached Siboney, stood on the quarter-deck ready to go ashore, when suddenly from the signal bridge a voice cried out, "Smoke in the harbor!" All eyes turned immediately to the harbor entrance, when again from the bridge came the startling intelligence, "The fleet's coming out!" The admiral lowered his glass, and quietly said: "Yes; they're coming out. Hoist two-fifty," — the signal which all the fleet knew by heart, which said, "Close in toward harbor entrance, and attack vessels!"

The magnificent cruiser, her helm being put over, swung round and headed toward the enemy, every one feeling the intensest excitement as the direction of the escaping Spanish ships seemed uncertain. It was soon discovered that they were making westward. A few minutes before the New York discovered the fact, the coming out became known almost simultaneously to all the ships which lay outside the harbor.

The crews had been called to quarters on the different ships of the fleet, preparatory to inspection and muster.

On the Iowa the last stroke of the bell had but just rung through the ship whose position abreast the entrance was most favorable for observation, when Lieutenant Schuetze and Hill discovered the bows of the Infanta Maria Teresa as she rounded the point. Lieutenant Schuetze immediately gave the order to fire a 6-pounder. The first shot of the battle was fired by Lieutenant Hill. The first signal was hoisted on the Iowa.

Captain Evans, hurrying on deck, saw that the signal "Enemy's ships coming out" was already flying. Such instant activity characterized every ship in this well-ordered squadron.

On the Oregon the masthead of a ship was discovered "at twenty-eight minutes after nine," and immediately the ship, which had sailed fourteen thousand miles for a chance like this, was frantic with men whose eyes were dancing with battle expectation. She hoisted a signal, fired a gun, and sounded a siren, to give warning to the fleet.

The Texas lying somewhat farther inshore than the Brooklyn and Iowa, was under way within three minutes of the time that the alarm was given at "full speed and firing, with every man at his post." She, too, flew the signal 250, "The enemy is attempting to escape."

The commanding officer of the Indiana was standing on the quarter-deck, the ship being at quarters ready to receive the final reports of the executive officer, when a sharp report rang out over the sea from the Iowa; this they heard, and saw at the same time, the signal, "Enemy's ships coming out." In about two minutes, it seemed, the engines began to turn, and the great ship, lifting herself into vital action, stood for the Morro, and for whatever fate might befall.

Next to the eastward, after the Indiana, lay the Gloucester. Her captain heard a voice call down the hatchway to the berth-deck, "They're coming out!" Immediately the helm was put hard a-port, and the little craft turned toward the enemy, slowing to the speed of the Indiana, and firing as she went.

Beyond the Texas, to the westward, was the Brooklyn, Commodore Schley's flagship. The Brooklyn was at quarters also, and the same enterprise characterized this splendid vessel as the others. Captain Cook rang "full speed in both engines, ordered steam on all boilers, and directed the helmsman to stand for the head of the Spanish column."

The little Vixen steered to the southward, standing by for any emergency which might occur.

Never was a fleet in greater readiness for a sudden battle.

The fleet of Spain, forced out by dire stress of war, unable to escape at night, watched by the opposing fleet, which lacked two of its finest vessels that morning, with pathetic despair, bade their last farewells, and steamed steadily down the channel. The Maria Teresa, with Admiral Cervera, led, followed by the Vizcaya, the Cristobal Colon, and Almirante Oquendo, at a speed of from eight to ten knots, and at intervals of eight hundred yards; at a greater distance the torpedo-boats Pluton and Furor.

While the instinct of escape seemed to pervade the Spanish fleet rather than that of combat, it must be recognized that here were men leaving the security of a quiet harbor, land-locked, mountain-sheltered, calm in shadowed serenity, going to what they felt, to what they knew, must be certain disaster, defeat, and death. It is fitting, therefore, that a great degree of admiration should be given to these seamen, who, when the day came, stood by their ships and their guns as long as it was possible for mortals to stand, under the destructive fire of a thoroughly disciplined fleet.

On they came, in line of battle, bows on, seeking safety in flight, unable to reply for fifteen minutes, until they reached the Diamante Bank and turned to starboard. They suffered the agony of the imminent, the certain, the terrible attack which rained death upon them a little later, but did not stop them in their mad rush for freedom. The hurrying American squadron looked with admiration upon the sharp and ornamented bows of the Spanish vessels as they raced for dear life like superb steeds, one after the other, heads out to the open sea, turning at the same place and swiftly speeding past the high-hilled shores, fleeing, and firing as they went.

The conflict is already well on in furious activity, the heavy ships having all sprung to the occasion's call, having all begun to hammer at the hapless cruisers with their thunderbolts, each captain taking the initiative as if the battle depended upon his individual action.

The scene of the battle lay to the westward of the harbor entrance. The New York was four miles eastward of the blockading station, and about nine miles from the Morro; starting back, she made such swift progress that the fight was easily observed from her decks in its later stages. They wished for wings, for speed such as never vessel had, "so loath were they to be out of the occasion." The panorama was before them on the sea; if error was made, if loss of ship was experienced, if any ship should double on her track, the swiftest vessel of them all would quickly be on hand to do whatever the circumstance required.

Captain Chadwick and the men on the New York had the satisfaction of observing, just after the events, the great successes of the day, coupled with the keen disappointment that they could not have taken a more active part in the engagement. The admiral was there to direct and command, should occasion or emergency require, had the engagement been prolonged; but the exceeding swiftness of the movements of his ships, their accuracy and rapidity of fire, the shortness of the action, rendered it happily unnecessary.

THE SPANISH VESSELS FLEEING AND FIRING AS THEY WENT.

The battle began at 9.35 A.M., when the Maria Teresa showed her forefoot at the rocky gate; its chief and most violent phase was over at 11.05 A.M.

The ships each made for the enemy in directions varying as their positions from the blockaded point. During this hour and a half their movements were kaleidoscopic, as viewed on the plain of the sea, in the rising smoke-mist, but the chart shows them first in a little group together, and then heading inshore and westward to head off and destroy the fugitive fleet.

The escaping vessels made a picture to excite enthusiasm as they came out upon the wide sea. But the rush of the American squadron had in it something of grandeur. They were alert as ferrets. They swarmed like bees. They ran as hounds to the chase. They flashed like lightning over the sea surface, and stormed with continuous roll of battle thunder, with a rain of iron hail amid thick clouds of smoke. The pent-up eagerness of ships and men seemed united, and broke forth in a mighty burst of swift attack against the enemy.

The Iowa awoke to her duty, steamed swiftly, firing at diminishing ranges from five thousand to twelve hundred yards. The Maria Teresa passing ahead, a broadside was fired with starboard helm. With port helm the Iowa was turned to intercept the second ship; this ship, the Vizcaya, drawing ahead, the same manœuvre was repeated, and the full starboard broadside was given to her with telling effect. Again was this manœuvre repeated as the third ship came out, and then with starboard helm the Iowa followed the westward course of the Spanish ships. The Iowa was handled extremely well, with tactical skill.

Following the blockade order from right to left alternately, the Oregon, next to the Iowa, inspired by Sampson's order, "If the enemy tries to escape, the ships must close and engage as soon as possible and endeavor to sink his vessels, or force them to run ashore," endeavored to carry it out, letter and spirit, to the utmost. As soon as the Teresa appeared, the Oregon opened fire, using her main battery while a shower of projectiles flew over her.

When about three hundred yards off, the Oregon perceived the Vizcaya swinging off shore and heading across her bow, firing at the same time her forward guns at the Brooklyn, and her port guns at the Oregon. Here was the Oregon's chance. She sent a shell from one of her turret guns which apparently struck her in the port bow, and sent her back; a few minutes later a 13-inch shell hit her fairly amidships, and probably set her on fire, and soon the Vizcaya, like her sister ships, was a burning mass of wood and heat-twisted iron on the beach. The other ships passing rapidly, she turned to the westward. As she approached, the Oquendo, on fire, turned in toward the beach. A raking gun fire was poured into her by the Oregon as she passed. The Oregon's gathering headway made her terribly efficient by reason of the nearness and speed of her approach. The ship fairly leaped out of the sea in eagerness, like a thing of life. This was not all of her work. She, too, passed on to the westward in the chase. The Oregon could not have been handled better.

The Texas, to the westward of the Iowa, a little farther inshore, opened with her forward 6-inch gun. Starting at a range of forty-two hundred yards, in ten minutes it was thirty-five hundred yards for the Spanish flagship. As the Texas speeded on, the quick-running

Spanish ships caused her to move westward, while she drove her singing bolts into the Oquendo and Vizcaya. But in the midst of her rapid rush the Brooklyn suddenly appeared out of the cloud and smoke, "bearing toward us, across our bows, turning on her port helm, with big waves curling over her bows, and great clouds of black smoke pouring from her funnels." A moment of breathless heart-bursting surprise seized the Texas officers on the bridge, while at that instant the astounded engineers heard the unexpected order shouted down the tube, "Back both engines hard!" The ship shook with the shock of her reversed engines. The threatened calamity was averted. A sigh of relief as the more than battle danger passed, and the battleship went on her way, the fast cruiser on hers. At ten minutes to ten the three ships, the Texas, Oregon, and Iowa, were nearly together, running parallel with the Spanish cruisers. As the Oregon drew up and passed ahead, she blanketed the fire of the Texas for a moment. One of the Oquendo's shells set her on fire, but for this or for any emergency the Texas was ready. The Texas fired deliberately and with great effect. One of her large 12-inch shells is known to have struck the Spanish vessel. Of smaller shot she had her share of hits in the summing up.

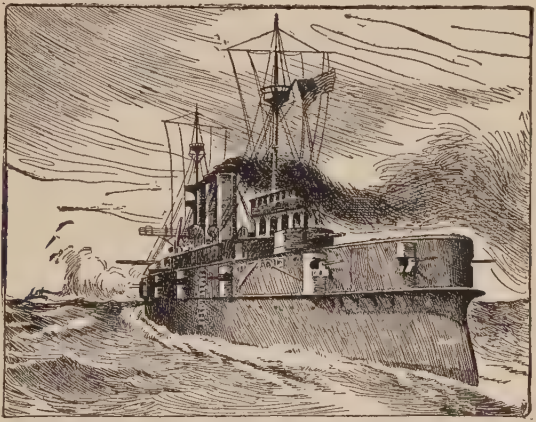
It was at 10.15 A.M. the Maria Teresa turned to run inshore. It was a short and troubled course, two-thirds of an hour, when her career ended, having put only six miles of blue water behind her from the Morro. Five minutes later the Almirante Oquendo, named after the brave old Spanish officer, met a like fate: she, too, was driven ashore.

The Texas played her part well in this battle game. She carried away some battle scars; she also chased the remaining flying cruisers.

The fleet was carrying out the admiral's orders: they were "to force them to run ashore."

Beyond the Oregon, to the eastward, the Indiana was stationed. From midnight to sunrise of July 2, the crew had been on guard, keeping their guns trained on the harbor mouth. But when the ships came out, fatigue was forgotten, and heading to the northwest as she was, immediately the ship was alive with simultaneous orders for engines, batteries, and ranges, carried out with instant precision. "Get to your guns, lads," her captain shouted; "our chance has come at last." The cheers which rang through the ship rolled out in exultant anticipation, while the vessel, alike ready for parade or battle, stood for the scene of conflict, with whirling screws propelling her through the sea. There was the possibility that the Spanish ships might turn to the eastward; if so, the 13-inch guns were ready with a murderous fire at close range. It was the privilege of the Indiana, from her position on the flank of the Spanish ships, to receive with the Iowa the first fire of the fleet and the shore battery as well, as they rounded the Diamante shoal and proceeded westward. So upon the Teresa, the Vizcaya, the Oquendo, and the Colon the Indiana's guns played with perfect execution. A pitiless hail of deadly missiles was showered upon them; her shots also contributed to the sum total of their misery, as, crippled to the death, they were forced ashore. In the forty minutes' fight the Indiana had demonstrated her battle qualities to the satisfaction of the most fastidious naval critic. At that time half the Spanish fleet was destroyed.

The New York at this time was bowling through the waves at a great speed; she was on the battle plain of the sea, the scene of the conflict. The receding fight caused the admiral to push on toward the end while as yet the fugitives were running. He was acting on the Nelsonian principle that nothing is done as long as anything remains to be done in way of the destruction of the enemy's fleet. The Indiana was signalled to return and blockade the entrance lest other vessels should appear and make havoc with the transports at the west. The New York now pressed on, viewing the success of the battleships with satisfaction, but speeding with unceasing, steadily growing velocity after the Vizcaya and Colon. As she sped on, Sampson signalled the Iowa to proceed to the help of the people on the Vizcaya, in danger of death by fire or drowning. Nothing in the situation was neglected, the claims of humanity in the mind of the admiral at the time outweighing any battle necessity.



The New York Bowling at Great Speed.

The farthermost vessel to the westward was the

Brooklyn, under command of Captain F. A. Cook, flying the broad pennant of Commodore W. S. Schley. The signal from the Iowa, — "Enemy's ships coming out," — and the firing of her gun, found every one alert, while the Brooklyn's navigator, Lieutenant Hodgson, almost simultaneously announced the fact. Immediately the signal was run up, "Enemy coming out — action."

Within five minutes, fire was opened on the Teresa by her port battery, a raking fire at the close range of fifteen hundred yards. She then, as the enemy turned westward, by the order of Commodore Schley,[1] wore round with port helm, firing as she turned, until the starboard battery came into play. Her manœuvre was different from that of the rest of the fleet, taking her to the eastward, while the enemy was flying to the westward, and bringing her more directly into the zone of fire. Her great speed made up for any loss of time, and as her fire was continuous, it may be doubted whether there was any loss of efficiency. It was a manœuvre which, if followed by the fleet, would have resulted detrimentally. As it was, the swift, unexpected turning in the grand rush for close action, amid the dense smoke, nearly caused a collision with the Texas, which was avoided by the prompt reversal of the engines on that vessel. To have turned to the westward in common with the almost simultaneous movement of the vessels nearer the Morro was the wiser plan; it would naturally be expected of her from her extreme westward position. It would seem, then, that the Brooklyn, with her superior speed, lost an opportunity to especially distinguish herself, either in an encounter with the Vizcaya, or in leading the fighting as the Spaniards flew westward.

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[1] Confirmatory of Captain Cook's order.

Steering to the westward with a clear course, the Brooklyn shot as an arrow from the bow, the ship seeming to feel the reaction from the extreme tension of the strict blockade. Her speed increased under excellent management to fourteen knots at this time, and she kept pace with the Spanish vessels, just forward her starboard bow, at which she fired furiously, rapidly, and with superb marksmanship, — against the Teresa, with her 5-inch shells, against the Oquendo as well.

Against the Vizcaya, as she ran madly on, the Brooklyn's batteries pounded with unceasing blows. The Spanish ships fired over and at her and around her. She was struck many times — more times than any other vessel. With the Oregon she had the privilege, on account of her position and speed, of being in constant action from the beginning to the end of the fight.

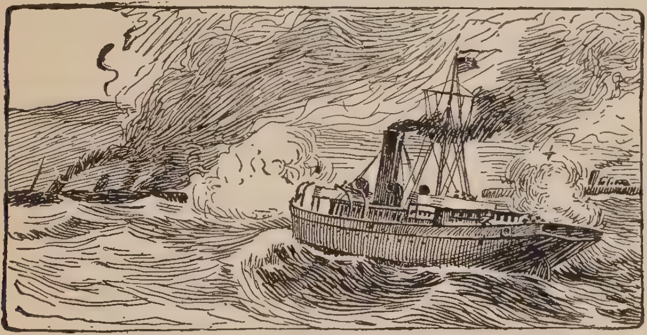
The little Vixen, Lieutenant A. Sharp, Jr., at the extreme west, was headed toward the Morro, but turning so as not to obstruct the fire of the fleet, she steered to the southward and then to the westward, making from twelve to thirteen and a half knots an hour. Then, having boldly made her way through the shower of shells which fell around her, she daringly played her part, and opened fire on the Vizcaya at 11.06, until that vessel was observed to be without an ensign, when her firing ceased; while all the time the Brooklyn on her starboard bow was volleying incessantly as she steamed ahead, the leader of the fleet.

The torpedo-boat Ericsson, Lieutenant N. R. Usher, accompanied the New York on her way to Siboney, and turned with that vessel to the westward as the Spanish vessels came out. At full speed she darted ahead, prepared for torpedo attack, aiming at the Vizcaya, which vessel just previous to her coming up had struck to the Iowa. She then followed in chase of the remaining vessel, the Colon. Although under fire, she was not struck, and was ordered back by Admiral Sampson to pick up drowning men; then proceeding on her way she received orders from the Iowa to rescue the survivors on board the Vizcaya, then on fire. Afterward, going eastward, the Ericsson sighted the Indiana and the Austrian battleship, the Kaiserin Maria Theresa (which had been mistaken for a Spanish man-of-war), and then was busy towing boats from the wrecks of the burning ships at signal from the Harvard. The latter vessel, under Captain Cotton, did yeoman service, working constantly for five hours, and rescuing thirty-five officers and six hundred and thirty-seven men.

The Hist, Lieutenant Young, under temporary command of Lieutenant-Commander Hazeltine, returning from Siboney with the flagship, did admirable service in rescuing the prisoners from the burning ships.

What misery, what agony of despair and defeat, was felt aboard the Spanish vessels now ashore, burning, exploding, who can tell! What scenes of horror, led like sheep to the slaughter, these men of the sea experienced, as they were hurled from their guns, broken and bleeding, unable to make effective reply owing to the lightning-like rapidity of the American fire, no words can describe.

While the battleships were engaged with the Spanish ships, the Gloucester, Lieutenant-Commander Richard Wainwright, turned his small vessel toward the enemy and waited for the torpedo-boat destroyers to come out, in the meantime forcing her engines until at the close of the battle they attained the great speed of seventeen knots. A signal from the Indiana, "Gunboats close in," assured her captain of safety from the Indiana's guns. The fight which thereafter ensued was the admiration of the fleet and was the most striking episode of the entire action. The boldness of it, — the unarmored yacht, like a pygmy among giants, pushing her swift way with as much assurance as the big battleships, waiting coolly for her foes to come out, and then receiving them with volleys fired with deliberation, precision, and effectiveness, and with apparent unconcern in the midst of dangers from the Spanish cruisers, the shore batteries, the fire of the American vessels, — the superb daring of the attempt, followed by so efficient execution, thrills the heart of every man eager to read of a brave deed bravely done.


THE GLOUCESTER ATTACKING THE FUROR AND THE PLUTON.

Strange contrast it was. A yacht devoted to recreation and pleasure, accustomed only to peaceful errands, knowing only the familiar sea sights and sounds, thrusting her sharp bows through glinting waves in noontide heat, running by shores whereon trimly cut lawns backed by stately villas fringed with green the water's edge, gliding over the sea in the bright moonlight, on whose decks the tripping of dancing feet, the delights of music, the fascinations of conversation, had been known — pastime pleasures all; and here in the faraway waters, changed to an armed warrior in the midst of battle thunders, holding undaunted front to the dread attack of the twin destroyers.

The Pluton and the Furor were bravely fought. Nearer and nearer they came; their shot almost reached the Gloucester, falling about twenty yards off. The Gloucester, having shortened the distance from three thousand yards, at twelve hundred yards opened fire. Soon the Pluton slowed down, apparently disabled; the forward guns had been playing on the Pluton and the after on the Furor, afterward the battery was concentrated on the Furor at a distance of six hundred yards. And then the Pluton, at 10.15, was run upon the rocks, and blew up. At the same time the Furor headed toward the Gloucester. The critical moment of the fight had come. Would she drive a torpedo into the little craft? Would she escape up the harbor? But all this time the battleships, mindful of the brave fight the Gloucester was making, had been lending their aid. They knew her peril. The New York, hastening from the eastward, fired two or three shots at the Furor. Amid them all the unhappy boat was done for. She began to circle with helm hard over, like a one-winged bird. So she lay helpless. "A white flag was waved from forward," and she surrendered.

Boats immediately put off to save her crew. "The vessel," says Lieutenant Huse, "was a perfect shambles." The work of rescue began; various explosions were heard, the dying groans of the vessel, and at 11.30 she suddenly "threw her bows in the air," as a man would throw his arms when shot, and sank in the sea. A single well-aimed shot from her would have destroyed the Gloucester, all unprotected as she was. Not a man was hurt, nor was the vessel struck. She bore a charmed life. Later the Indiana signalled "Congratulations," and the Gloucester's crew was delighted. "This praise," said Wainwright, "from one who, we all felt, knew what good work meant, nearly upset the discipline of the ship, and for a moment we forgot the sufferings of others, and gave vent to our joy by wild cheers." At midnight when, at her old station, she stood sentinel off the Morro, Lieutenant Staunton passed in a torpedo-boat, and said, "The admiral admired your splendid work." "This," wrote Wainwright, "filled our cup to overflowing."

To the westward the fight was still in progress. Just as the Vizcaya turned toward the shore at Asseraderos, striking her colors, the New York, as had been said, abreast of the Indiana, signalled to the latter to return to keep watch over the harbor entrance. Keeping on her course, the flagship followed swiftly the remaining vessel of the Spanish fleet, the Colon, which had kept inshore and was running desperately for safety, followed by the Brooklyn, the Oregon, and the Texas; the Brooklyn in the lead. Schley signalled to the fleet, "Close up." The Oregon answered and repeated the signal, which was unavailing, the smoke and the distance preventing the other vessels seeing it. The stress of the battle was now over. The decks of the ships were filled with faithful men who had been laboring with intense zeal in the superheated air of engine rooms, and came up from below, gasping for fresh air, half naked and begrimed. The sight which they witnessed was inspiring. Afar in the distance was the Colon, her red and yellow banner outlined against the green of the hills, spouting out her life with black puffs of despair. Their own ships were making their best speed.

THE WRECK OF THE VIZCAYA.

The magnificent battleship Oregon, a perfect machine, rushed superbly forward, while her crew below decks, inured to days of similar demands upon their skill and strength, worked like veterans, with the efficiency which comes from practised habit. Before her bows the white waves rose high and curled and fell in one continuous motion; the engines throbbed with steady, strong beats as though conscious of their power; the smoke rushed out in black clouds, lowered into long streamers, vanished into thinness, and disappeared thousands of yards astern. The Brooklyn, keeping to the southward, with the little Vixen on her lee, lest a turn should be made outward; the New York inshore, lest by a sudden turning in her tracks the Colon should find an avenue of escape; the Texas and Iowa keeping parallel courses; while the Brooklyn and Oregon kept steadily ahead, — nearer and nearer, as the minutes went by of those two swift hours, — the battleships and cruisers forged their way through the sea.

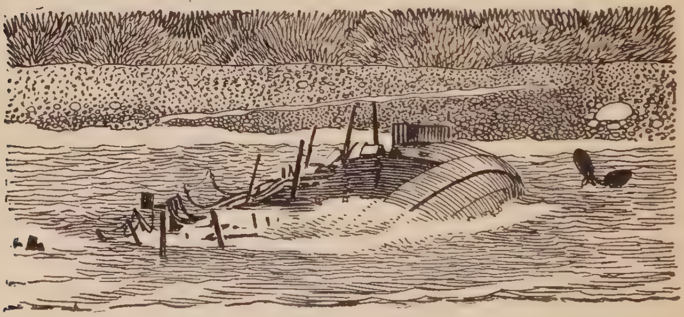
The Colon had run forty-eight miles in the open sea. Her end was approaching, — an end which was a foregone conclusion from the time she peered out from the harbor gate.

The Brooklyn was rounding up the day in speed and accurate gunnery in admirable form, and steering for the far-away point of land to head off the fugitive. At the same time the Oregon was pushing her bow in a direction to force the Spaniards in to the shore. The Brooklyn fired a few 8-inch shells, the Oregon also; the fire was returned by the Colon, which was six miles ahead when the Vizcaya ran ashore, but the shots fell short.

The chase aboard the Oregon filled the vessel with excitement. Down below, in the intense heat, the officers were assisting the firemen to keep the hungry furnaces fed. The Colon occasionally changed her course, turning uncertainly inshore and then resuming her flight, while the Brooklyn and the Oregon were closing in on her with the certainty of fate. Just as the Oregon's chief engineer came on deck to beg that a gun might be fired to encourage his exhausted men, Lieutenant Eberle, at Captain Clark's suggestion to "try a 13-inch shell on her," sent at 12.50 P.M., a 1100-pounder singing over the water.

But the end is in sight; for the 13-inch shells of the Oregon, fired with deliberation and precision, and the tremendous speed of the battleship, combined to render the issue certain. Five times the 13-inch guns spoke out their terrific warning; with the sixth shot falling just ahead of the doomed vessel, she turned to the shore.

It was twelve minutes after one o'clock when, from a distance of nearly five miles, a range of ninety-five hundred yards, the Oregon sent a seventh shell which whitened the water under the stern of the Colon. Her colors were promptly lowered. It was the last shot of the battle.



WRECK OF CRISTOBAL COLON.

In this battle orchestra the overture was begun by the Iowa, the finale was played by the 13-inch pipe of the Oregon.

Then five hundred and fifty men hurriedly grouped themselves on her forward deck, cheering, singing, shouting in the intoxication of joy. Suddenly the strains of the "Star-Spangled Banner" rolled over the sea. Cheers for the captain were given, who spoke words of deep feeling to them. They had sailed fourteen thousand miles for this joyous moment. The Brooklyn signalled "Congratulations upon the glorious victory," and cheered the Oregon whose cheers were returned with redoubled exultation.

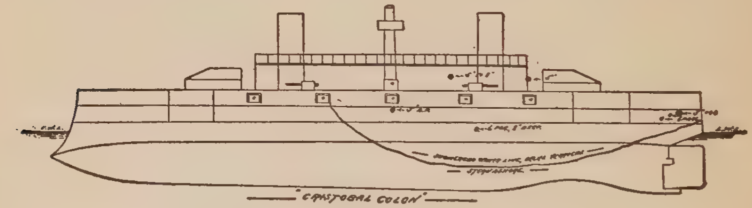
A few moments later, the pursuers arrive. At the mouth of the Rio Tarquino, fifty miles from Santiago, the Colon ran ashore. The New York and the Texas are rapidly coming up. At a quarter past one the Texas signalled to the Vixen astern, "Enemy has surrendered." This was repeated to the New York in the distance, but was not acknowledged. Captain Cook of the Brooklyn, which had done so much for the honor of the country during the day, was ordered to board the Colon and receive her surrender; the Spanish captain, Moreu, remarking, "I surrender; you are too much for us," while Commodore Paredes, overcome, wept bitterly as they sat in the cabin which had been utterly wrecked by a shot.

At about 2.15 the New York, at full speed, came up, when Captain Cook reported to Admiral Sampson the surrender.

The battle was over. The torn and twisted wrecks were burning and exploding on the beach — disaster signals. The power of Spain had been broken in the Western Hemisphere.

The Spanish admiral had reached the shore from the wreck of the burning Teresa, and was brought on board the little Gloucester, where, scantily clad, he surrendered to Commander Wainwright. The rescue of the Spanish seamen was attended with more danger to the rescuers than they had experienced in the battle. The black burning ships, the frequent explosions, the hot decks, the discharge of the ordnance, all rendered the work one of extreme peril. Commanders Carlier and Vasques, of the destroyers Furor and Pluton besides other officers and men, were brought aboard the Gloucester. Later the admiral was transferred to the Iowa.

There can be no greater commendation of the spirit which animated the American fleet than the sudden and great change from the horrible tempest of war which broke the ships and the hearts of the despairing Spaniards to the tender sympathetic rescue and healing of the wounded.



Plan Showing Approximate Locations of Hits and Probable Size of Projectiles.

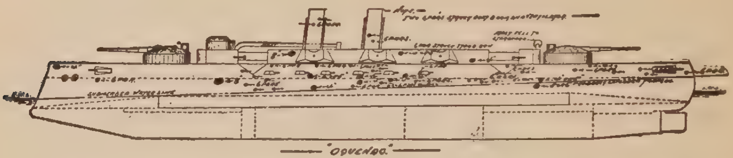
"I cannot express my admiration," wrote Captain Evans, in his report to the admiral, "for my magnificent crew. So long as the enemy showed his flag they fought like American seamen; but when the flag came down they were as gentle and tender as American women."

When the Texas crew, rejoicing in the victory, began to cheer, her considerate Captain Philip said, "Don't cheer, boys. Don't you see the poor fellows are dying?" After that the Spaniards heard no sign of exultation from the Texas crew.

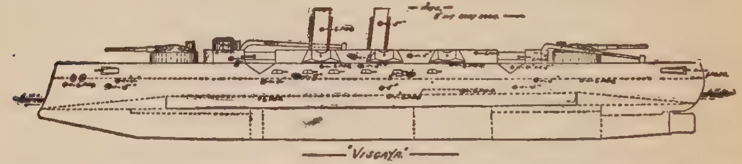
Captain Eulate of the Vizcaya was brought on board the Iowa wounded, and offered his sword to Captain Evans, who refused to accept it, which act of refusal, when the crowd of men forward, composing the crew, who stood half clad and smoke begrimed, noticed, they sent up a ringing cheer of approbation. There had been admirable work in the engine and fire rooms; admirable work on deck. The ships had been filled with stout hearts of men whose chief glory is, that as part of a great organization of material and men, each man did his duty in his place.

Incidents of fearlessness were many; but Trainor's work, as boatswain's mate of the Iowa, when alongside the burning Vizcaya, is noteworthy for the wonderful courage exhibited. The ship was burning, the heat terrific; three Spanish sailors were holding on to the rail, their bodies hanging over the side, paralyzed with fear, when Trainor remarking, "We must save these men somehow," clambered up on deck, kicked the men overboard, and dove after them himself into the sea among the sharks which were viciously attacking the floating corpses and the yet living Spaniards swimming for their lives.

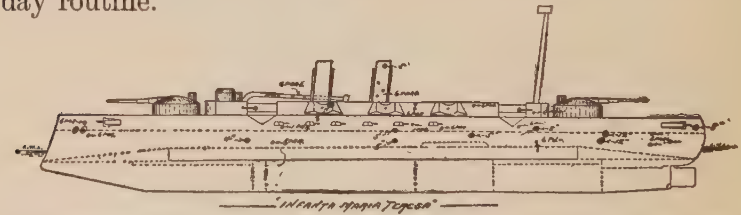
From the Brooklyn, Captain Murphy, of the marine corps, reported the incident of the jamming of a cartridge in the bore of a 6-pounder, and how bravely his men worked for its extraction. Corporal Gray went out over the ship's side, and made the attempt, while the turret guns thundered over his head, holding with one hand on to the Jacob's ladder, and with the other using a rammer. Quarter-gunner Smith made a like attempt, but failed. To dismount the gun was the only alternative. Then Private Macneal, as a forlorn hope, offered his services, inserting the rammer into the bore of the gun, while the blasts from the turrets nearly swept him away, and the enemy's shots were flying all around him. Having succeeded, he returned to his duties "as if what he had done was a matter of everyday routine."



Plan Showing Approximate Locations of Hits and Probable Size of Projectiles.



Plan Showing Approximate Locations of Hits and Probable Size of Projectiles.



Plan Showing Approximate Locations of Hits and Probable Size of Projectiles.

As the New York passed the Iowa, while she was getting out boats to rescue the Vizcaya's men, her crew "gave Sampson cheer after cheer; and I shall never forget," wrote Captain Evans, "the yell that came from her deck, as in reply to the commander-in-chief's hail, 'How many men have you lost?' I answered, 'Not a man hurt aboard the ship.'"

With one exception only, that of chief yeoman Ellis, aboard the Brooklyn, who was killed, and one wounded, J. Burns, first-class fireman, the same tale was true of all the ships. A marvellous escape. Hours of fighting, thousands of men, multitudes of missiles, and only one man slain, and one slightly wounded on the American side.

The work of the New York in the effort to save the Colon, lest she should sink in deep water immediately after her surrender, is a noteworthy example of seamanship. The New York's stem was set against the Colon's quarter, and afterward a line was taken from the bow of the flagship to the Colon's bow and the latter forced ashore, the work continuing until late at night under the searchlight.

An estimate of the Spanish loss makes it 600 killed and wounded. The prisoners numbered 98 officers and 1675 men. The Spanish vessels were early injured so as to be almost unmanageable; the fires which were started could not be put out. In the short space of an hour and a half, all but one were broken and burnt and twisted into indescribable confusion by the terrific impact of the American guns.

The Spanish vessels were of twenty-knot speed; their torpedo-boat destroyers of twenty-nine knots. In speed they were nominally faster than their conquerors; in armament, comparing the two fleets, the

Americans were more than twice as powerful. As an offset to this, there must be taken into consideration the choice of time for an attack, which lay with the Spanish. If it had been the object of the Spaniards to inflict most injury upon the enemy, it would have been better for them to divide as they came out, and so divert, if possible, a concentrated attack, by which plan one at least might have escaped. To cripple your enemy is the first principle of warfare; if escape was the chief object, as is now evident, a dark night of mist and rain should have been chosen, when the blockading fleet would have been met at most disadvantage.

Captain Philip, of the Texas, summoned aft his ship's company when the battle was over, and acknowledging his belief in Almighty God, and grateful for his safety and deliverance, suggested to his officers and crew that each in his own way should make like acknowledgment. Then for a moment silence like the stillness of the night flew fore and aft, and each man, with bowed head, sent his heart-throb or his sentence of gratitude to the God of battles.

Up to the year 1898, it was never realized how much the success of battle depends on the men below the protected decks; nor how much they lose of the battle excitement, the greatest stimulus to courage. The men on the Brooklyn, as on the other ships, worked like demons in the intense heat, and, brought on deck to recover from their swoons, immediately sought their stations again. Commodore Schley, considerate of their welfare, requested Captain Cook to keep the men below informed of any advantage which they might have gained, as the fight went on, — a request which the thoughtful captain had anticipated. Down the hatchways, and into the darkness of the turrets, messages were sent, and the hearts of the men were gladdened by the news of the growing victory.

The Brooklyn, judged to be the fastest vessel by Cervera, was singled out for especial attention; but her tremendous broadsides wrought havoc with any plans the enemy might have had. Her powerful consorts helped from the outset. She had the honor of being wounded most. To her commander, Captain Francis A. Cook, and subordinate officers and men should be the praise; she without doubt inflicted as much injury upon the enemy as any other vessel. Her name will always be associated conspicuously with the Santiago fight. But comparisons are invidious in such an array of ships and men where all rendered themselves illustrious.

It was a battle of the captains. Each one took his course and managed his ship without direction of or relation to a superior officer, except so far as the rescue is considered. The thoughtfulness of the admiral as he came upon the scene of the action ere the battle had closed, is evidence of his mastery of the situation. All of his ship were acquitting themselves surpassingly well. There were vessels still in the harbor; the Indiana was ordered back, lest they come out. One of them was yet in flight. The average speed of the New York pushed to its maximum was fourteen knots; if the chase was prolonged, the New York would soonest overtake. Should mishap befall the other chasing ships, the New York was alert, and with an unwearied crew to send her singing, screaming shells into the flying foe. It was true of Sampson, as of Rodney, of whom it was said, "He wrought his fleet into a perfect instrument of battle, flexible throughout all its parts to his every thought."

It was not a battle, but an annihilation. The enemy ran and fought and, quickly broken, turned away, — the white flag flying. It was as though Sampson's great ships, giant sea-monsters, had said, "As soon as you have once come out of your lurking-place, although you are swifter than we are, and can choose your own time for coming out, each of us will reach out a long arm and catch you, and crush you, and fling your bones in agony on the beach." And so it was.

Other than that first gun of the Iowa, — a signal which awoke every ship to the crisis, and was almost simultaneously observed, — the signals of congratulations and surrender, and the admiral's signal to guard the entrance of the harbor, — a precaution up to that time untaken, — and to rescue the drowning men, there were no signals which were not obvious and anticipated; none of importance which affected the result. It was preëminently a battle of the captains, a carrying out of a programme prepared for every emergency.

NOTES

Bonaparte, Napoleon, Emperor of the French, born in Corsica, 1769; died, St. Helena, 1821. After the Battle of Waterloo he was transported to the Island of St. Helena, where he was kept for the rest of his life.

Burgoyne, General, British general and dramatist, born, 1723; died, 1792; entered the army in 1740. In 1744 he was sent to America, and in the summer of 1777 led an expedition from Canada. On July 6 he took Ticonderoga, but was forced to surrender to General Gates at Saratoga, three months later. He returned to England. He lost all his power, but was subsequently made commander-in-chief in Ireland. This he held for eighteen months. He wrote "The Maid of the Oaks," and "The Heiress," a most successful comedy.

Carlyle, Thomas, Scottish essayist and historian, born, 1795; died 1881. He published a large number of essays and brief articles in the magazines. "The Life of Schiller," "Sartor Resartus," "The French Revolution," "Heroes and Hero Worship," "Past and Present," "Latter Day Pamphlets," "History of Frederick the Great," are among his chief contributions to literature. J. A. Froude the historian is his biographer. "Sartor Resartus," which first won him fame, was published in "Fraser's Magazine," and attracted but little notice until it was republished in book form in Boston, where it at once had an appreciative audience. Three years later his own country found him out, and published the book.

Cæsar, Julius, Roman general, statesman, orator, and writer, born, 100 B.C.; died, 44 B.C. Assassinated by Brutus, Cassius, and others. Read Shakespeare's play. His only literary work extant is his "Commentaries," or Memoirs, which contains the history of the Gallic wars and of the Roman Civil War. The name was subsequently given to the European emperors — and it appears as Kaiser in German — and Tsar or Czar in Russian.

Cooper, J. F., American novelist, born in New Jersey, 1789; died, 1851. He followed the sea for five years, after three years at Yale. His first novel, "Precaution," was published when he was thirty. His chief books are "The Spy," "The Pilot," "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Prairie," "Red Rover," "The Bravo," "The Pathfinder," "The Deerslayer," "The Two Admirals," "Wing and Wing," and "Satanstoe," all of them either sea-tales or tales of frontier life.

Creasey, Sir E. S., English author and historian, born, 1812; died, 1878. He was called to the bar in 1827, and in 1860 was appointed chief justice of Ceylon. Owing to illness he had to resign that post. He wrote, besides "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," "Invasions of England," "A History of the Ottoman Turks," etc.

Drake, Samuel Adams, American journalist and author, born in Boston, 1833. He served with distinction in the Civil War. Has written "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Old Landmarks of Middlesex," "Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast," "The Making of New England," etc.

Froissart, Sir John, celebrated French chronicler, born, 1337; died about 1410. Went to England in 1360, to Scotland in 1365, and in 1368 was in Italy with Petrarch and Chaucer. His great work is "The Chronicles of France, England, Scotland, and Spain," relating the events of history from 1325 till 1400. It was one of the earliest books to be printed after the invention of printing from movable types.

Froude, J. A., English historian, born, 1818; died, 1894. Was educated for the church, but resigned in 1872. He lectured in the United States in the same year on the relations between England and Ireland, and afterwards travelled in various parts of the globe. He wrote "A History of England," "The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century," "Short Studies on Great Subjects," "Cæsar," "Oceanica," and Lives of Lord Beaconsfield and Thomas Carlyle.

GAGE, THOMAS, British general, born, 1721; died, 1787; served in the expeditions against Fort Duquesne, and throughout the War of Independence. Was Governor-in Chief of Massachusetts in 1774, Commander-in-Chief in North America, and returned to England in 1775. He was made a general in 1783.

IRVING, WASHINGTON, born in New York, 1783; died, 1859, — "The Father of American Literature." He wrote "Knickerbocker History of New York," "The Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveller," "The Life of Columbus," "The Conquest of Granada," and Lives of Washington and of Goldsmith.

JONES, PAUL, Scotch-American naval adventurer, born, 1747; died, 1792. Went to Virginia in 1773, and in 1775 was first-lieutenant of the Alfred, a frigate in the American navy. For the next five years he waged war on the English fleet, capturing many of their vessels. His last exploit, described in this volume, is one of the greatest naval engagements in history. He subsequently left the American service, and entered first the French and then the Russian navy.

MOTLEY, JOHN LOTHROP, American historian and diplomat, born, 1814; died, 1877. Graduated at Harvard, studied in Germany, and was admitted to the American bar on his return. He eventually devoted himself to the study of history, and lived a great deal abroad. Was United States minister to Austria and to Great Britain. He is the author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," "Life and Death of John of Barneveld," etc.

MARKHAM, CLEMENTS R., English traveller, geographer, and historian born, 1830. He has served in the navy, and taken part in Arctic expeditions. Has travelled in Peru and India and Abyssinia. The results of all which may be found in his "Travels in Peru and India," "History of the Abyssinian Expedition," "The War Between Peru and Chile," "The History of Peru," etc.

NELSON, HORATIO, English Admiral, born, 1758; died, 1805. Entered the navy in 1770; fought against France in 1793, and in 1797 won the battle of St. Vincent. In 1798 he destroyed the French fleet in the bay of Abukir, — "the Battle of the Nile." Fought the Battle of Copenhagen in 1801. He was buried "with an Empire's lamentation" and great pomp in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, in January, 1806.

RAWSON, EDWARD KIRK, Professor U.S.N., born in Albany, N.Y., 1846. Was Chaplain U.S.N. 1871–1890. Superintendent of Naval War Records, 1897. Is the author of "Twenty Famous Naval Battles, Salamis to Santiago," and of several important contributions on Military matters and on Socialism in the leading Reviews and Magazines.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER, famous Scottish novelist and poet, born, 1771; died, 1832. He studied at the High School, Edinburgh, and read for the bar. Became an advocate, and practised law. Among his novels are, "Waverley," "Ivanhoe," "Rob Roy," "The Heart of Midlothian," "The Monastery," "The Bride of Lammermoor," "Woodstock," "Redgauntlet," and "Guy Mannering." His best-known poems are "The Lady of the Lake," "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." He went into business enterprises with his publishers, which resulted in bankruptcy. But he manfully set to work with his pen, and succeeded in paying all his creditors in full.

SMALLEY, G. W., American correspondent "London Times," born 1833. Practised law in Boston, 1856–61. In the Civil War was correspondent of the "New York Tribune," and was subsequently its European correspondent. He is the author of "London Letters," "Studies of Men," etc.

SOUTHEY, ROBERT, English poet, born, 1774; died, 1843. Studied at Oxford, after a lovely childhood with his aunt, a cultivated woman with a passion for the drama. Was a friend of Coleridge, and most of the literary men and women of his time. Was made poet laureate in 1813. His poetical works include "Joan of Arc," "Thalaba," "Madoc," "The Curse of Kehama," "A Vision of Judgment." And among his prose works are "History of Brazil," "Life of Nelson," "Life of John Wesley," "History of the Peninsular War," and "Sir Thomas More." He also edited several important works on English literature.

FAMOUS BATTLES BY LAND AND SEA

SUGGESTIONS FOR SUPPLEMENTARY READING

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W. J. Abbot

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C. R. B. Barrett

Stories of the Civil War
Albert F. Blaisdell

Battlefields Revisited
Charles O. Brown

Battles of the American Revolution
Henry B. Carrington

Army of the Cumberland
Henry Martyn Cist

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The Splendid Spur
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Battle of Leipzig
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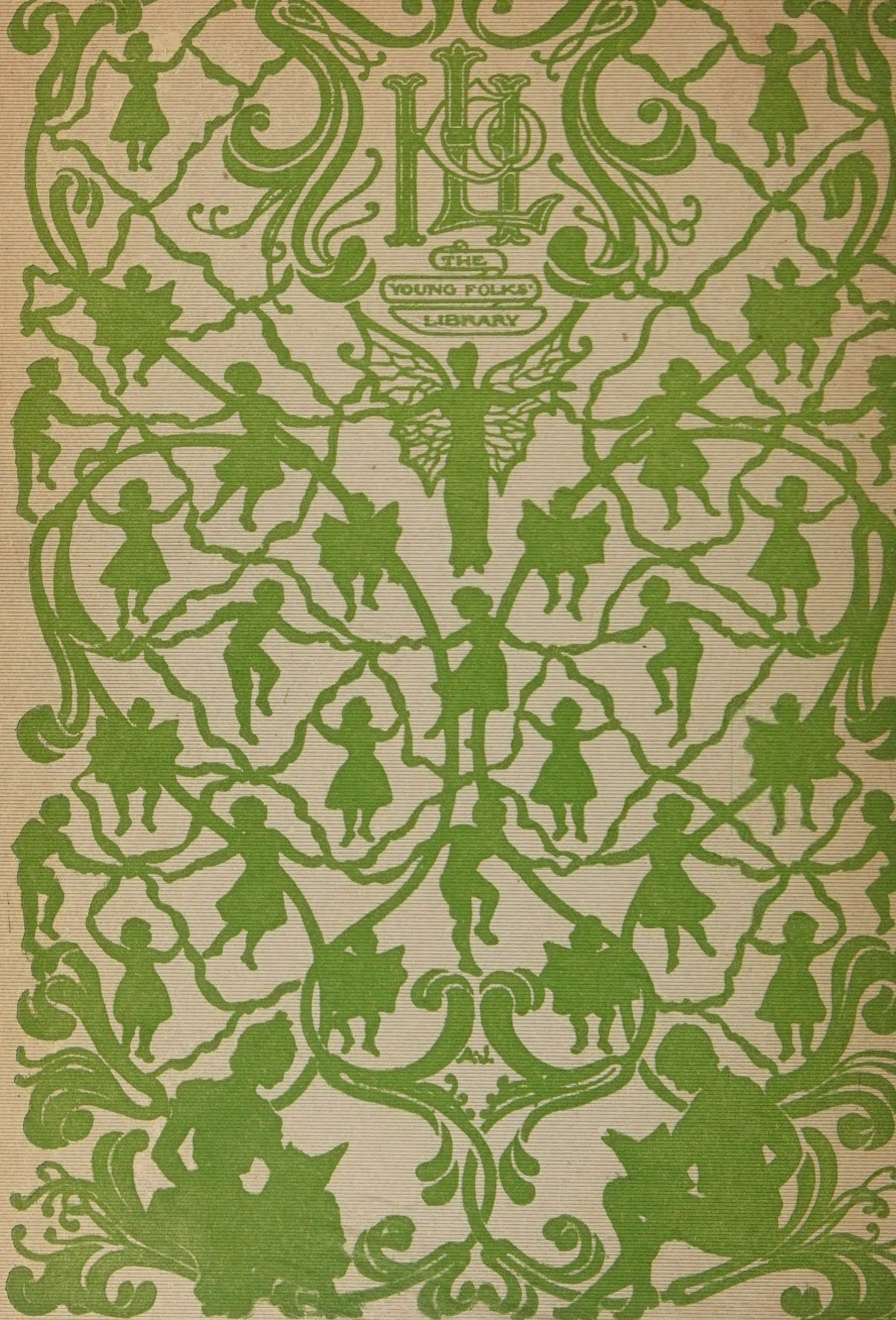
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